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ART. I.—*German Reformation and its Times.* By LEOPOLD RANKE. 5 volumes. Berlin: 1842.

THERE is no event in European history which engages such universal interest as the Reformation, none which has undergone such a variety of narrative: praise and dispraise, in every shade and through every shadow, have fallen to its lot. Historians are still at issue on its merits, although all Europe may be said to await a decision from their hands. As a subject for a narrative, it labours under the great disadvantage of presenting a two-fold task—its theology is interwoven with its history, and around both prejudice has thrown such a mantle of clouds, as to render the naked truth an almost impenetrable discovery for the historian's eye. This must have struck Mr. Hallam when he said, in his History of Literature,

“ Whatever may be the bias of our minds, as to the truth of Luther's doctrines, we should be careful not to be misled by the superficial representation we sometimes find in modern writers; such as, that Luther, struck by the absurdity of prevailing superstitions, was desirous of introducing a more rational system of religion; or, that he contended for freedom of inquiry, or the boundless privilege of individual judgment; or, that his zeal for learning led him to attack the ignorance of the monks, and the crafty policy of the church which withheld liberal studies. These notions are fallacious refinements, as every one who considers the History of the Reformation must acknowledge.”

In the hope of finding Mr. Hallam's correct views of an impartial history of that ambiguous period fully realized, we have taken up Leopold Ranke and his German Reformation. If its sable clouds are ever to clear away, and the refreshing calm of certainty to be enjoyed anywhere, we should expect to find that happy valley amid its own cradle

hills in northern Germany, and Leopold Ranke the best guide in our search through that reformed land.

The history of those times has long occupied his laborious attention; he has had before his tribunal the principal actors on both sides of that long protracted religious struggle. We have on record his judgment on "the Popes," and he is now engaged in deciding on the merits of "the Reformers." His history of the Popes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, will be always read as a graphic sketch of biography, but never can become authority, never can be considered as a truthful record of past events fairly told, but only as a narrative of facts adapted to a well-designed system, and then called—history. This was our opinion when we noticed that work, and we are still steadfast in our judgment. The present undertaking is one of a much more stubborn character. The history of the German Reformation branches out through the various states which one after the other, passed from the old, to the new, doctrines; it is as diversified as its positions were different, and refuses, even in his plastic hands, to exhibit the combining elements of plan or system which his genius inclines him to ingraft on all his historical productions. That tendency is here confined to individuals or their characters, and in their regard we shall have to notice its fallacious results.

Throughout the entire work, however, there predominates a tone of self-content and satisfaction very characteristic of his countrymen, and scarcely ever absent from any Prussian production; an exclusive pretension to excellence, often a misanthropic arrogance which must offend all. That sentiment is no doubt dignified by the flattering epithet of "nationality;" but in Prussia it lacks generosity and candour towards every other country. True nationality may be said to be the life-giving atmosphere of our civil existence, in it the moral energies of nations grow and multiply, its genial influence, whether on the heathy mountain or in the verdant valley, sustains the mind and supports the feelings through many a toil of life; but love of kind and country may degenerate into intolerable egotism, and then its partialities disgust every sober mind. The Prussians and the French are more liable to this reproach than any other European people; the pride of father-land, with them, is not love, but upsetting arrogance and pretension. It appears to us impossible, for

example, to read that terrific and interesting history of the French Revolution by Monsieur Thiers, and not be convinced that it was written for a superlatively vain people; it flows on in one continuous eulogy of deeds and darings, without parallel in any other nation's history, whilst its dark devilry, its throes of hell, are thrown lightly over it, like the shadows of pictorial scenery. The same feeling is uppermost when we close a volume of this German history; it is one protracted study of self-complacency, or one vast column of smoking incense for Prussian "nationality," or, shall we say, for Protestant vanity and pride. The terrible lessons which the events of either history, the Reformation of the sixteenth, or the Revolution of the eighteenth, century, have taught the world, are scarcely hinted at; the wonderful agency of justice, the omnipotence of that divine attribute, measuring out its inflictions and its chastisement by the very events which those agents of guilt were acting and bringing forth as their most heroic exploits, the wickedness of each becoming his own punisher; these, and such like results, obtrude themselves on every thinking reader, though neither the French, nor the Prussian, narrator takes any notice of their existence. Occasionally, indeed, we meet a partial regret escaping, as it were stealthily, over their most blood-stained scenes, but the quickening thought, that without such passions and such terrors no great results can ever follow, comes to reanimate the deathful history.

Praise is certainly a more agreeable boon than condemnation, and when an author writes for "his great nation," he must keep the moral lessons, the truth-telling realities, as much as possible, from the people's eye. We may be allowed to profit by his negative impartiality, to thank him for not wringing facts and occurrences to a forced construction, but suffering them to flow on by their own weight to the just conclusions which we think we shall very clearly point out. Ranke, in this voluminous undertaking, professes to trace the Reformation in its progress, through the various enactments of the German States, as they either embraced or resisted its advances: where the task is to end is beyond our guess: the Reformation is still in progress, and even in Germany its history is not complete. It is our intention to confine our observations to his work as it presents the Reformation in its

abstract light, and not to go through the various stages of its development. Let us take it up as a "Fait accompli," in Church and State, and examine what it was in either. Let us take up the portentous events of that reforming age, and, following his own narrative, weigh them as coolly and impartially as if they were the acts and habits of a lost race, or the history of an extinct people. He treats it in its two-fold character, civil and religious, and we will accompany it in that double capacity, and examine whether the Reformation was a mighty struggle for liberty in the moral, or a triumph of truth in the religious, world. In this state was it conceived and projected, and worked out by the higher agencies of man's mind, and the prowess of his intellect, or was it a mere chance adventure, never designed nor wished for? In the Church, was it the fruit of the inborn energies and fecundity of divine religion, growing out of its own capacity to purify and perpetuate? We think that we have all but mathematical demonstration, in this history of Ranke, that the German Reformation was the result of a mere state emergency, accidentally concurring with a restless and wayward religious movement. The first proceeded from the pressure of taxation on exhausted resources: we shall allow the historian to tell its results. The second we shall return to, under his guidance, and trace its singular coincidence in producing this revolutionary crisis.

The pressure of taxation, all must acknowledge, is a most powerful agent in producing changes and exciting movements in every people; but when it falls repeatedly and heavily on small states, its vexation is doubly irksome. The historian is amply candid in tracing its preponderating efficacy in the German Reformation: other preparatory causes or "tendencies" are brought before our view, and they certainly present the most uncongenial affinity which can well be imagined between causes supposed to work together for the same end.

We rejoice to find that this history is being translated into English, for we anticipate that the "Reformation" will assume another and a truer character in the Protestant mind of England, when this business-like, profit-and-loss detail of its various causes shall be perused by that religio-commercial people.

The peculiar position of the smaller German states, their scanty territories, and restricted resources, were a

source of difficulty for their governments at all times: but especially at the period of the Reformation, great exhaustion from repeated drainings much increased that difficulty. The emperor's war with Venice, and its lavish expenditure, roused that public discontent which the historian describes as pervading all Germany, from Saxony to Switzerland; and the representatives in each recurring diet had to face those combined and constantly increasing difficulties and the consequent discontent of their people. Equal discontent prevailed among the German princes, who particularly complained of the heavy dues payable at Rome, under the name of annats, and upon other titles. Ranke, of course, takes care to give full weight to these complaints, and adds to them a list of other abuses of this same "money" tendency: for example, the ecclesiastical courts of justice, where the exorbitant fees of agents and the notaries were a heavy tax on the suitors; and as the most trifling cause was brought by the poor before those tribunals, their abuses were ever impoverishing the population. "Those charges," says Ranke, "both Frederic and George, the cousin Electors, and joint princes in Saxony, determined to abolish;" and this remarkable concurrence of those afterwards great religious opponents is worth keeping in mind.

In this combination of distressing circumstances, we arrive at the critical moment of the first outbreak of the Reformation. We will let Ranke speak for himself:

"The Council of Lateran, just before its conclusion, had voted a 'tenth' on all ecclesiastical property in Christendom for the Holy See, and, at the same time, three several commissions of indulgences were issued through Germany and northern Europe. Each had a different object: the tenths were for the Turkish war; the commissions for the building of Saint Peter's. These pretences were no longer credited; even in the Lateran Council there was a strong minority, and the tax was carried only by two or three votes, especially because no war with the Turks was pending. Who was ever a better Catholic than Ximenes, who then presided over Spain, and yet with the most profound attachment to Rome he refused to allow either the tenths or the indulgence-commission, which in 1513 had been determined on for that country?*

* Ranke here alludes to a tale long since refuted by Pallavicini, that the money so raised went to enrich the Pope's own family, p. 5. 2. The reader may, satisfy himself of its falsehood, by referring to Robertson's Charles the Fifth, 2nd book, and in a disquisition on its authenticity given in a note. That Protestant narrator, offers many reasons for rejecting the assertion; as usual,

At this stage of the proceedings, we have in Ranke the Reformer's first entrance on the scene; but we prefer not introducing him till we come to examine the religious character of this performance, always, however, keeping in view (with the author) the curious coincidence of his jealousy and of his prince's financial views, the object of both being purely a mere question of exchequer, of receipts and disbursements, of pure profit and loss, though so portentous in their accidental results. Ranke proceeds:—

"Let us not forget to remark, that as the abuse (of indulgences) had a two-fold character, religious and financial, so the opposition from religion soon called to its aid the co-operation of the state. Frederic of Saxony was present, when in 1501, the Diet prescribed most restrictive limits for the indulgence which it then allowed the Cardinal Raymond to proclaim; he (the elector) retained in his own hands the products, fully resolved never to part with them, until the enemy had openly declared war, as was then apprehended. The Pontiff and the Emperor demanded them in vain, he would not yield. As the tax was levied on his subjects, and its object not fulfilled, he devoted it to their own advantage in the foundation of his university. Now, in like manner, he was determined to resist any similar proceeding; he was averse that the cost of a pallium should come from the pockets of his Saxons. The conduct of Texel at Jüterbock (the town where he and his brother Dominicans were administering the indulgences), and the racing thither of his subjects in crowds to hear those preachers, offended him in a financial point of view, as much as it did Luther in a religious one. The one did not personally call on the other; that no one can maintain who looks into the circumstances, for the religious tendencies were essentially more original, independent, and extensive than the worldly interests; still on the other hand, these had their peculiar hold in the actual state of the country, and the *real origin of that great human event was the concurrence of both.*"

—*Page 311.*

"There was the link of union which united prince and monk, Frederic and Luther; no compact was spoken, no interview took place, for they had yet never seen each other, but a natural agreement sprung up; the daring monk attacked the enemy, the prince never promised him any aid, never encouraged him, but merely allowed the events to pass on." "Er liess es nur geschehen." —*Page 313.*

These extracts give us a satisfactory insight into the

Father Paul invented the story. Guicciardini copied him, but Dr. Robertson shows, that neither by documents, facts, nor in reason, is there any truth in that narrative: once afloat, how difficult to sink the casket and its cargo of lies! The sister's dowry and the nephew's receipt, from a war-tax never levied!

real history of this extraordinary event and of its origin. We can almost imagine ourselves spectators of that every-day occurrence, which would have passed harmlessly in any different combination of circumstances; but here is the coincidence of a restless spirit with a frugal economist, at a moment of crippled capacity or public exhaustion—in other words, the monk's jealousy and the prince's purse unite to produce a momentous event so full of futurity, and yet then so little calculated to excite mistrust.

This "Laisser aller" well conveys to us an idea of that prince's character and indolence. Annoyed by foreign exactions, and anxious to keep at home his people's money, his dignity will not allow him to sanction the troublesome friar, but still he has a grudge to gratify against what he considers a foreign tithe-claimer. He will let things go on; the domestic resources will be thus husbanded, and his own character not compromised, and there was "the fountain source of all after events."

This easy key to difficulties, which other historians had encumbered by so many speculations, is still more obviously visible at a future stage of the movement, when the religious excitement became not only intolerable but destructive at Wittenburgh, and no opposing hand could be had, in Luther's absence, to withstand the rush of intemperance and ruin then in progress.

Although the few following extracts relate to facts of a different character, they will be found in perfect keeping with those we have been perusing, and perhaps more eminently illustrative of our conclusions, from the author's own showing, to wit, that the causes of the German Reformation were mere human motives of ordinary agency and every-day life—the penury of a people, and the selfish indolence of a prince, concurring with the restless jealousy of a young friar, who never well knew what he wished to accomplish, beyond gratifying his desire to dogmatize and mortify—to breed novelty in doctrine, and hatred to the Pope.

After describing the devastation which Luther's disciples had spread in his own church and city, Wittenburgh, Ranke goes on:—

"The Elector himself was not equal to any decisive opposition. We have already seen his mode of acting, his temporizing, his reluctance to advance or to attack, his habit of allowing things to take their own course. He was the most peace-loving nature,

which those boisterous and adventurous times could well brook : strife he abhorred. Once, when it was urged on him by persuasions, that Erfurt could be attacked and taken with the loss of five men, he answered, one would be too many. Still, in all his undertakings, his quiet, cautious, clever and enlightened policy was successful. His delight was to reside in his own country, equal, no doubt, to any other in all advantages; to build his castles, his Lochau, Altenbergh, Weimar, Coburgh; to adorn his churches with the finest paintings from the master-hand of Lucas Kranach; to have the best choir and the finest psalmody; and to carry to the highest perfection schools and education. Although not easy of access, still he liked the people: once he had a tax returned to the contributors, which was levied too late for the object intended. To the children at play on the road he would present gifts, to make them remember his passing by; and to the professors in the University he was attentive and bountiful. His years were now far advanced, and his German relatives and kindred nobles, the trusty companions of his early friendship, as he used to call them, were gone; and thus he had great disadvantages to encounter. The young Emperor's disposition did not suit him. He used to say, 'Happy the man who has no business at court.' He and his near neighbour and cousin, the stirring, boisterous Prince George, were ever at variance, &c. His protection of Luther became, by the progress of events, quite natural to him. At first there was a political difficulty in the way, but then justice had its duties; besides, he felt unbounded respect for the Scriptures, which Luther upheld; nothing else, no matter how clever, made such an impression on him. God's word was so majestic, it was the very truth, and should be as pure as the eye.

"There was a deep and respectful timidity in his character, which restrained him from opposing Luther. The foundation of all religion is the belief in a Divinity, and the moral dogma of creation united to that timid awe which checks our unhallowed curiosity; and that constituted Frederic's creed. He did not, accordingly, embrace Luther's opinions, nor adopt them on his own judgment. He said, as a layman he understood nothing; but before he would oppose any thing coming from God, he would take his staff and quit his country. Still he desired Luther to stay quiet (at the Wartburgh), not to come to Wittenburgh, and that, by the next approaching Diet, he would see that he should have a fair tribunal and proper judges to try his cause."—*Page 26, vol. ii.*

Here we have the "laisser faire" in full activity. The prince's indolent admonition proved but a sorry check on the monk's impetuous spleen, after his eleven months' restraint and confinement. Frederic stood quietly by as Luther came down from the mountain, and the work of religious phrenzy passed through its varied phases; the

parsimonious prince saved his coffers, the indulgence penny was stopped, and the Turkish tithe not levied, just what the good easy old man wished for, to save himself and his people from exactions that trenched on their already crippled resources.

Three years later, however, his eyes were opened to the fatal consequences of this selfish conduct, when it was too late to retrace the downward policy of his indolence. The historian describes him on his death-bed at his favourite Lochau, receiving from Spalatin the sacrament under both kinds, and conversing with that most moderate of the reformers, on the terrors of the peasant war, then raging in all its fury.

There, indeed, was a quick retribution—seven years has as yet scarcely elapsed since Pope Leo's bull was burned on the wood-pile, which religious freedom had kindled at Wittenburgh, and from the ashes of which the world was to see scriptural independence rising like a phoenix; and now wherever that young bird had spread its wings or passed in flight, all was carnage and desolation.

Genius, the greatest human gift, may be defined to be “the power of seeing and imparting truth.” It is not only the full image of truth produced on the mirror of the mind, which reflects that divine treasure, but it is, moreover, the faculty of embodying its own perceptions, and presenting them to others in living shape and form. Such is the magic power of genius, that its own thoughts and creations are transferred to kindred minds; others hear and see, feel and think alike, and those impersonations of the parent power become children and disciples of that human divinity; for genius is most like a divinity in the wide range of created things—apparently a self-existent and causeless power; enthroned and not produced in the soul; it is there, not as the result of circumstances or the product of exertion, but as the gift of God; the proud pre-eminent monarch of all created faculties, inviolable and secure, seated, like conscience in the upright heart, beyond the reach of all assault, and above the power of every enemy. Imagination, intelligence, and feeling, unite in the man of genius, in equal proportion, whatever be the bent or tendency of his soul, in whatever shape his own penetrating and communicating powers burst into existence, there is a creation in his touch. The bronze and the marble live and breathe in one man's

hands. The pen or pencil seems to possess and impart immortality with another; the sword to wield omnipotence with a third. Everywhere there is an incarnation of its conceptions, a reality of its thoughts.

The sphere of religion is evidently the widest domain for the exercise of the powers of genius—whether to grasp and establish, or to enforce or reform, there is ample room for the soul's aspiring energies, and no bounds to the mighty results which may mark its career, if well directed, in the conquests of faith. No wonder that plenty of eulogists should be found of the Augustinian monk, when so many millions are protesting in one shape or other to belong to him.

Our present purpose is not with their professions nor protestations, but with the titles and the honours of their chief. We wish to leave contests and controversies in other hands, and there has been no lack of able ones in that sphere—and to occupy ourselves only with our author's "Theory," and solve by his own data, the question he presupposes; was Luther a great genius?

He was destined, according to our historian, in the ways of Providence, to discover the long concealed and heaven-sent fire, which in his hands was to spread again its cherishing flame, and bring life and light to God's Christian people. The following extracts will enable us to judge how far that high destiny was fulfilled by the hero of the German Reformation.

On the map of Germany there are three towns named Wittenburgh; but the honoured one is the capital of Upper Saxony, about sixty miles north of Dresden. There, in the year 1502, Frederic Duke of Saxony established a small university, by uniting the funds of several parishes, and committed its direction to the friars of St. Austin in that city. Staupitz was the prior of the convent, and dean of the faculties of the university. Six years after its foundation, he took by the hand and presented to this youthful Alma Mater, her most glorious son, the star of its ascendant, Martin Luther.

Let him, says our historian, tell his own story:—

"' My parents, grandsires, and all, were mere boors; my father was a wood-cutter in the mountains near Mansfield; thence I spring.' Hawz, the father, felled the timber, and Margaret, the mother, carried it home or to the next market on her shoulders, amid that range of mountains in Thuringia, where, eight hundred

years before, St. Boniface (now, perhaps, better known by his Saxon name, St. Wilfrid), first preached the gospel.

"Martin was not born at home, but at a village in the vicinity called Eisleben, where the rustic mother had been to market. Both parents were as coarse in character as they were in kind. Poor Martin had a hard lot; he makes no secret of their cruelty. His mother whipped him on one occasion till the blood came, for a mere nothing: his father could not endure his presence in the house. At school he was still more unfortunate: one forenoon he was up fifteen times on a boy's back, and flogged. From door to door he had to earn a livelihood, by singing or chanting new year's carols through the villages. Miserable boyhood, which we so often prize and praise! These trials were only preludes to the miseries of his deep-thinking mind. Scarcely passed the bounds of boyhood, his soul had courage to entertain the important questions of the mutual relation between God and man; and, in the attempt to solve them, sunk into the terrors of doubt. To the young Luther, God, the eternal source of light, seemed all justice and wrath: his own natural and strong inclinations to sin, to be atoned for only by austerities and penance, or punished by hell's torments. In that gloomy mood he was overtaken one day by a terrific thunder-storm, so appalling in those mountain districts; his young companion was struck dead by his side, and his own timid spirit driven to offer a vow to St. Ann, that he would become a monk if he escaped the impending death. Accordingly we find, that after devoting one night more to music, wine, and friends, the affrighted youth enters an Augustinian convent at Erfurt. But how," asks the historian, "could his soul find peace in that gloomy abode, its narrow doors, its scanty cells, a few paces of a garden with formal cross walks, and the drudgery of such servitude? At first, he applied himself with a desperate courage to the duties of the place. 'If ever monk got to heaven by cloister-life,' he said, 'I'll get there.' But all in vain, the most frightful terrors disturbed his rest. By turns, he would study day and night, and neglect his canonical hours and office; then, again, he would resume those with equal perseverance, and neglect all beside. Occasionally he accompanied a brother to catechise and instruct in the neighbouring villages, with their frugal repast, a piece of coarse bread in their scrip. Again, he would shut himself up for days in his cell, and admit none to see him.

"The study of the scriptures, above all, terrified him; and many passages of St. Paul wrought on him with a species of persecution. He had read, that through grace sin was forgiven, and yet he felt his own, in conscience, remain there behind; then his heart bled, and he would doubt of God. By times this oppressive sadness threw its dark wings around him, overcame his courage, and often he fell flat upon the ground. Once he disappeared for days; his companion entered his cell, and found him stretched senseless and

half dead; but knowing his kindred sympathies, he touched the violin, and the favourite airs restored the disconsolate soul to peace and harmony with itself."

Is such the history of apostolic genius in youth? or the young soul's struggle through nature's slimy coils? But the chrysalis is ripe, and the creature of pain and trouble now bursts the shell, and wings its flight towards Truth and Glory. Here, too, the "theory or system," which is so congenial to the historian, so prevalent in his productions, begins. The mould in which the hero of his country and its religion is to be cast, must be of no ordinary kind; there must be an ennobling principle, engraving its energies on all the events of Luther's chequered life, and reaching in its enduring vigour even to the last fibre of mortal existence. That germ of genius we shall find here, and it will be our occupation to look for it hereafter, as we pass through the stirring scenes where it should be found in full bloom and activity.

"Is it not," asks Ranke, "a law of eternal order, that the longings of a God-seeking soul should be satisfied by conviction? The first that brought consolation to Luther's despair-wrought spirit, and shed a beam of light on the thick night of his doubting soul, was an elder brother monk, who pointed out to the young novice, those purest and simplest truths of Christianity—pardon of sin through faith in a Redeemer; man justified not by the works of the law, but by faith, a doctrine, which, when the young Luther had heard before, was smothered in a mass of scholastic opinions, or lost in ceremonial rites, and till now had made no penetrating impression on him. He meditated especially on that word, 'The just man lives by faith.' 'Then, indeed,' he says (in his Table Talk),* 'I was happy, when I learned and saw that God's justice meant his mercy, through which he holds and considers us justified; then I joined justice and justification together, and I was sure of my point.'"

"Here, then, was the conviction which his soul, long sought after, discovered: by degrees he got rid of the old doctrine of justification through the dark and rugged paths of penance, and, like the traveller, that after long wandering astray had found the right way, every onward step encouraged and emboldened him to proceed."

* This table-talk reminiscence, may, after forty years' longevity (from the noviciate to the ale-house), be traced to imagination rather than to memory. The garrulous old man may have thought, that in youth he so reasoned; but it is not possible that in early life he could have arrived at such theological perfection, a discovery worthy of the best stage of the Reform!

It was at Erfurt, let us not forget, that this "lost pearl" was found; there was the noviciate, and on its termination Martin Luther was A.D. 1508, removed to the convent at Wittenburgh, the scene of his futurity. There we now find him, as our author informs us, directing all the energies of his mind, to nourish that germ of new light vouchsafed to his soul.

"The young novice flung aside all other literary pursuits, to study Saint Paul's epistles, and read St. Augustin against the Palagians, as those confirmed and increased the heaven-sent conviction."

Here, evidently, in Ranke's theory, is the foundation-stone of his hero's fame and glory. He presents it to us as the master idea, the centre thought of his whole religious movement, from which all his radiant lights diverged, and around which the combined efforts of his reforming system ever revolved: accordingly, during his pilgrimage to Rome, two years later, then on his return to the new university to read scripture lectures, and especially as a preacher in one of the city parishes, which he administered for the sick rector, this "germ of new light" is ever the abiding thought, the growing power of his mind. Now, it is worth inquiring, where do we find its operations, or where discover its assertion and triumph in all the battles and campaigns of his after life? Was it the mighty engine of his warfare, was it the hero's talisman, we must expect to see its waving banner in every fight.

It will not be sufficient to be told, as our author assures us, that as he clambered up, on his bare knees, the "Scala santa" in Rome, or went through other external rites of penance to gain indulgences, which he then prized so highly, his heart whispered to him, "the just man lives by faith;" nor will his quaint after-thought in his Table Talk, that "*this* was the kernel of the nut which he took to the market-place of philosophy," supply any sufficient testimony of this predominating and victorious theory. No, we should find that "lost pearl" in his hands as a compass, when he makes out the plans of his campaign; we should see it as the companion spirit, the genius of victory, as he moves on to combat, and it should float like a flag of victory over his tent of repose after the battle.

Let us trace him in the adventurous exploits of his

reforming war, and test his success—that is, the Reformation—as a religious victory, on this real principle; was it, as the historian assumes, the conquest of faith? We shall discuss the scenes as Ranke presents them, and leave to our readers the casting voice.

In the vicinity of Wittenburgh, a few miles north of the pro-pastor's immediate dwelling, stands a town of moderate pretensions, called Jüterbock. There was held the commission for indulgences, of which we have already spoken; and thither crowds of Luther's congregation journeyed to hear the fervid Dominican, Father John Texel, dispense the indulgences, and describe, perhaps exaggerate, their efficacy. The church and young pastor at Wittenburgh were thus deserted, and his pastoral rights and solicitude invaded. He determined on a master-stroke of resistance; and on the Eve of All Saints, 31st of October, 1517, when the reliquaries of every altar, and the ashes of every saint were just exposed for veneration, the intrepid pastor affixed on the doors of the church of All Saints, his memorable ninety-five propositions, "on the power of the church to grant indulgences," and invited all to hear this theological exhibition or thesis.

Here appears, for the first time, the reforming champion of the faith. His plans and projects all detailed, his opponents within a few hours' march, and the whole city invited to witness the combat and proclaim the victor. But where amongst the "ninety-five" is the "germ of light," or the magic spell, which the nameless old friar gave him at Erfurt? Where is this all-pervading thought which filled his whole soul and overflowed his heart with "conviction?"—the just living by faith—its very shadow would have decided the victory over all indulgences. Strange to say, not the forethought, not the surmise, not the slightest hint of that glorious discovery, once crossed his mind as he marshalled in battle array his formidable ninety-five propositions! Ranke says, that "it is impossible to read them and not be struck by the bold, comprehensive, and determined soul of Luther, whose thoughts fly from him as sparks from the smith's anvil." But not a word to show the hero's genius, the concerted plan, the accomplished purpose; all mere bye-battles on the Pope's power, and on the keys; not a syllable of the only triumphant idea of the mighty omnipotence of solitary faith! Perhaps it may be said, that was not an incident nor

opportunity to develope too openly the discovery, it will come hereafter.

If opportunity were requisite for the display of the resources of Luther's genius and its inspirations, the following summer but one, 1519, presented one of the most remarkable events of his public life. We shall faithfully abridge our author's account of this interesting scene.

At Leipsic, one of the most distinguished towns and universities of northern Germany, Carlstadt, Luther, and Eck, by a mutual and friendly arrangement, met together, to argue in public, (a display very usual in continental schools,) their long-disputed differences on Grace and Free-will. Luther came as a companion to his professor, Carlstadt, and did not at first intend to dispute; but when Eck's programme appeared, he claimed to be also a combatant. The permission of the reigning Duke was had with difficulty for the public discussion, and on the fixed conditions, that notaries should attend, and all arguments should finally be submitted to the decision of two universities: at Luther's request, those of Erfurt and Paris were named. An immense public hall, with benches for the auditory, desks for the reporters, and ornamented chairs for the disputants, was got ready by the city magistrates. On the 27th of June the controversy opened. Eck arrived first; he came from Ingolstadt, and was one of the greatest scholars of the day. He had gone through the various courses of public lectures at the principal universities of Germany, and applied himself to the chief questions of the prevailing philosophy. At the age of twenty he had already published five volumes on the Egyptian, Platonic, and Arabic systems: but it was in disputation that he excelled. At all the universities, Heidelberg, Basle, Freiburg, he had borne away the palm; in Vienna and Bologna he had argued a thesis, and claimed victory. He gives an account in his correspondence of his reception abroad; how his company was sought after, and how the foreigners entertained and listened to him, and the youth crowded round to hear him argue. When he entered Leipsic he was well received, and a few days before the controversy he walked in the procession of Corpus Christi. On the 24th, the Wittenburghers arrived; they made their entry in open waggons; Carlstadt in the first, Luther and Melanethon in the second. About two hundred young students with halberts and lances followed. The citizens did

not, as was usual on such occasions, go out to meet and welcome them.

On the 27th of June, 1519, the great hall was thrown open, the mass of the Holy Ghost was sung, and the controversy began. Carlstadt argued first, but he was a bad speaker; disputation was not his forte. He read aloud from books what he had to offer, and only answered objections the day after they were made. Eck was a very different man: all his knowledge was at a moment's command; he prepared little, and after a short walk, mounted the pulpit to argue. His appearance was most imposing; his masculine voice, his robust mien, his commanding facility, moving here and there as he spoke, his great memory, his readiness, and the aptness of his arguments, and their appropriate introductions, all astonished the auditory. Still the abstruse questions wearied their patience; at the close of the day the benches were usually all deserted; until Martin Luther took up the gauntlet on the 4th of July; then all was again in active bustle, and at the early hour of seven on that morning the hall was opened, and the Reformer on to attack.

His appearance was not prepossessing: of middle stature, extremely meagre, mere skin and bone; he had not either the fine organ of his opponent, nor the ready memory, nor the acquired expertness and facility; yet he was in the full maturity of life, 36 years, and in the perfect enjoyment and exercise of his mental powers: his utterance was clear, though his voice was shrill; he was quite familiar in scriptural language, the very expression seemed natural to him; above all, he inspired the feeling that he sought the truth. Although in domestic life he was jocose and sprightly, and at table a merry and boon companion, even in the pulpit often wearing a boquet of flowers; still he now assumed the boldest self-possession, in his eyes you could read the mighty storm which loured in his soul, and in his whole mien depth of thought, conviction, and futurity.

This conference lasted eighteen days. It presents to us here such a fair opportunity of obtaining an insight into Luther's mind, that a little attention will be well bestowed in an attempt to discover that profound thoughtfulness, and deep-laid consciousness, which the historian here and ever presses on our attention, when the reformer's deeds and character are before his German followers in this elaborate history.

We have just seen that Martin Luther was at Leipsic to arbitrate, rather than dispute, for his university professor and his own master, Carlstadt. Against Wittenburgh was pitted for the Leipsic school, Von Eck; and his "thundering voice" had well nigh stunned his prosy antagonist, when the young umpire felt his throbbing courage beat high for the honour of his house. As he was free to select the points to attack, and the subjects to defend, we naturally look for those nearest his own views, and flowing out of his favourite convictions, at all events, forethought and system in his attack.

Let it be borne in mind that we are not giving our own account, but continue still to epitomize Ranke.

The two antagonists were panting for display. Eck was filled with the confidence of certain triumph, and the glory of silencing the terror of the Church in the person of Luther. The monk was equally determined to drive all before him, and not recede a single step to his antagonist. Abstract questions, till now argued with Carlstadt, would not suit his auditory, and the reformer selected one that all were cognizant of—the Pope's authority and prerogatives. This bore not much affinity, as the historian acknowledges, to his soul's treasure (the Erfurt pearl, Faith).

The very first step of the reformer, was a rash one. Too soon he discovered that he could not maintain, that "The Pope's primacy was only four hundred years old." Decrees and documents were overpowering against him, but his courage never slackened, his sharpness was roused by that check; he betook himself to the scriptures, and attacked his adversary on the old and oft-cited texts, "Thou art Peter," &c. and "Feed my sheep," &c., attempting to show that such texts were often applied to the other apostles, and in other meanings by Roman theologians. Eck cited the interpretation of the fathers. Luther opposed father to father, and the further the controversy wandered into those distant regions, the greater was his pretension to victory;* but his chief main-stay was the Greek Church. "That Church," said Luther, "was,

* The obvious reason of that imaginary victory our historian has not the candour, nor, perhaps, the courage, to tell. It is that matchless mockery of inspiration, which the Reformer himself has published in 1 vol. of his works as his triumphant reply: "If Augustine and all the fathers have said that the Rock meant Peter, I alone deny it, and reject them with the authority of an Apostle!" What antagonist could withstand that towering burlesque?

and is, and ever will be, a true Church, although no Pope ever ruled it; it was Christ's as well as the Roman Church." Eck, in reply, did not hesitate to hold *Christian* and *Roman* as identical, one and the same, exclusively of every other, and would admit of no salvation but with that faith and that Pontiff. "What!" then exclaimed the bullying antagonist, "are you going to damn that Church which has produced the best fathers and the greatest saints? Must the Gregories, Nazianzens and the Basils be thrust out of heaven to make room for the Pope and his sycophants?"

"There," exclaims a writer in the North British Review, "was the real germ of Protestantism in all its varied branches and realms of truth; there the link of Pope and Popery burst for ever." "Eck," continues Ranke, "was now in distress; he tried to evade the difficulty by repeating, that he meant only the heretics in the Greek church, and not the orthodox fathers. A poor subterfuge, which left Luther's argument in all its victorious force."^{**}

Eck hastened back from the Greek church to Rome and the Pope's prerogatives, attacked his opponent as guilty of the errors of Huss, Wickliffe, &c., all condemned at the general Council of Constance. "Therefore," he argued, "to attack papal authority, was to condemn a general Council." Here was a vital pass—pregnant with terrific consequences—Constance and its Council were near and familiar to all; the long and devastating war of the Hussites was only just over, that very heresy being its cause and object; there were present, princes and potentates who gloried in having extinguished that opposition to the church; and, lastly, the smouldering pile in which Huss had suffered, might blaze again for his defenders. All conspired to terrify, if all, or any, could shake the Reformer's soul; but he could see nothing but his own glorious "idea of a true church;" and, without one moment's hesitation, he proclaimed aloud, that "many of the condemned propositions of John Huss were Gospel

* How pitiable it is to write for "theory," and make defeat wear the garb of triumph, in order to establish a champion's fame! Luther was never, through this whole mêlée, so thoroughly upset, as by the reply which his Greek-church objection received, to wit, "that the great lights of the Greek church shone whilst it remained in union with Rome—that Luther could not name one father, nor one saint, after its schism, nor one before that fall, who denied the Pope's supremacy." Pallavicini gives a succinct and faithful account of this argumentation, and the curious reader will there find many discrepancies from that which our historian gives as "history."

truths." One universal pause of astonishment ensued. Prince George clasped his sides with his hands, shook his head, and broke through the solemn silence by a loud curse at Luther.

Eck now pushed his antagonist with recovered courage. "The Council," he said, "by its decisions, rejected all those propositions, and it cannot err." "No general Council," replied Luther, "can make a new article of faith—therefore, you cannot prove that it cannot err."

"Honoured father," concluded Eck, "if you maintain that a general Council can err, then you are to me as 'the heathen and the publican.' " Leben sie wohl.

The controversy closed. The contest is now over three hundred years, and neither then nor now are parties satisfied. Luther's historian excuses and palliates his wildness and want of accuracy. Eck is reproved by Pallavicini for precipitous confidence, and corrected for one or two mistakes in papal history; but to us one thing appears obvious—Luther had not the genius to conceive, nor the ability to work out, any great or comprehensive plan. He had no system, no leading truth to hold by; there is a shifting waywardness without rule or compass, which his admirers may call a progressive advance in reform. From his first attack on indulgences, he passed on to assail the Popes, by appealing from their authority to that of a general Council; now that last resource is rejected, and "the scriptures alone," says Ranke, "remained to be confided in."

It requires but a slight retrospect to see that such immense strides in assertion were never contemplated at the opening of the controversy. One of the prescribed conditions was, to omit all interference with the Councils; and another, to submit respective arguments of both to the universities, and abide the result: both implied submission to authority.

Again we look in vain for any master-spring of action; any hidden influence from early discoveries, or cherished truths: above all, where was the young prophet's pebble, where the sling and stone of the true Israelite, that with one single fling would have sent the Pope's Goliath reeling into shame and defeat? What need of those heterogeneous assertions, that there was no Pope before the twelfth century—that the Greek church never acknowledged papal supremacy or power, though always a true church? What

necessity for all those reckless thrusts at an enemy, when the “lost pearl” that was found at Erfurt would have secured victory by one single stroke? one cast of the cord, and the giant was down for ever. The Leipsic disputation exhibits but one single trait of emboldened eccentricity, which could have any claim on originality or genius; and strange to say, our author seems to recoil before its ominous boding, and never records its existence: certainly, if Martin Luther felt as he spoke, when he hurled “the Rock, the Shepherd, and the Fold, down the reform precipice, defied all interpretation or contradiction, and proclaimed himself *an apostle*, there must have been inspiration in that aspiring thought: surely it was of far higher import than the Erfurt gem of Faith and Justification, and constituted a more active element in his after life! How singular to overlook or conceal such a mystic word, such a sublime creation of a giant mind, and such a peculiarity in Reformation History! It is said, that from the sublime to the ridiculous the way is perilous and short; and the Reformer’s soliloquy may have been too near the slippery step for the “nationality” of our historian’s countrymen.

Once again we have this extraordinary man in the presence of his opponents, before his judges and his friends; and if ever there was an occasion when genius was to draw forth her magic wand, and spread around the influence of her ethereal spell, it was the second and last public display of the Reformer before the Diet at Worms.

The bull of Leo X. had issued from the Vatican, and was spreading its anathemas far and wide, against all the errors and eccentricities of the wayward monk. Towards the close of the year 1520 it arrived at Wittenburgh. There the little University, relying on its civil rights, defied its authority, and Luther, on the morning of the 20th December, summoned all its members, and had a blazing wood-pile made ready before the assembled youths and professors. With his cowl over his face, he approached, and flung the bull and the decretals into the flames, pronouncing this solemn denunciation: “As thou hast afflicted God’s holy servant, so may eternal fires consume thee.”

The next month and following year, January 1521, the general Diet assembled at Worms, and at the request of the young emperor Charles the Fifth, Martin Luther was

summoned to account for himself. From Wittenburgh, which is on the Elbe, to Worms, on the Rhine, the journey, even to-day, would be long and tedious; but the monk must go, the imperial herald had come to conduct him, and Frederic, his prince and protector, must accede to the emperor's behest. The weary way, and the long evenings, were beguiled by the converse of his friends, and by music, for he played on his flute at the inns and farm-houses where they stopped to repose. Once on the journey he preached, and that in despite of all prohibition; it was at Erfurt, where he had made his religious vows. The simple people had remembered him an humble novice at the Austin cloister, and thronged to that church to hear the renowned monk preach, who was upsetting the religious world, and defying princes, emperor, and Pope. The great pressure of the crowd caused one of the outward walls of the church to give way, and in the midst of the terror and confusion the shrill voice of Luther was heard exclaiming, "The devil! the devil did that to stop the word of God!"

In the cities as he passed the criers were proclaiming the Pope's bull, and at Weimar, which was half-way, when he heard it, he stopped to receive the emperor's passport. In that neighbourhood the Franciscan Salpio, who was the emperor's confessor, offered his mediation to make peace; but the Reformer would not yield nor hold parley but at Worms. Arrived at the last stage of his journey his patron's privy councillor came to meet him, and to advise him not to enter the city, where the fate of Huss might await him. "Huss was burned," said the undaunted monk, "but his works still live. I'll go to Worms though there were as many devils as tiles on the housetops to assail me."

On Thursday, 16th April, at mid-day, Luther, with his trusty companions, Jonas Armsdorf and others, made a public entry; it was the hour of dinner; and when the herald of arms who accompanied them had sounded the trumpet, to proclaim his arrival, all the inhabitants ran into the streets. When Luther looked down upon the excited and admiring crowds, his courage mounted to enthusiasm, and on alighting from the cart he proclaimed aloud, "God is with me!" The following afternoon Luther stood before the Diet: a more imposing assembly there could not then be seen in Europe. There, the young em-

peror, first, amid the six Electors Palatine, numerous dukes and bishops, ecclesiastical and lay-lords, before whom many a liege subject would bend the knee, deputies and generals, renowned for success in peace and war, honoured ministers of state, friends as well as foes, all awaited the monk's arrival.

The first aspect of so numerous and so imposing an assembly perplexed him for the moment; his voice faltered and was scarcely audible; to many he appeared quite terror-struck. Called on to retract his books and disclaim his errors, he turned for advice to his friends; then pleaded delay on the forms of the court till the next day. Business occupied the next day's sittings, and evening had set in before Luther could be called; when he rose to speak it was already night, and through the great hall the lights were burning. The assembly was more numerous than on the previous day, and scarcely could the members find seats from the pressure of the anxious crowds. Interest and attention were on the utmost stretch towards Luther, but nothing could now disturb him.

The same demands as on the former day were now repeated. The monk's reply was long and studied; he parried off the Pope's censure by recurring to distinctions. Some of his works, he maintained, were good; they, therefore, were not included in the condemnation; others were not named, and of course not censured: all, therefore, he could not, nor would not, retract. His speech had many scriptural comparisons, which he took to himself, and his conclusion was an animated appeal to the Diet, on their love of liberty and 'father-land.'

The cold formulary of the judicial ordeal was again put to the excited reformer, and a direct reply was required to the question, "Will you condemn what the Council of Constance anathematized?" "A general Council may and has erred," was his reply. "If you persevere in that error, you must be treated as a heretic."—"I cannot help it—if I had a thousand heads, they should perish. I must be firm, and God will help me."

For more than two hours Luther had now spoken, his forehead streamed, his countenance grew pale, his whole frame was exhausted. Night closed the scene; and as "the man of God retired," says Melancthon, "the Spaniards sneered and hooted."

"How much was it regretted by many," says Ranke, "that Luther should have so determinately resisted all compromise, and held so obstinately to his published opinions, and their offensive harshness against Rome: even we," adds the historian, "are tempted to wish, that the Reformer had confined his attacks to the temporal abuses of Rome, and thus brought about in Germany union and the consciousness of mutual strength, which would have secured its independence without shattering its internal elements. But political events were as nothing to the religious ardour of the Reformer, and if he admitted their thoughts, his spiritual enterprise and energy would have been cramped and shackled, for the Eternal Spirit of Truth marches in its own paths towards its final objects."—*Page 489, b. ii.*

Are they ever crooked ones?

"It was very singular," continues Ranke, "and this bears upon our object, and with it we may more safely coincide, than in conceding what we have just been citing of the 'ways of truth.'"—*Page 495, b. ii.*

It was very strange, what a different impression Luther made at Worms on the strangers present. The distinguished Spaniards, who never liked him nor his writings, looked upon him as a fool. A Venetian, who had no bias nor impartiality on either side, found him neither learned, nor clever, nor virtuous; and the emperor himself could not repress his own opinion of his want of abilities, for he said aloud, "This man will never make me a heretic."

The Germans, on the other hand, at least many of them, were in an ecstasy of admiration: the old George of Freundspurg tapped Luther on the shoulders, to encourage him, as he spoke. Erich of Brunswick rushed through the dense crowd to present him with a silver tankard of the best Esinbeck beer. Philip of Hesse said, "Herr Doctor was wonderful in reply: in fine, all were amazed how well he turned the German into Latin." At best, we must say, a poor school-boy eulogy on Luther and his genius. Surely we have a right to look for some more salient springs of wit and eloquence in a hero! Never was there an occasion where the font from which genius draws her pearly streams should have more profusely flowed; never was there a moment when the mystic rod should have struck with greater courage the mountain rock, and called out the gushing river of persuasive truth than here at Worms.

"We are disappointed," says Roscoe, (in his Life of

Leo X.) "with Luther at Worms. He did not act up to his high destiny." So, it would appear, thought the Reformer himself. He writes to Spalatin: "I am annoyed and troubled in conscience, for having yielded to the cowardly counsels of my friends at Worms. I ought to have spoken out like another Elias, and not have stifled the spirit before such idols." We must, for once, coincide with the reformer in this opinion of his performances at Worms. The inspiration he claimed, amid the plaudits of the multitude as he rode into the city in his cart, evidently deserted him before the Diet. The prophet's mantle fell from his shoulders when he recurred to subterfuge and delay, or turned towards Jonas and Armsdorf for counsel, and evoked not from on high "the tongue of fire" to dictate his reply, as he stood before kings and princes.

Apart even from those imaginary pretensions, we look in vain for those creative powers of mind which true genius can call into activity. Those ennobling faculties of forethought and conception, those communicative energies of persuasion, are not only not conspicuous in his long defence before the Diet, but there, and in all his after colloquies and arguments, the very exercise of the lower faculties of reflection and deduction cannot be traced. The last words he addressed to the archbishop of Treves, as his final response for the Pope, "Tell his holiness, that if my doctrines be not from heaven, they will disappear from the earth before four years," argue a want of reflection within the reach of the lowest capacity. If such were to be a sufficient test for abiding truth, Mahomet should long since have been canonized; twice four centuries, and not four years, could speak for his doctrines.

We shall give our historian another trial, and trace with him, as expeditiously as we can, the great Reformer's bearing in a few other scenes of his career, which, with Ranke, are subjects of great complacency and approval.

On the 26th of April, after a joyous banquet with his friends, Luther left Worms, with a pass for Wittenburgh, little heeding the ban of excommunication pronounced against him. On arriving at the forest of Altestein, a troop of masked horsemen seized upon the convoy, separated Luther from his companions, disguised him in a trooper's trappings, and led him on in safety to the lonely citadel of Wartburgh. All this was a preconcerted contrivance of his patron, the elector of Saxony: public re-

port mystified the escape by various tales and stories of the Reformer's fate.*

Here, perched on the rock's summit, looking down on the most beautiful valley of Thuringia, the very paradise of Saxon scenery, was the Reformer for eleven months. In this lonely citadel we find him undertaking the most incessant labours in the study of Greek and Hebrew, in writing tracts and pamphlets, and, above all, in the great work which has left, in the eyes of his followers, the "aureole" around his portrait, the golden halo of immortality—his German Bible.

Here, in justice to him, we ought to seek those living lines of genius, those ideal features of the mind, which in the turmoil of public life we have failed to discover; at the desk or in the cell, we may light on that spark of the divinity, which burns on and ever in all its works.

His Letters during his retirement furnish a diary of his life; the most extraordinary revelations of that inmost soul, of whose depth and capacity we hear so much from Ranke. Philip Melanchthon was his favourite correspondent, his faithful depository; to him are revealed his hideous night visions, his galling spasms, his filthy indigestions, the very phraseology of his various writings being besmeared by the foulest words that pen and ink ever wrote. What is most remarkable, amid such eructations of genius in solitude, is the quick return of his thoughts to the far-famed Erfurt revelation—"all-secur ing faith." That key of knowledge, which seven years before the old monk had there given him, and which seemed in that interim to have been mislaid or forgotten, he now resumes, and with it satisfies all his doubts, smothers all his scruples, unlocks matrimony for his Wittenburgh rakes, the two first priests who took wives, and finally opened to himself or his adherents of every sex, that comprehensive theory in his work on Free Will, of which all his followers are now so bashful, viz.:—the more sin, the more mercy; or, all sinfulness, and no responsibility.

* The secluded castle of Wartburgh, Luther's "Patmos," is an ancient fort or chateau in the vicinity of Eisenach, on the high-road from Frankfort to Dresden, once the family residence, and, during eighteen years, the abode of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary. There on its lofty eminence, the aspirations of that virgin soul, one of the purest and most chastened spirits that religion glories in, first took their flight towards God. What a revolution for the old citadel and its chapel! Where the pure virgin prayed and fasted, the licentious monk feasted, revelled, hunted, and, alas!—wrote. The books remain, "the hounds and the lady visits," are forgotten.

The solitude of Wartburgh has the credit of being the cradle of many of his most extravagant productions. The conference with the devil took place or was penned there. The wild doctrines, which a few months later revolutionized his native university, ransacked his church of All Saints, desecrated the altars, broke down the images and paintings, and banished the holy sacrifice, were thence sent forth in his tract "de missa privata," where the devil is the doctor, and Martin Luther the vanquished and converted scholar. There, likewise, he abandoned the practice, which to that hour he had occasionally retained, of celebrating Mass.

From thence he wrote applause and eulogy on the two or three priests who first married; thence came forth the avowal of his own carnal propensities, his indomitable temptations, and last, and most distinguished of all, that untranslated letter to Melancthon, the "millies et millies uno die fornicare et occidere," &c., being of no injury to the man of faith—all-saving faith!

Those productions cannot interest our present inquiry, though they present a most tempting subject for analysis and investigation. How singular to remark the striking coincidence between his solitary propensities and his faith; during his career of controversy and disputation, we hear not a word of this abiding treasure, all is ardour, inspiration, assault, and obstinacy, not a syllable of his temptations and his passions; but the moment his soul resumes her functions in solitude, and is occupied by profound studies or new conceptions, his fatal passions recover their dominion, we trace at every step their pervading influence on himself, and their inspiriting activity in every personage, lay or clerical, throughout the whole of this drama of Reform or religious strife. All quietly set at rest, and sanctioned by the one magic touch of solitary inactive faith—all his shifting theories of the paradisal man, and the annihilation of his spiritual powers of revival after the fall, evidently occurred to him as palliatives for the terrors of a perplexed consciousness; and every associate, Hutten, Reuchlin, &c., in the raging wheel that was passing over all settled rites and institutions, was impelled by the same corrupting propensities. It is ungracious to allude to this dark page of the Reform history, when we are perusing its eulogist, and seeking for subjects of admiration in his hero. Let us leave, for a moment, Ranke, and borrowing a few

facts from Monsieur Audin's Life of Luther, we shall go on to examine his further claims on the character of a scholar. We find him still at the Wartburgh, his Patmos, with his German Bible in his hand. On the summit of that citadel he conceived the mighty project of translating from the Hebrew and Greek the whole Bible, and levelling it in all its magnitude, as the most destructive weapon of religious warfare, one bursting bomb-shell, against the old Roman Capitol and its Pontiff; thus overturning, as it appeared to him, by one single stroke, all papal authority, by making every reader of the Bible his own interpreter, and rendering that difficult task one of pleasure and pastime, by a familiar and intelligible translation.

That undertaking, which seems to be beyond the reach of individual capacity, and far too extensive for the longest life, Luther accomplished by eight years of toil and study. Critics now blame him for attempting the translation before he had seriously applied himself to master the Hebrew and the Greek; but the book fulfilled its object to perfection. It peopled the world with Bible readers and interpreters, and multiplied a hundred fold his own admirers; each succeeding book that issued from his hands of the Old Testament, was read with all the impassioned curiosity the most popular romance could excite; his extraordinary facility and command of words, produced in his hands the most accommodating variety of styles: in the books of Moses, there was patriarchal purity and pristine simplicity for every reader; then the learned discovered lyric pomp in those of David and the Prophets, word seemed to equal word in peculiar height and grandeur; lastly, the easy and popular narrative style of the Evangelists, the intimate familiarity, almost conversation tone, of the Epistles; all constituted a whole, which, with his admirers, defied all past competition, and carried away every reader with delight.

All Saxony was led away by its popularity: the devout and religious read, the fanatic cited and argued, the fair sex challenged old priests, and even magistrates, to controversy; there was nothing heard of but Luther and his Bible. The New Testament first appeared in September 1522, printed with the most costly types of the age, and ornamented with vignettes from Cranac and Albert Durer; it was like the lady's album of the day, it lay on every toilet, was cushioned on every couch, and carried on every

promenade; but, alas! for the transitory glory of this world ! the author's first-born, his inspiration, as his disciples used to call the translation, was soon waylaid in the paths of fame by his old and hated competitor, with whom he had argued at Worms, the papist Emser.

Luther had prayed God to take off the earth that hideous goat; but the vigilant theologian now came with redoubled fury to butt against this literary prodigy. Emser unfortunately was not only a theologian, but a profound linguist; Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, were equally familiar to him, and his discerning criticism raised a storm over the newly-published Testament which terrified even its author: no fewer than fourteen hundred errors were pointed out in his preface, text, and margin. The Reformer hurled back reprobation on "that ass's criticism; the contents of the night-chair (he writes to his disciples) should be flung at his head." In the subsequent editions, however, for he lived long enough to give three new corrections of his Testament, one thousand of those errors disappeared.

Controversy once raised, all the linguists were up in arms. Erasmus, even Bucer, and many of his own disciples, were dissatisfied with some of his renderings, and a little later, when another German translation appeared at Zurich, which omitted his version of the *Χαίρε κεχαριτωμένη* the "Gratia plena" of the Vulgate, he burst out into a rage against such ignorance: "Pitiable translation!" he writes, "full of grace, 'gratiosa,' what beast of a German ever put such language in an angel's mouth? 'full of grace,' as if it were a pot full of beer, or a bag full of money. My translation is the only correct one, I render it, 'Hail, very holy one.' I don't want any papist to be my judge, and if any other do not like my version, let him go to the d—l."

Luther's memory did not keep pace with his anger; in a hymn written by him the next year, we have the identical words here censured, "Gegrünset seyd du Maria voller Gnaden," "Hail, thou Mary, full of grace."

Amid this literary tirading the work of the translation went rapidly on; nothing could interrupt his untiring pursuit of that project, not even the wrecking of his church; and the universal uproar of his disciples at Wittenburgh which brought him down from his castle in despite of the emperor's ban and his patron's admonition, nor the still more intolerable rebellion of some of his followers, who,

interpreting his Testament on his principles, dared to adopt and preach doctrines at variance with his opinions. Night and day he toiled at his Herculean task, to turn his Hebrew into a German bible. He complains as he advances that he knows neither one language nor the other; but with the same undaunted courage that defied all obstacles to his resolves, he summons around him his most learned friends, Melancthon, Jonas Armsdorf, Spalatin, and every Hebrew scholar he could find amongst the Jews, and daily before these seven or eight literary associates he corrected and polished his own imperfect renderings. Wonderful activity, but the results how transitory, the laurels how fading! even this last branch of literary fame is faded and fallen from the Reformer's bust. The German Bible is admitted to have been a great work; but its old Saxon language, then so terse, is now become obsolete; the German having since passed through the enriching hands and culture of poets, historians, and philosophers, is come to us adorned in the garb of classic literature, leaving the old and quaint phraseology of Martin Luther so far behind, that his Bible cannot be well understood without gloss and commentary. Nay, his countrymen have carried ingratitudo still further; his translations are found unfaithful to their Hebrew origin, ignorant and mistaken renderings abound; whole congregations are calling for a correct and intelligible Bible. His book is thus the type of his religion, shifting with the ebb and flow of time, and leaving its author on the sands, neglected and forgotten. Still his Bible is his master-piece, if we recognise any title in Martin Luther to the character of "author." His other literary labours were most prolific in tracts, letters, and hymns; three hundred such works flowed out from his amazing fecundity, or his overwhelming facility for occasional outbursts, on passing events, all as varied in substance and teaching as the revolving changes of the times and the quick sensibilities of the author could dictate. But what was his claim on their account to genius? "His writings," says Mr. Hallam, "are coarse and intemperate; there is no clear nor comprehensive line of argument to enlighten the reader's mind, nor resolve his difficulties; unbounded dogmatism, resting on absolute confidence in his own infallibility. Whatever stands in his way, fathers, councils, church, are swept away in a current of impetuous declamation; intoxicating results of

presumptuousness and total absence of restraint. His reply to Henry the VIII. can be described as little else than a bellowing in bad Latin." Alas, for poor Luther! even Mr. Hallam, one of the Reformer's disciples, who has pursued, far indeed, his principles of independent judgment, now puts, as it were, the last hand to his master's literary disgrace!

We must return for a little consolation to Ranke, and after a few more lines, take leave of this once glorified Reformation.

We have not undertaken the task of discovering or exposing its defects, or of undervaluing the honours of its leaders. The Reformer's own children are as candid, and many of them as censorious, as his opponents could wish: in proportion as religious earnestness stretches its sway—and through this generation it is happily fast progressing—there is visibly an increasing bashfulness, a half-suppressed shame amongst Luther's followers, to recur to the history of their origin; frequently that silent disavowal of the parent, breaks out into open reprobation of his career. Our object here has been to point out through his own country historian, the home-springs of the German Reformation, the real source where change began its movements, and novelty entered on the course of replacing old institutions by its own inventions; and taking up the most lauded and most successful evolutions of that exchange of creeds, we maintain that they have no claims on glory, no pretensions to greatness in any point of view, civil or religious. We can find no conception, no plan, no enterprize, that was not the result of some petty agency; temporizing economy, or grasping avarice with the reigning princes—splenetic phrenzy, or wayward wreckfulness with zealot monks.

The only extract from Ranke which we shall add, must prove that the Reformer never formed a plan, nor never had a consecutive persevering intention in this revolutionary change; we find him raising up what his writings had pulled down, recalling what they had banished, and, after all his inspirations on the Patmos of the Wartburgh, relapsing into antiquated religion and its usages, on his return to his church and university.

Let us just enumerate some of those reforming events.

During his stay in the fortress, scarcely eleven months, his pen wrought wondrous changes at Wittenburgh. Two

Rectors in the vicinity—Seidler and Bernhardi—married, following up the new theories, that no Pope or Council could bind by vows which interfered with corporal liberty. Carlstadt came out with an attack on celibacy, and thirteen Augustinians left their convent, and took to commerce and matrimony. Luther's "inspiration" on the Mass, (*de missa privata*) produced still greater results. On the 3rd December 1521, as High Mass was celebrating in the parish church, a number of the university students, and of young men of the city, rushed up to the altar, upset or tore down every thing, and dragged away the priests. On the following Christmas day, Carlstadt mounted the pulpit, preached against the Sacrifice of the Mass, and on coming down, recited the first "Communion Service" we have on record. Soon after, Hussite enthusiasts found their way from Prague to Wittenburgh, and Carlstadt roused on by their fanaticism, upturned all that remained of rite and ceremony, confession, vestments, crucifixes, and the priestly office; every layman could take the sacrament in his own hands, as every one could be preacher and priest. Luther's teaching was thus reduced to practice, and the Reform had so far progressed, when, as the historian says,

"The danger of those tumultuous innovations had become alarming, principally because their necessity was assumed, and exclusive pretensions to true religion asserted, by their promoters; not unlike the Roman church, enforcing commandments as if they were the natural consequences of those first principles which hold society together. What a lasting advantage, that religion should recognize a free province beyond her own dominion, where she would no longer trouble herself with individuality. For that we are indebted to Luther, to his mild and paternal feelings as a guide, and to the superiority of his far-seeing, deep-thinking soul. His sermons on this occasion were amongst the most important efforts of his life. They were popular harangues, like those of Savanorola, not to rouse nor exasperate, but rather to hold back from impending dangers, to allay and pacify excited feelings. How could a people refuse to follow the dictates of that well-known voice, which first taught them their present new career? there was no fear of receding from caution, or consideration. Luther was never more courageous: he overlooked every obstacle, the Pope's ban he defied; the elector's protection he renounced; personal safety he risked; not to anticipate, but to stop; not to subvert, but to preserve. The storm calmed down, the excitement was stunned when he appeared: peace returned, and many of the leaders of the

outbreak, convinced by his persuasion, became his allies. Nothing could, however, convince Carlstadt, but he was silenced because he dared to intrude on parochial rights, and preach without authority. Those moderate opinions of Luther began now to be in unison with the government principles of action. A pamphlet from the pen of Carlstadt was suppressed by the university with the civic approbation. The fanatics of Zwickau (Hussites) came before Luther. He warned them not to be blinded by Satan : they offered as a proof of their heavenly mission, to tell him what thoughts were at that moment passing in his mind; the proposal was accepted. They said, he felt within his soul a certain leaning to their tenets. ‘God strike you, Satan,’ was the Reformer’s out roar ; and afterwards he acknowledged that they were right ; but that such was a proof of a demon, and not of a divine spirit. He sent them off, bidding defiance to their spirit against his God. If we make allowance here for the coarse familiarity of the expression, what profound and majestic truth may we not trace in this combat, of those opposing spirits and their saving and destroying genius !

“ Wittenburgh became more tranquil. The Mass was as far as possible restored, previous confession and the administration of the sacrament reinstated, blessed vestments, music and all the ceremonies, even the Latin tongue, recalled ; nothing was omitted except the words of the Canon which directly implied sacrifice. All other things were left free and undefined. Luther returned to his convent and resumed the monk’s dress, but did not condemn others wearing the lay attire. Communion was administered indifferently, under one or both kinds. In all dubious questions of what should be retained and what abandoned, Luther and Melancthon both agreed that nothing should be condemned, unless there was undoubted scriptural prohibition, ‘a perfectly clear and original text’ against it. That could not be considered indifference, far from it. Religion retired to its own sphere, and penetrated into her purest tendencies.

“ Luther was thenceforward convinced of the danger of always insisting on the power of faith ; already he began to enforce that it should be manifested by a good life, by charity, purity and order.”
—P. 32. vol. ii. b. iii.

There was a relapse with a vengeance !

This passage is one of the most curiously interesting in this History of the German Reformation and its Times. It presents, at one view, the Reformer and his Historian. The slippery inconsistency, the shifting waywardness of the great apostle, scarcely down from his Patmos, when he retracts and destroys all the inspirations of his solitude. In the Wartburgh, his life was an intermittent fever of hard study and gross folly. He hunted the hounds in the morn-

ing's ride, in his sportman's garb, and saw a defeated cardinal, or a fallen Pope, in every beaten hound, or captive hare in the Castle forests. His lady friend, with her snowy garment of *virgin* white, paid her evening visits to the recluse, as the grey lights of the vesper hour shed their cautious darkness around the fortress. The festive board was well served with every delicacy at the elector's expense; the old keeper used to say that none but royal purse could stand the outlay. His literary productions during his retreat we have already hinted at: they rankled of every foulness, laughed at broken vows, praised priest-marriage, and inspirited the Wittenburgh disciples and correspondents to the sacrilegious wrecking of every church and altar. Now we find the man of God re-reforming, retracing his onward steps, recalling the old rites: the banished ceremonies, the condemned mass, even the monk's cowl, the convent and its cloister, all reinstated. Still worse, the pivot of the whole fabric, the kernel of his theology, the Erfurt gem, the priceless discovery of his early piety, now abandoned! The all-saving, all-sufficing, all-atoning Faith, now desecrated by the cowardly return to good-works! Well, perhaps all that vagary is as nothing in the Reformer, compared with the cool complacency, the matchless presumption of our historian, who would fain impose on our credulity, by depicting this backsliding timidity as true reforming courage—this unprincipled return to antiquity, and its so oft condemned rites and usages, as the deeper searching after the truer springs of genuine religion and real reform. All this too, set forth by a Protestant writer as the most glorious effort of Luther's life. We can well understand how the Catholic can recognize the venerable remains of early tendencies and preservative principles, amid the confused mass of new-light disorders, how grateful may be to him the homage to antique order and everlasting truth, here wrung from the affrighted innovator; but can any German Protestant, even any Prussian Lutheran, dream of upholding any theory or system where such inconsistencies are to be dovetailed; where the leper must lose his spots, and the Ethiopian change his colour? It is obviously this love of system and its advantages which elsewhere reconciles his candour to the avowal of many concurring defects, whilst they can be palliated and held aloof from destroying his groundwork. But here are vital degeneracy and cowardice

—here a replacing of new Protestantism by old Popery; and what pen or pencil can blend together such light and darkness with any pretension to sincerity or truth? Ranke has written this history of the civic changes, and the intermeddling of the various Diets with religious formularies, with zeal and perhaps fidelity; but his Theory of Luther's Reform is a mere patch-work; an effort to insert into his hero's soul, a master-thought, a centre-piece that should predominate, and impart its colouring to every shred in his varied enterprise: that once established, the Reformation would stand out before his countrymen in an ennobling and captivating position: the petty emergencies that gave it birth, the parsimony or patriotism of its god-father, Elector Frederic, would merge and be forgotten in the spiritual fecundity of the religious parent, Martin Luther. Let the jealous monk be transmuted into an evangelical apostle, or acknowledged to be a great genius with its creating and communicating powers of soul, equally gifted with a mind to conceive, as he was with an indomitable obstinacy to carry out, a great project, or impart a mighty shock, and Ranke's task will be accomplished. The History of the German Reform, its well-digested plan, and ultimate triumph, will be a lasting offering to national vanity and Prussian pride.

One more parting extract will further illustrate the justice of that criticism, and prove with what persevering fidelity the author upholds his theory of Luther's having, from his first to his last moments, the one great generative idea, "Reforming Faith," in his mind:—

"When we are in the presence of greatness we admire it; but when its place is empty, and its possessor gone, we can truly estimate its worth. Luther was now no more (1546); as he was engaged in allaying family disputes at the Duke Mansfield's residence, there, in Eisleben where he was born, his last hour arrived. In his latter years, his peace of mind was cruelly broken in on by trifles, the little teasing occurrences of the city, the university, his flock, his own family, and by people of every class and condition. As he passed one day from his desk to the window, he thought the devil met him, and with jeering countenance reproached him with his useless and unprofitable life, as his doctrine did not prosper to his wishes, and the world as he was wont to express it, was still the world..... His voice, however, was heard betimes on important occasions, he well foresaw the march of events, the perils of futurity, for truth and light, in this contest against lies and Satan. Those were the thoughts in which he lived and moved. His temper

never softened, his last writings against the Pope, overflow with the bitterest reproaches in the most abusive language..... There was a striking coincidence in his last sermon preached at Eisleben with his first; it was on faith, that faith which came down from the garden of Paradise, passed through Enoch and Noah and the holy Prophets, and, lastly, was established by Christ and his Apostles; from first to last the evil spirit, the devil of air, attacked it, wind and wave he raised around it, in thrones and kingdoms for these thousand years; but in these latter days, his anger stormed into fury, but the man who slept in the boat awoke in due time, when the true believers prayed and commanded the wind and sea. The old and right creed would be the last, and remain to the world's end. 'Pray,' he said, as he breathed his last, 'pray for God and his gospel, as the Pope and the council are now in a rage with both'—and that voice was extinct for ever."—P. 398. vol. iv.

"Jetz aber war sie verschollen."

The last moments of the first reformed prince were embittered by sad reflections. We may well suppose his deep-felt disappointment at his favourite university, and its early fruits. The historian informs us that it was in one of the parishes which had been annexed to it on its foundation, that the maddening delirium of the boors began; and he has the candour to acknowledge, that, except in the massacres of the French Revolution, the world's history presents no parallel in sacrilegious plunder with that first outburst of religious mania and independence. Better, the expiring prince must have thought, and, perhaps, said to Spalatin, to have paid the tax and levied the tithe, and still have peace or order, even with indulgences and the Pope, than this scourge of all civil life, Thomas Munzer, and his sweeping deluge of devastation and blood, which is now pouring its torrents over all Germany, no doubt reforming and Protestantizing, but ravaging all its institutions, and upturning every principality and government. Thomas Munzer said, "He wore Gideon's sword, and was sent to wreak vengeance on God's enemies."

This peasant war is a lesson full of terrific truths. Ranke points out the causes, there, and every where, producing the same effect; that is, the unhinging of the cardinal principles of society, by raising the common man from his lowly sphere to an imaginary judgment-seat, and thus displacing the only power which can steady his passions, or direct his thoughts—submission to authority, and the consciousness of its necessity.

What concerns our views is, to ascertain from him the starting-point of this delirium, the source of all its frantic paroxysms. Here, indeed, is a remarkable coincidence: we find the identical causes which produced the first movement, still in continuous activity; viz. pressure of taxation, and religious fanaticism. They began at Erfurt by opening the crusade against the indulgence-commission; and here, in their onward progress, they spread havoc and desolation over all Germany. Let us hear their historian's opinion; it is satisfactory on this point:—

"The origin of this tempest lay, without doubt, in the increasing burdens of taxation, and their immediate oppression in those latter years, at the same time, in the predominance of that evangelical teaching which captivated the minds of the boors more than any previous religious element, and had exalted them to a self-directing independence."—*Page 219, b. iii.*

Here we have the reforming agents fairly in operation. Let us follow their exploits:—

"Whilst some of the governments took measures to sustain a better order of things, the torrent rushed in wasting wildness from castle to castle, from cloister to cloister, and threatened even the towns which did not join its mad career. The peasants were resolved not to stop nor stay, till nothing remained in the land but boors' cottages. This wild frenzy was hurried on by the fanatical preachers, who not only justified their wrecking, but insisted that they were called to spill blood, and to erect a new heavenly Jerusalem by the divine instinct which excited them."—*Page 219, b. iii.*

The sequel of the story was, as might be expected: the wretched multitude were slaughtered; seventeen thousand fell victims on one day, May 17, 1525; and, what is curious and melancholy to reflect on, the reforming princes first put down their misguided and murderous people, and then adopted their principles, and followed their example!

"In a project, which towards the close of this year 1525, was brought forward at one or two of the sittings of the Diet, it was announced, that as the ecclesiastical foundations were now become useless, of no advantage to either church or state, their alienation was unavoidable; they should not, however, be distributed among the boors; the governments alone, the Emperor, and lay functionaries, could lay hands on them. Thus there was not now the least delicacy in proposing an act of entire secularization."—*Page 248, vol. ii.*

This is quite conclusive for our purpose, as far as the abstract view of the civil reformation requires to be considered. Ranke's history may be said to be occupied in the subsequent details by the fulfilment of that early project, and it is not necessary that we should follow him. It concerns us now very little how its agents worked, or its zealots triumphed; but it is singularly interesting and consoling to have accompanied him in this retrospect of its original causes, its predisposing tendencies, and its actual agencies, all so clearly analyzed and reduced to those reforming first principles which we have been just now contemplating — taxation and parsimony, coming into concurring operation with the young monk and his jealous piques against old religious rivals. That second point of view of this momentous event, may fairly challenge a few observations, and probably will be found to furnish more piquant novelty than the mere balance-sheet of profit and loss on which we have been musing—that dry exchequer insipidity, which, but for its wayward companion, would have lived and died on the old exchange of the Saxon principality, unhonoured and forgotten.

"In the History of the Reformation," says Mr. Hallam (p. 364), "Luther was unquestionably the greatest man. His amazing influence on the revolutions of his own age, and on the opinions of mankind, seem to have produced an exaggerated notion of his intellectual greatness."

We are glad to recur again to Protestant opinion, as a starting-point for any deductions we may, in this review of a Protestant historian, have felt obliged to indicate as flowing from his narration.

The German Reformation, as a religious abstraction, was Luther, and Luther is the impersonation of its dogmas and its creeds. If we could arrive at a fair estimate of the great reformer's claims on the world's admiration, the problem of the real value, the intrinsic worth of his great work, would be well nigh solved. Character is a singular phenomenon; unlike all other real or speculative objects, it puzzles observation nearly in the same proportion as it is submitted to experiment or tried by its results. Such, at least, would seem to be the consequence of our full acquaintance with the Reformer. The more we know of his peculiarities, and we know almost every incident of his life, and, if possible, every phase of his changing soul, the less we

agree about the solution of the question so often debated, Was Luther a great man?—was he a mighty genius that wielded the powers of thought and activity, projected great conceptions, worked out vast plans, and commanded success in every enterprize? Extensive and enduring results were certainly consequent on his movements, but what share of glory or of instrumentality belonged to him? that is still a debated question.

The traveller will find his bust in the Bavarian Wal-halla, or decipher him in portly relief on the tympanum of the Paris Pantheon, and in Prussia Ranke's graphic pen will amply give his portrait; still is not modern hero-worship in a puzzle before his statue? One votary seems to pause and wonder, another to shrug his shoulders and depart—the northman may worship at his shrine, the southern will look in, and laugh: but in the north, religion is reformed into free thought, and its charity revolves about economy and statistics; there Luther may be a tutelary divinity: whereas in the regions of the warm south such travestied excellence is nicknamed "philosophy," and its idol regarded as a phantom-statue with golden head and tottering props of earth or metal, which a little stone rolled from a rock would upturn and destroy.

Principles of judgment, however, are acknowledged by all in the abstract. North and South leading maxims of taste, ruling laws of excellence, are allowed an undisputed right to dictate. The true characters of genius are easily discernable wherever they exist; they stand out in bold pre-eminence over all ordinary pretensions; every eye can read their impress, every mind recognise their power.

ART. II.—*Sir Lancelot.* By the REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, M.A., Rector of Elton, Huntingdonshire. London: 1844.

THE Rector of Elton is already favourably known to the literary public as a writer both of poetry and prose. His present work has been preceded by two other volumes of poetical pieces, of which the longest and best known are, "The Styrian Lake," and "The Cherwell

Water-lily;" and his "Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches," has, on a former occasion,* been noticed by ourselves. There can be no doubt as to the religious sentiments of the author, nor of the place he wishes to occupy among the disputants who have lately made a battle-ground of the old cathedral aisles of England. Among the members of Mr. Faber's party there is no lack of talent, and still less of activity and enthusiasm; and there is hardly any practicable medium of which they have not availed themselves for the diffusion of their principles. The main instrument, of course, has been divinity; but they have taken good care to press other lighter auxiliaries into service. History and fiction have done their share of the work, and art has lent its charm to strengthen the impression; art in all its branches, sculpture, painting, but, above all, architecture. Nor have there been wanting others like our author, and Mr. Milnes, and Lord John Manners, and several besides whom we could name, who have called lighter literature to the aid of theology, and by strewing the dusty field of theological argument with the sweet flowers of poesy, have tried to make the desert blossom like the rose. This is no easy task. Writers such as these employ poetry but as an accessory and an auxiliary in the cause which they have at heart. It is but a means towards an end. They force the muse into the pulpit; and as the muses, like other ladies, wish to have their own way, we can scarcely expect the same sweetness and power as if she had been warbling her "wood notes wild" upon the summit of Parnassus. The goddess seems, indeed, to have no taste for theological disquisition; and certainly, judging from some of her specimens, she is no great hand at a sermon. It is only when she forgets her audience and her task, and wanders back to her old haunts by wood and waterfall, and the murmuring of her gentle mountain streams, and hears the lark's sweet morning hymn, or watches the golden sun go down at eve, that her own native inspiration rushes on her once more, and she becomes her own sweet self again.

Sir Lancelot is somewhat an improvement upon the style of poetical theology, inasmuch as the pulpit is placed in the open air, at one time by the ash-tree hermitage, at

* See Number XXVI.

another on the summit of Blackcombe Hill; but the result of the union has been the confused intermingling of the poet and divine, in our opinion, with much injury to both characters. We think Sir Lancelot would be more effective, as he would be more willingly heard, if he had delivered his theology inside doors, and kept his poetry for the open air; rather than made, as he seems almost to have done, green fields his very scriptures, and invested his trees and running brooks with an almost sacramental efficacy. Far be it from us to question the pure and tranquillizing tendency of the study of material nature on the troubled mind, or deny that even the simple flower of the field may speak to men's hearts of their Creator, and that the stars of heaven have their own appointed mission to fulfil, of proclaiming to the denizens of earth one more bright and beautiful than they; but we should assign to them, or to those countless voices that are ever whispering in earth and air around us, no more than their fitting ministry. But we forget that our office is to draw attention to the poetry, not to discuss the soundness of the theology. Perhaps, when the latter ventures beyond her sacred enclosure, and puts on her worldly guise, we should permit her a certain latitude; and when we find her with the muses spending a holiday beside the sacred fount of Helicon, good breeding should prevent us from seeming to recognize our acquaintance, or at least from entering at such an unseasonable time on any thing like serious business. Nor shall we henceforward presume to do. We shall indulge her in the enjoyment of the hour, and permit her to drink of the sacred spring without pretending to observe those flights of fancy which are scarcely consistent with the decorum of her character. The latter are indeed very few, and it is only when the entertainment is drawing to a close that we find any thing really calling for our censure.

The author of the present poem is evidently a pupil of the Wordsworth school, and his work has many of the poetical imperfections which have been noticed in the pages of those late writers, who take the great poet of the lakes as their model of imitation and their type of excellence. Indeed, the very structure of their versification, and the facility of writing blank verse which a good ear imparts, affords too many temptations to one who has any tendency to diffuseness. If he does not keep a very tight

rein, he will find, to use an old phrase, that his pen will run away with him. If, like our author, he has also a more than ordinary command of language, and great facility of versification, there is much danger that the poetic element may become so diluted, as to degenerate into utter feebleness. This feebleness may, perhaps, be partly disguised by an easy flow of words, or by a more elaborate construction, or a musical cadence, but we feel, by the difficulty of making our way through verses that "drag their slow length along," and the impossibility of forming a precise and definite idea of what we have been reading, that we have been occupied with sound and nothing more. We regret to say we have found much of this in the pages of *Sir Lancelot*. Mr. Faber's besetting sin is diffuseness; and, if he writes again, he must erase without mercy. We are aware how difficult it is to draw the pen over lines to which it but a few moments before gave a legible existence, and for an author thus to extinguish the products of his teeming brain. We feel that it is akin to the process of cutting off our own limbs, or making an incision into our own flesh and blood. But even such operations are occasionally necessary, not alone for the symmetry, but for the very existence of the individual. If the operation had been performed on *Sir Lancelot*, and more than one half of his goodly bulk been cut away, he would have been all the better for the process of curtailment. Indeed, the whole story, and working, and most of the merit of the poem, is to be found in the four last books. If the other six had been condensed into one, it would find more readers, and merit more approbation, than it will, we fear, ever receive in its present condition.

But it is time that we should present our readers with an account and some specimens of the work that has drawn from us these observations. *Sir Lancelot* is an English baron of the thirteenth century. In early life he was, like the hero of so many a story, both real and fictitious, crossed in love, and the object of his early affections gives the preference to another—the young and educated Athelstan. The iron baron, *Sir Lancelot*, in the frenzy of his rage at being thus slighted for another, goes forth, like many a warrior of the time, to forget his sorrows and his cares in the ranks of the Crusaders, perhaps, to throw away that life, now so worthless in his eyes, on the holy earth of Palestine. He performs prodigies of valour,

carries terror into the Moslem ranks, and leaves many a bloody turbaned head upon the field, where he only sought to cast away his own. In an evil hour he meets in a wood, near Antioch, his successful rival Athelstan. The young warrior is alone and sleeping, and the evil passions of Lancelot lead him to imbrue his hands in his blood. It is a mean and cowardly act, unworthy of a Crusader and a knight thus to murder a sleeping man. The name of the murderer is found upon the still reeking sword, which he had left after him in his flight; and the price of blood, and the heaviest censures of the Church, are put upon Sir Lancelot's head. The following is a very good description of the conscience-stricken criminal as he flies from the scene of crime:—

"Whether by sleep o'erpowered or gradual swoon
I know not, but the chill of dawning day
Aroused me lying by the rigid side
Of the pale corpse ; and slowly gathering thought,
I mustered, one by one, the horrid facts
Of the past night ; till realizing all,
I summed it up—I was a murderer,
And the whole breadth of that tremendous word
Was then disclosed unto my dizzy sense—
A dark blood-guilty spirit in the eye,
Of the sweet sunrise, on the odorous earth,
Exiled from peace, another outcast Cain.
In the keen horror of my soul I shrieked—
A long, loud, wailing scream of agony.
The unearthly sound, received into the wood,
Reverberated in the dim ravines,
And echoed wildly from the sun-touched crags ;
While o'er the cedar tops at once there rose,
A miserable murmur of cold wind,
Responsive, as it seemed, to the despair
Within my heart ; so awfully it preached,
That mercy was not, and all hope forsworn.
I rose and fled: the stricken antelope,
That from the arrow, fixed within his side,
Flies, as he deems, in blind direction urged,
This way and that, scours not in worse dismay
The dewy woodland, or with wilder speed
Than I now shot among the cedar glades,
The sunny openings, and the darksome groves ;
With preternatural strength sustained and spurred,
By those intolerable thoughts which rung,
Like hunter's bugles, in the affrighted ear

Of the poor beast ; within my conscious soul,
 A larum, whose dread echo to this day,
 By mercy somewhat muffled, vibrates still,
 Yet was I destined never to outstrip,
 That vile intolerable self from which
 I ran."..... "I ran,
 How long I know not, but until my foot
 Was caught amid some snaky roots which rose
 In treacherous moss, and to the earth I fell,
 Senseless ; my forehead dashed against a trunk,
 With scaly rind as hard as plates of mail,
 And by my blood made ruddier than before."—*Page 367.*

As in his *Foreign Churches*, Mr. Faber here also introduces an imaginary personage. Sir Lancelot, in his swoon, is found by no less a personage than the *Wandering Jew*, who shelters him in his cave, and with a kind of fellow-feeling, which we can very well understand, takes him under his protection. In company with this worthy, who was, it seems, in the habit of paying a periodical visit to his friend Pilate, in the valleys of the Helvetian Alps, Sir Lancelot returns to Europe. As the legend of Pilate is very prettily told, we shall copy it into our pages:—

"There is a lake upon a western Alp,
 A field of fenny waters, not a meer
 Of crystal delicately lit by flowers,
 That gaze into its mirror, and dilute
 Their rainbow shadows in its liquid depths,
 Nor by a merge of lucent sward enclosed ;
 But a broad swampy place ; with toppling crags
 Leaning across, and barring the blue sky
 From imaging itself upon the pool ;
 And there, imprisoned in the chilly ooze,
 Lies the poor spirit of the faltering judge,
 The wicked wavering Pilate, who consigned
 By an itinerant exorcist there,
 When he had troubled long the woods and cliffs,
 And shepherd's walks, doth issue once a-year,
 And he who meets him on the mountain side,
 Dies for a surety ere twelve moons have waned.

"Goaded by keen remorse that unjust judge,
 Fled from his province to the capital,
 But by a constant vision of the Cross
 Pursued ; if in the morning he would greet
 The Cæsar rising with the sun, to wait
 The adulation of his subjects, there
 Pilate beheld a Cross : in dreams by night,

In changing scenes of travel, in the clouds,
 The scintillating centre of the Sun,
 The quiet freckled aspect of the Moon,
 The white phosphoric fields of summer sea,
 Heaving against the moles of Baïe, still
 In every town and place he saw the cross,
 The Cross on Calvary, and brooking not
 This persecution of the sacred sign,
 He slew himself, as Judas did before.

"But earth disdained and loathed his sepulture,
 And with an effort panted forth his corpse,
 Then far into the yellow Tyber flung;
 The stream was troubled with incessant storm,
 Broke down the bridges, swamped the passage boats,
 Until there was no ferry left in Rome;
 Thence was the body taken by command
 Of Caesar and the senate, to a hill
 Which overlooks the Rhone hard by Vienne,
 There did they dig a monstrous uncouth pit
 Upon the peak, and tumbled massive rocks
 Upon the turbulent corpse; forthwith the storm
 Burst on the mountain top with fiery bolts,
 And fulminated over Dauphiny, and far
 To Languedoc, and summits of Auvergne;
 Behind, the poor Savoyards heard or saw
 The maddened echoes of their native hills
 Shake the wild eagles from their thrilling nests,
 And with the pulses of fierce-beating sound,
 Unrivet there the rock-bound avalanche.
 The body disinterred once more, now gained
 A sepulchre within the fretting Rhone;
 Forthwith the waters rose into the streets,
 Stood cubits high within the temples, sucked
 The statue of old Jove within their waves,
 Tore up the mulberry groves, and foaming, went
 A solid wall of crested waters down
 To Valence and the swampy flat of Arles,
 Spreading a sudden lake from thence to Nismes.
 Thus did the river tyrannize from year
 To year, until the days of Charlemagne,"—*Page 386.*

who got rid of the troublesome customer by having him buried in a gloomy alp, where a holy monk contrived by his exorcisms to keep him quiet, save and except an occasional outbreak every seventh year, when he and the Wandering Jew held converse—for what purpose the poet does not tell us, neither does history record.

Sir Lancelot finds his way to England, and takes up his

abode in a lone hermitage in the wilds of Westmoreland ; where, with the connivance of the king, and the occasional alms of the peasants in the vicinity, he spends eight years in solitary meditation. From this retreat he removes to the top of Blackcombe Hill on the coast of Cumberland, and in the neighbourhood of “ our Lady’s ancient shrine in Frudernesse.”

“ No stag that hears the hunting horn from far,
Lies closer in his lair, than did that pile
Shrink from the roving eye of hungry Scot,
Wave after wave of treeless slopes, all blithe
With yellow corn, stretched like a swelling sea,
From gulf to gulf across that tongue of land,
The billows of red soil that eastward dipped,
Flowing towards Morecambe Bay ; and keen the sight,
That o’er those ridges looked, nor overshot
That sunken trough, though by a tremulous vein,
Of waving tree-tops partially betrayed,
There the Cistercian abbey lies, embowered
In hanging groves, the view this way and that,
Impeded by a folding screen of hills,
Only where prayer must go, the eye might range
A tract of clear uninterrupted sky.
Once was that hollow dell a censer sweet,
From which the sacrifice of faith and hope,
And love, expressed in ritual rites divine,
In one continuous column rose to Heaven ;
But now a vulgar desolation left,
The weedy and dismantled ruin stands,
A trophy—for there be who boast it so,
Round which the newly-fashioned faith may sing
Its proud idolatrous peans, with such space
Of summer silence intervening there
As may suffice for sad and pensive hearts,
To pray and weep within the broken choir,
And through devout regrets, to learn the worth
Of ancient creeds, and so, by grace inspired,
And with a blessing furthered, then assist
To overturn that worship which enthrones
The formal understanding in the room
Of faith profound and pure adoring love,
And with a well-contrived insertion, slides
Between the sinner and the cross a form
Of base will-worship ; while in these our times,
The native wants of human kind, the thirst
Of pining souls, the joyless solitude
Of craving conscience, and the painful cry

Of reason now collapsing on itself—
 All by the grace of God, this creed outgrew,
 This miserable pageant of untruth,
Feeble with three poor centuries of age."—*Page 341.*

We can forgive the prosaic feebleness of several of these lines, for the sake of the sentiments contained in them. In the neighbourhood of this abbey, and under the spiritual care of the abbot, and above all under the influence of a leprosy with which he has been stricken, and from which he has been somewhat miraculously cured, Sir Lancelot's spirit is moved to a sincere repentance, and after being reconciled to the church, and admitted to the sacraments, dies—not as we should have wished, with the ministers of religion about him, but he makes a certainly rather poetical exit from the world, in view of the setting sun, and with a poor half-witted simpleton to wait upon him in his last moments. This may do very well for the poet, but it is not the precise mode of departure we should have desired for the Christian penitent, Sir Lancelot.

There are many passages throughout the poem, possessing more than usual interest, not only as embodying the opinions of the author, and we should hope of many others of the Anglican communion—for we have already announced our determination to eschew controversy, and avoid all theological discussion while in the region of Parnassus—but because they express forcibly and elegantly those sentiments which Catholics entertain on several important subjects. They will be not a little surprised at some of the passages in the poem before us; what Catholic is there who will not feel the truth and beauty of the following lines—the hymn of Magdalen to the Virgin?

“ ‘ Hail Mary, Hail ! O maiden Mother, hail !
 In thankfulness I lean upon the thought
 Of thy mysterious chastities ; unsought
 Comes the sweet faith, thy prayers can never fail
 In that high heaven where thou hast been assumed,
 And with this hope my spirit newly plumed,
 Strives upward, like a weary dove in sight
 Of her last refuge, steering by the light
 Wherewith thy name hath silently illumed
 The church below, cheering the gradual night,
 The world hath forced upon the primal day,

Of simpler doctrine ;—I on penance cast,
 Till patient yearning should retrieve the past,
 May bless thee for the succour of thy ray.’
 The light is vocal, wavering on the glass—
 The jewel midway in the braided hair—
 The eyes, the lifted hand—are speaking there,
 And o'er the lips the argent quiverings pass.
 She sings! she sings! but thirsty silence drinks
 The heavenly sound before its burden sinks,
 Into my listening ear. ‘Hail, Mary, hail!
 Hail, thou that art the haven of the heart,
 Accessible in lower moods, a veil
 Obscuring not, but gifted to impart,
 New aspect of the cross; though sin erase
 That sign from heaven, before our downcast eyes,
 Which fall on thee, its sweet reflection lies,
 Like a soft shadow in a moonlit place.
 Hail, Mary, Hail! Oh wondrous mother, pray
 To thy dear Son who does our sins away.’—Page 445.

We do confess, that when we alighted on the following page, we were not a little surprised at its contents, as will no doubt be many of our readers :—

“ O mighty Rome !
 So may such burning hearts indignant cry—
 Let ages past of bitter hate suffice,
 ‘Tis pity’s hour—for art thou not avenged ?
 See the barred shrines, the weeks unsanctified,
 The saints forgotten, and ascetic life
 A byword of reproach, the unfrequent feast
 Of Food Divine, the vigils slept away,
 Though surfeiting on fasts, the golden keys
 Of absolution rusting in their wards,
 All discipline forgotten, and reserve
 Exchanged for boastful preaching of the crown
 Without the cross; the blessed sacraments,
 Handled with vulgar pomp of disesteem,
 The leprosy of patronage, and flocks
 By hirelings sprung of noble blood betrayed,
 Pastors forswearing apostolic powers,
 As ill assorting with their civil height,
 Or temporal usefulness, and Christendom
 Kept at arm’s length with jealous arrogance,
 Unlike the all-hoping charity of Paul,
 Or frivolous extolling of ourselves,
 More false than frivolous, and men’s hearts
 Sickening they know not why, these things regret,

As little as the stony mountains miss
 The salutations of the abbey bells.
 Thou, mighty Rome, through whose sonorous aisles,
 The stream of sacred liturgy still flows,
 And stays not day or night its tuneful course ;
 And Eucharist incessant, and the springs
 Of meek austerity, O art thou not,
 Upon our insular pride and ribald tongues,
 Our wide-spread heresy and worldly pomp,
 And weak presumptuous poverty of faith,
 On this our humble and disjointed church,
 O art thou not most visibly avenged?"—*Page 454.*

Who could suppose that the same hand that wrote these lines, could have also penned the following. They are addressed to the Anglican Church of England, and form the conclusion of Sir Lancelot, as they shall also of our quotations.

"Behold me, mother, in whose kindly womb
 I was conceived by Christ, within whose arms
 Thrice ten forbearing years have I been borne,
 Behold me venture to thy presence now,
 With no mere heartless homage of the lips,
 With spirit patiently submiss to thine.
 if one note
 Sound with ungrateful discord to thine ear,
 O let it seem as though it were expunged
 From this poor work of thine unworthy son ;
 But if it breed, or heighten love of thee,
 Or of the ancient faith which thou dost keep,
 The sacramental ordinance involved,
 And old Tradition wrapped in form of words,
 let me win
 A further interest, mother ! in thy prayers,
 Sufficient boon accorded to my song,
 The sacrifice of thy most erring priest."

We would willingly continue our extracts from the pages that are open before us, and present our readers with some of the many other beauties that are scattered in the verses of Sir Lancelot ; but we find that we have come to the end of our allotted space, and therefore must take our leave of the poem and its author. Before we part, however, we would just whisper one word into our author's ears. It is from a book with which we have no doubt he is familiar, and He who gave expression to it first, will, we are sure, be looked on as sufficient authority for its accuracy and truth :

"No man can serve two masters." We should urge the text a little more on his attention, if we had not engaged in the commencement to shun theological discussion, and to avoid even the semblance of controversy. But we should not discharge the duties of friendship towards one, in whom, though known to us only by his writings, we take an interest, if we did not frankly and sincerely warn him of his danger; and we are sure that his own good sense and mature reflection will apply the text and admit the justness of the application.

ART. III.—*Select Treatises* of St. Athanasius, Archbishop of Alexandria, in controversy with the Arians.* Translated, with Notes and Indices. (Being Vols. viii. and xix. of the Library of the Fathers.) Oxford: 1842 and 1844.

If we could persuade ourselves to shut our eyes to painful and dispiriting facts, and to yield unbounded confidence to appearances, we could hardly trust ourselves to speak of the glorious prospects held out to us by the language of even the most "moderate" of our Anglican contemporaries with reference to Catholic Antiquity. We have lived to see a complete change in the tone of Anglican feeling towards the Martyrs and Confessors of ancient Christendom. A few years back, Catholics thought it a remarkable concession if an Anglican writer spoke without contempt of the interpretations of Origen, or of St. Jerome; but as for unqualified submission, even in theory, to the unanimous consent of the Fathers—this was a consummation which none but the most visionary enthusiast would have conceived. When the Oxford "Library of the Fathers" was first advertised, it was taken for granted that the translations would be mutilated and corrupted from beginning to end; and, even at the present moment, we are quite sure that Catholics in general would as soon think

* This important publication, from which we shall have occasion to quote largely in the present article, deserves more particular notice than we can now afford to give it. We hope to return to it as soon as the promised prefatory matter is supplied, and that in connection with the historical question of doctrinal development.

of trusting the Oxford translations, as they would of relying upon a Protestant History of the Reformation.

This, of course, will be attributed to ignorant bigotry, but such is a wrong view of the matter. It arises merely from the moral inability which every one feels of entirely divesting oneself of judgments formed upon early recollections and associations. And this difficulty amounts well nigh to impossibility in the case of those who have not carefully and incessantly studied the progress of a religious or intellectual movement. We see this especially in the case of people who have resided for any length of time out of this country. We will instance a not altogether imaginary case.—A person of powerful intellect, and who at the same time takes a deep interest in every thing religious, has made himself perfectly at home in all the controversies of the day; he has become acquainted with the ideas and interests of the different parties; their respective phraseologies are familiar to him; he is able nicely to discriminate between their different shades of thought, he can enter into their feelings, and sympathize more or less with them as far as his position will allow him. He has formed an acquaintance with leading men, he has conversed with them upon the turning points of controversy, and is more than ever convinced of the accuracy of his own conceptions of things. He has caught their idea, and has framed a theory of his own, which has at least this character of truth about it, that it not only satisfactorily accounts for phenomena existing previous to the time of its formation, but is perfectly consistent with others which have started *since* that time. He is now called away from England by health or duty, and resides abroad for some years, at a moral as well as physical distance from the wonted scene of religious activity. His occupations, whether lay or clerical, are too serious and too pressing to allow him to follow up every thing that passes; besides which, he understands the whole state of affairs, so at least he imagines, and has made up his mind about the matter. Upon his return a few years after, he is bewildered and perplexed at finding every thing changed; the most engrossing topics of other days fallen into oblivion, essential points conceded, and new controversies started of which he had not entertained the most distant anticipation. Long and painful must his studies be, before he can hope again fully to comprehend the significancy of

passing events, or to open his mouth upon the subject, except at a terrible disadvantage. For the laws of thought are not mere mechanical laws, but are essentially dynamical. Thought engenders thought, and opinion acts and re-acts upon opinion with a rapidity which, however subtle and imperceptible, is not the less real and effective. The progress of opinion is a subject upon which we can never theorize with certainty, were it only from the impossibility of obtaining that exhaustive knowledge of facts which is indispensable in order to arrive at a correct induction. We may, indeed, collect a sufficient number of important data, but who can answer for the yet undeveloped elements which may be exerting the greatest influence in modifying, perhaps in revolutionizing, the existing state of things?

One very striking proof of this consideration may be taken from the history of the Oxford movement. Ten years ago the "religious world" was thrown into a state of the most painful excitement by the publication of Mr. Froude's *Remains*. Yet, be it observed, that the first volume alone of this publication contributed to the excitement. All the startling expressions of hatred towards the Reformation and the Reformers, the denunciations against Protestantism, and the indications of Romanizing feeling, which were extracted from Mr. Froude's writings, and industriously circulated over the country by the Evangelical party, were taken from the first volume exclusively. The Sermons in the second volume were looked upon, perhaps, as dull and unattractive, but, certainly, not as dangerous. Yet the last numbers of the *British Critic*, Mr. Newman's *University Sermons*, Mr. Ward's *Ideal of a Christian Church*, and Dr. Pusey's last and most remarkable publications, have now made it as clear as noonday that the sentiments contained in Mr. Froude's neglected sermons have really been the life and soul of the whole movement. Now, if professed theologians, themselves involved in the controversy, and who have never ceased to regard all the proceedings of their opponents with the most painful interest, could thus suddenly find themselves at fault, it is not to be wondered at that persons who are not theologians and who do not profess to have studied the question, should entertain very incorrect ideas about all that is going on; and those, of course, who have studied but a part and not the whole of the movement, are, if possible, in a worse predicament.

But, to return to the point from which we started, and from which we have somewhat digressed. The number of those Anglicans who profess to adhere to Catholic Antiquity is very considerable. The number of books of all sizes which are daily being published by this section of the Established Church, is almost incalculable. The Fathers are quoted in religious newspapers as a matter of course, and the general reader is understood to know all about the personal qualities of St. Augustine, and to be able to appreciate a quotation from his writings at its just value. Nineteen volumes have already appeared in the Library of the Fathers, and the subscription list at the end of each volume supplies the names of at least two thousand persons, all more or less connected with the Anglo-Catholic party. Two thousand Anglican readers of the Fathers! to say nothing of those who will derive instruction from these! This is no doubt a blissful, but unhappily, we fear, a deceitful and unsubstantial vision. Every day's experience teaches us more and more to place no reliance upon figures as a basis whereon to found hypotheses. The number, we fear, is exceedingly small of those who take up the Fathers with a conscientious intention to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them." And as to those gentlemen in particular, who are constantly quoting the Fathers against Catholic doctrine, in newspapers, magazines, and similar repositories, it is quite clear from their own showing, that their quotations are no more taken from the original text of their authors, than from the Koran, or the Bhagavad-Gita. The controversial writings of Protestant theologians constitute the real armoury from which our present assailants are supplied with weapons. Since Mr. Newman ceased to be our opponent, we know of no one in the Anglican ranks who has formed an unfavourable opinion of Catholic theology by his personal study of ecclesiastical Antiquity. Whatever Patristic studies such persons as Mr. Gresley, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Tyler, or Mr. Perceval may have gone through, they have been regulated, or at least influenced, in them by the one-sided advocates* of Anti-Catholicism. We have the less scruple in saying this, inasmuch as a

* We shall be told that we are necessarily as much one-sided in our studies as Anglicans can be. This may be quite true, but it is not to the point; for no Catholic ever professed to have formed his creed by his personal study of the Fathers, which is what our Anglican opponents profess to have done. Under the term "Anti-Catholic" influence, we include that of such writers as Du Pin and Febronius.

practised eye can without much difficulty detect the influence to which we allude.

Now, of all possible controversialists, the worst to deal with in point of argument, whether in theology, science, or politics, are those who show themselves *fiercely conservative* to a certain extent, and yet *will* be as *fiercely destructive* of every thing beyond what they themselves admit. And of this strange mixture of bigoted belief and scepticism the advocates of High-Church Anglicanism have ever shown themselves the most distinguished examples. Credulous to the most astonishing extent of every kind of evidence that will tell in their favour, and shutting their eyes in the most wilful manner to every difficulty which presents itself in their way, when dealing with subjects upon which they are agreed with us ; they do not scruple, when in controversy with us, to make use of arguments in a negative direction, of which *no* existing theological system, short of atheism, will stand the test. With adversaries of this kind there is but one course. To *defend* our position against them is useless, and worse than useless. Aggressive war is the only means by which an impression can be made upon them. They may perhaps begin to understand the danger of playing with edged tools when they perceive the mischief they themselves receive from them.

We propose, then, in the present paper to enter at some length into a subject to which we have more than once adverted in the course of our controversial articles; viz., the difficulties which beset any student who is determined to work out his creed from his personal enquiries into the faith and practice of the early Fathers, particularly of the first three centuries after Christ. This personal enquiry has, of late years, been recommended by the so-called "Anglo-Catholic" party as the divinely authorized method of arriving at religious truth. For although several distinguished members of the school in question may shrink* from the broad statement of this outrageous paradox, their reasonings are entirely based upon it as their fundamental hypothesis. We are called upon to give up all belief in Purgatory, to *deny* Transubstantiation, to refuse obedience to the Pope, and to leave off praying to the Saints, because *they* cannot see these doctrines and practices in the Primi-

* Of course they allow, that as a matter of fact, the immense majority must study the fathers by *proxy*, but this does not affect the principle.

tive Church, but find language in the Fathers which seems to them inconsistent therewith. And the loudest complaints are uttered against us for reading the Fathers with prejudiced eyes, determined to see nothing therein which is contrary to what the present Church teaches. This is in plain terms to assert that we, *and therefore all men*, (unless there be one rule of duty for Catholics, and another for Anglicans and other Protestants) have a right to divest ourselves of all belief in what our Church has taught us, and to begin *de novo*, to build up the edifice of religious belief out of the heterogenous materials which a *necessarily limited*, perhaps, (and in the generality of cases) a most inaccurate and unphilosophical enquiry into the doctrines and practices of the early Church may supply us. Wherein this differs in principle from the much decried right of private judgment it is impossible for us to see. We should, however, not do full justice to our opponents did we not acknowledge that they at the same time represent it as the duty of *Anglicans* to look at Christian Antiquity through the eyes of *their* Church—thereby meaning those *defunct* members of it whose theological views were more or less identical with their own. How they can logically reconcile this with the objurgatory language they use in addressing us, is what they alone can fully understand or explain.

Their two standing antiquarian objections to the Catholic system are these: Christian Antiquity in the earliest periods of the Church is *silent* as to certain “Roman” doctrines; and as to others, it presents (to them) insurmountable difficulties. Of the former of these objections, we shall speak presently, but first let us examine the question of the difficulties.

Now those persons against whom we are writing profess to adhere most strenuously to the doctrines defined by the first four, or even *six*, ecumenical councils, and contained in the Athanasian creed. These doctrines then they consider, upon their principle, to have been taught by the Fathers of the first three or four centuries. At the same time, the most backward student of theology is perfectly aware that these early Fathers present to the orthodox believer difficulties by no means easy of solution. The question, therefore, is whether the Fathers speak so clearly and distinctly that an opponent of the Arian, Macedonian, Nestorian, Eutychian, or Monothelite heresies, is not only borne out by them in his dogmatical statements, but is

free from difficulties to a degree which the advocate of "Roman" doctrine cannot justly claim to be. Let the question be fairly tried. On our part we have no hesitation to maintain that those who accept the doctrines contained in the Athanasian creed, have difficulties to get over, with which those which they throw in our teeth as Catholics cannot bear the most distant comparison.

Here let us anticipate a reply. We can fancy the impatience of a zealous "Anglo-Catholic" at this sort of defiance. "It will not do," he will say, "this is the old story over again. The Jesuit Petavius wrote a book depreciating the orthodoxy of the Ante-Nicene Fathers, in order to give more weight to the later councils and the present Church. But our Bishop Bull, in his noble *Defensio Fidei Nicene*, refuted the work of Petavius, and settled the whole question. Bull's work has never* been answered, even by Romanists; we, therefore, do not feel called upon to go over the same ground again till some attempt be made to prove it untenable." Till then we must beg leave to consider it unassailable."

To this we answer, that our controversy is not with Bishop Bull, but with the High-Church Anglicans of the nineteenth century. The challenge we have thrown out to them does not necessarily impugn any one of the propositions which Bull has undertaken to prove in his celebrated work. On the contrary, we shall cite several admissions of this learned writer, which tend in no small degree to support us in our present undertaking. But it matters not in the least to the success of our argument whether the orthodoxy of the principal Ante-Nicene Fathers may or may not be satisfactorily established. All that we assert is, that their writings are, comparatively speaking, barren of *decisive* evidence against heresies which sprung up after their time; and not unfrequently present difficulties of a very startling nature. We also maintain that these difficulties are insuperable to those who apply to them the rules of criticism which Anglicans adopt in controversy with us; and we are prepared to show that the method by which Bishop Bull has cleared up many of these difficulties, and acquired such a lasting reputation among learned men, is one to which we ourselves have

* This can only proceed from persons ignorant of Whiston's Primitive Christianity, and Jackson's Reply to Waterland, and Notes upon Novatian.

constantly had recourse in meeting Anglican objections, and to which we shall cheerfully and confidently appeal.

We now call upon them to look at a few of these difficulties boldly in the face, and see if they will still dare to maintain, as an exegetical principle, that the expressions of the Fathers are always to be understood at their *minimum* of meaning.

The following are illustrations of the sort of criticism we complain of in Anglican controversialists.

1. “[St.] Cyprian exhorts those sailing to Rome, to acknowledge in [S.] Cornelius [the Pope,] the ‘root’ of ‘the Catholic Church,’ and speaks of his communion as ‘the unity of the Catholic Church,’ meaning that Cornelius was the legitimate bishop of the Catholic Church at Rome, where at that time there was a schismatical bishop.”*

2. “The council of Chalcedon wrote to Pope Leo, that ‘*the guardianship of the vineyard was committed to him by the Saviour*,’ (i. e. by his providence in permitting that bishop to occupy so eminent a position in the church), and that ‘he was their leader as a head over the members;’ (i. e. he had been their leader in condemning heresy.)†”

3. Hilary the deacon, in the middle of the fourth century, calls the Pope “the ruler of the church, the house of God.” This, according to Mr. Palmer,‡ is merely speaking in very honourable terms of Pope Damasus.

4. Dr. Wiseman had quoted the following passage from St. Basil—

“The afflicted has recourse to the forty Martyrs, the joyful runs to them; the former that he may find deliverance from his adversity; the latter that he may be preserved in his prosperity. Here may be seen a pious woman praying for her children—for her absent husband, she asks a happy return—for him sick, health.”

Our readers will recognize this passage as being strikingly similar to one quoted in one of our late articles§ from St. Asterius of Amasea, a contemporary and fellow countryman of St. Basil.

“Thus fathers or mothers will take a sick child in their arms,

* Palmer’s Treatise on the Church, vol. ii. p. 503.

† Ibid.

‡ Letter v. to Dr. Wiseman, p. 59. The words of Hilary are “*Cum totus mundus Dei sit, Ecclesia tamen dominus Ejus dicitur, cuius hodie Rector est Damasus.*”

§ No. xxxii. p. 314.

neglecting medicine and physicians, and fly to an assistance unknown to art ; and coming to one of the Martyrs, will prefer their prayers to the Lord through him—thus addressing their mediator : ‘Thou who hast suffered for Christ, intercede for this suffering and disease.....*By thy blood may we be healed, as the world is by that of Christ.*’ Another about to be married, invokes the blessings of the martyrs on his nuptial chamber,” &c.

And the *ἐπὶ τὸν τεσσαράκοντα καταφέγγει, ἐπ’ αὐτοὺς ἀποτρέχει* of St.¹ Basil answers exactly to the *τοις μάρτυσι προσφεύγομεν* and the *ἐπὶ ἀτεχνον καταφεύγει βοηθείαν* of St. Asterius, no less than to the idolatrous “ Sub tuum præsidium confugimus,” of modern Roman Mariolatry. Yet Mr. Palmer* thus quietly explains away the meaning of St. Basil :

“The meaning is, that prayers may be offered to God in the Church of the martyrs with peculiar confidence.”

In the same manner a remarkably strong invocation by St. Gregory Nazianzen to St. Cyprian, that he would “look down mercifully upon us, and direct our speech and life. . . . drive away the wolves,” &c. is dismissed at once† as *plainly rhetorical*, because, forsooth, it occurs in an oration in praise of St. Cyprian.

We have cited these instances from Mr. Palmer, because he is the most learned and methodical writer of his party, and because his controversial writings are constantly thrown in our teeth by his admirers. But this sort of criticism has always been characteristic of high-church orthodoxy. Barrow, for instance, whose book on the Papal Supremacy is considered the most powerful Protestant work on that subject, and is almost too favourable a specimen of an Anglican controversial work, begins by throwing overboard all the evidence in favour of St. Peter’s ever having been the bishop at Rome, although no fact in history, either secular or ecclesiastical, is better-established. Now we own most willingly, that the *external* evidence for Catholic doctrine in general, will not stand the critical enquiry of those who deny that St. Peter ever was at Rome. But we are equally satisfied that those truths which Protestants hold most dear to them, have as little support from external evidence as those which are exclusively held by Catholics.

And here let us ask our opponents a question of some

* Letter v. to Dr. Wiseman, p. 50.

† Ib. p. 49.

importance, but one which seems never to have occurred to them. They refuse to accept "Roman" doctrine on the ground of its being unknown to the first three centuries. *Would they give up the doctrine of the Trinity if unable to find it in the three first centuries*, otherwise than as admitted by Arians, Macedonians, Nestorians, or Eutychians, or if the evidence were only equal to that in support of "Roman" doctrine?

The question may not seem to them a practical one, because they are convinced of the facility of producing abundance of testimonies of the early Fathers in favour of the Divinity of Christ, and of the Holy Ghost, and of other similar doctrines. They think they can *afford* to be sceptical about Roman doctrine, because they see opponents of Socinianism appeal to the Ante-Nicene Fathers with confidence and success. Now to make use of Mr. Palmer's elegant phraseology, we must beg "to arrest their hasty jump to a conclusion." It does not follow that because Socinians may easily be confuted from the remains of the Ante-Nicene period, the Arians would as easily be dealt with, or the orthodox faith in the Trinity be satisfactorily established.

But this is the great mistake their principal writers have fallen into. Every time they found an ancient writer speaking of Christ as God, begotten of the Father before all worlds, and by whom all things were made, they took it for granted that he was orthodox, and that they had a decisive testimony against the Arians; whereas these heretics asserted the divinity of Christ as strongly as any ordinary High-Church Anglican has done for the last hundred years. Mr. Faber's "Apostolicity of Trinitarianism," for instance, is all very good as a reply to Priestly, but it is absolutely worthless as a theological vindication of the sacred doctrine of the Trinity against Arian objections.

Now it stands to reason that before we can satisfactorily refute a doctrine, it is absolutely necessary that we should comprehend what it is, and what are the points at issue. This is, however, in all cases the very last thing which Anglican high-churchmen endeavour to do. Their quotations of the Fathers, in consequence of this, always fall wide of their mark, whether they be directed against Catholics or Arians.

I. We offer then, the following quotations from authentic exponents of Arian doctrine, to the consideration of

those who think the assertion of Christ's divinity a sufficient proof of orthodoxy.

1. First Confession of Antioch,* A.D. 341:

"We have been taught from the first to believe in one God, the God of the Universe, the framer and preserver of all things both intellectual and sensible.

"And in one Son of God, only-begotten, existing before all ages, and being with the Father who begat Him, by *whom all things were made*, both visible and invisible; who in the last days, according to the good pleasure of the Father, came down, and took flesh of the Virgin, and fulfilled all his Father's will, and suffered and rose again.....and cometh again to judge quick and dead, and remaineth King and God unto all ages."

2. Third Confession of Antioch, A.D. 341:

"I believe.....in His only-begotten Son, God, Word, Power, and Wisdom, our Lord Jesus Christ, *through whom are all things*, who was begotten from the Father before the ages, *perfect God from perfect God*, and being with God in subsistence," &c.

3. Second Creed of Sirmium, A.D. 357, called by St. Hilary the Blasphemy of Potamius:

"The Father has no origin, and is invisible, and immortal, and impassible; but the Son has been generated from the Father, God from God, light from light, and His generation, as aforesaid, no one knows but the Father only. And the Son himself and our Lord and God, took flesh, that is, a body," &c.

We abstain from citing those less heterodox Arian confessions in which the Semi-Arian influence is visible. The following will probably startle those who consider Arianism and Socinianism as identical.

4. Letter† of ARIUS to Eusebius of Nicomedia:

"We think and teach that the Son is not unbegotten, nor a part of the unbegotten by any means. Nor is He made out of any pre-existing thing; but by the will and pleasure of the Father, he existed before all time, the only-begotten God, unchangeable."

So again in the letter of this heresiarch to St. Alexander, he speaks of the Son of God as ἀχρόνως γεννηθεὶς ὑπὸ τοῦ Πατρὸς † and again in his infamous Thalia as the Only-

* All these Arian creeds will be found in St. Athanasius's Treatises against the Arians. Ox. Trans. p. 105, et seq.

† St. Epiphanius. Heres., 69, tom. i, p. 731. Ed. Petav.

‡ Ib. p. 733.

begotten God. And Eunomius, Bishop of Cyzicum, who not only accepted all the heretical doctrine of Arius, but even carried it out into farther developments, yet professed to believe "in the Son of God, the Only-begotten God; the very God but not unbegotten."

So much for statements of doctrine from ancient Arians. We venture to add the professions of two most learned Englishmen, who by their study of Scripture and the ancient fathers, were led to form an unfavourable opinion of the existing Catholic doctrine of the Trinity.

5. WHISTON, (whose enquiry into the Arian controversy convinced him that Arianism was the creed of the Apostles and the Primitive Church, and that the Athanasian doctrine was a corruption introduced into the Church by the influence of the See of Rome :)

"Jesus Christ is truly God and Lord; He is really, by the appointment of the Father, our God and our Lord, our King and our Judge."^{*}

"The supereminent and divine honour and worship due to the Son of God is to be paid, not only by obeying Him as our Lord.....but by proper adoration; by direct and distinct invocation, and thanksgiving to Him also."[†]

6. DR. SAMUEL CLARKE,[‡] (whose elaborate work on the "Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity," was excepted against as heretical by the Convocation of the Church of England :)

"The scripture, in declaring the Son's divinity from the Father, never makes mention of any limitation of time; but always supposes and affirms Him to have existed with the Father, from the beginning and before all worlds."

"He is described in scripture, as invested with distinct worship in His own person; His original glory and dignity being at the same time revealed, and His exaltation in the human nature to His mediatorial kingdom declared: Himself sitting upon his Father's throne at the right hand of the majesty of God; and receiving the adoration and thanksgiving of His church, as the alone mediator between God and men."

Now we call upon our Anglican readers generally, to

* Primitive Christianity, vol. iv. p. 85.

+ Ib. p. 324.

‡ Clarke can scarcely (strictly speaking) be called an Arian, as he strongly condemns the doctrine contained in several Arian formulæries. He was nevertheless heterodox in the same direction, though more cautious in his expressions. He betrays himself, however, when speaking against the *scholastic* doctrine of the Trinity.

confess honestly, that had they found these passages, which are really taken from Arian writers, in the works of St. Justin, St. Irenæus, or St. Clement of Alexandria, they would have quoted them as decisive proofs of orthodoxy. Nay, the fact is undeniable. We have only to refer to Dr. Burton's "Ante-Nicene Fathers," Mr. Faber's "Apostolicity of Trinitarianism," the Bishop of Lincoln's "Justin Martyr," and "Clement of Alexandria," and Mr. Beaven's "Life and Writings of St. Irenæus," in support of our assertion. Even the more learned predecessors of these gentlemen have fallen into the same mistake. Jackson, the friend of Clarke, in his reply to Waterland, accuses that writer, and often most justly, of *ignoratio elenchi*; and even Bishop Bull has committed himself more than once in the course of his great work. Thus in his section* upon the Consubstantiality, he refers to a passage of Hermas when he speaks of Christ as the *σύμβολος* of God the Father in the Creation of the Universe, which words, he says, "apud sanos omnes sufficient ad declarandam veram filii Divinitatem; nam quis, Dei consiliarium, Deum esse non existimaverit?" As if Arians, who denied the Consubstantiality, did not in express terms admit the doctrine as stated by Hermas.

But, it may be said, the Arian creeds betray their heterodoxy. They speak of the Son of God as begotten "at the will and pleasure of the Father," which implies that the Son was subsequent to an act of the Father, and therefore not co-eternal with Him. This we allow was undeniably the intention of the Arians in making use of this formula; and St. Athanasius informs us that "it proceeded from the heretics," and had the same meaning as "Once he was not;" and, "The Son came to be out of nothing;" and, "He is a creature." "Let no one then," in the words of St. Athanasius, "with Valentinus, introduce a precedent will, nor let any one, by this pretence of counsel, intrude between the Only Father and the Only Word; for it were madness to place will and consideration between them."[†] If a doubt could remain after this, it would be dispelled by the use which Eusebius[‡] makes of the formulary in his "Evangelical Demonstration," when

* *Defensio Fidei Nicenæ. Sec. ii. cap. 2.*

† *Orat. iv. contra Arian. cap. 30.*

‡ *Demonstr. Evang. v. 1., quoted by Clarke, Scrip. Doctr. of the Trinity, Works, vol. iv. p. 143, 144.*

he says, that "Every one must needs confess that the Father is and subsists *before* the Son."

This being the case, what will our Anglican friends say to the following "Catena Patrum Ante-Nicaenorum."

1. ST. IGNATIUS* speaks of Christ as "the Son of God, according to the Will and Power of God," with which we may contrast the "*Nec voluntas ante Filium nec potestas,*" of St. Ambrose.†

2. ST. JUSTIN.‡ "Him who by the will of the Father is both God, as being His Son; and His messenger, as ministering to His will."

Again, "That He was derived from the Father before all creatures, by His power and will."

Again, "I have said that this Power [the Son] was begotten of the Father by His power and will."

3. ST. CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA:§ "The Son issues from the Father's will itself *quicker* than light from the sun."

4. TATIAN:|| "The Word springeth forth from the Divine Simplicity at His Will."

5. ST. HIPPOLYTUS:¶ "Whom God the Father *having willed*, begat as he willed."

6. NOVATIAN:*** "From Whom *when He* willed, His Son the Word was born."

7. RECOGNITIONS attributed to St. Clement,†† "God begat Him *voluntate præcedenti*."

8. TERTULLIAN:†† "As soon as God willed," to create what He had ordered by His wisdom, "he produced His Word."

9. THE APOSTOLICAL CONSTITUTIONS:§§ "Him who was begotten before all worlds at the pleasure of the Father."

To these testimonies might be added those of St. Irenæus, Athenagoras, St. Theophilus of Antioch, Origen, and Lactantius. Here then we have as complete a concurrence of Ante-Nicene authorities as it would be possible to produce in favour of any one article of faith, and that on a subject which in the fourth and fifth centuries became a

* Ad. Smyrn. i.

+ De Fid. v. 224.

† Dialog. cum Tryph. 127, &c. Most of these references are given by Dr. Clarke, and in Mr. Newman's notes on St. Athanasius. For a complete history and solution of the question, see Petavius De Trinitate, Lib. vi. cap. 8.

§ Gent. 10 fin.

|| Gent. 5.

¶ Contra Noet. 16.

** De Trinitate, 31.

†† Lib. iii. 10.

‡‡ Adv. Præxam. 6.

§§ Lib. vii. 41.

turning point of controversy between the orthodox and Arians. And yet at first sight, to say the least, they are on the heretical and not on the orthodox side. They are directly opposed to the sentiments subsequently professed by many of the representatives of Catholic doctrine, and can only be reconciled with the theology of the fourth or succeeding centuries by what would now be considered a scholastic distinction, or a disgraceful quibble, if introduced by us into existing controversies.

II. The preceding *catena* will serve as one illustration of the manner in which an advocate of Arianism may press the fathers into his service on particular points of controversy. A still more striking case is that which Bishop Bull confesses to have proved a stumbling-block to himself. And as much stupid and unjust indignation has been excited against Petavius for his straight-forward language about some of the earlier Fathers, we think we cannot do better than introduce the subject by quoting from that author,* to whom he is in a great measure indebted for the obloquy which has been lavished upon him.

"There is now, as far as I remember, but one difficulty remaining; but that such as is worthy of the most careful consideration. The solution whereof I have reserved for this place, because it occurs in not one or two of the ancient writers only, but runs through almost all the monuments of the most primitive Fathers. *I own that it was formerly a stone of stumbling to myself;* which, therefore, as it is my duty, I shall endeavour to remove out of the way of others. *Almost all the ancient Catholic writers, then, earlier than Arius, seem to have been ignorant of the invisibility and immensity of the Son of God.* For they several times do speak of Him in such a manner, as if he were, even as to His divine nature, finite, visible, and included in a certain place, or, as it were, circumscribed by certain bounds. For when they have a mind to prove that He who anciently appeared and spoke to the Patriarchs and holy men, under the Old Testament, by the name Jehovah, was the Son of God and no other, they usually insist on this disjunctive argument; viz. 'He was either the Son of God that was seen, or a created angel, or God the Father.' And that He was not a created angel they collect from hence, that He is by the Holy Spirit called Jehovah and God. That He was not the Father they prove, because the Father is infinite, filling all places, but included in none. So that it is impious to conclude, that He has appeared in any certain place or any little corner of the earth. As if such things might very

* Defensio Fid. Nicene. Sec. 4. cap. 3. We have adopted Whiston's translation for the most part, which will be found sufficiently accurate.

justly and very safely be said of the Son of God. In the same manner do these writers teach that the Son of God may be visible also."

Bull then proceeds to quote the following startling passage from Justin Martyr, who, certainly if any one, may be taken as the representative of orthodoxy in his day. It is notorious that Socinians look upon him as the author who paved the way for the "Athanasian corruptions" of the church.

"Even though it be granted, that God and the angel appeared to Moses at the same time in the vision,.....yet it could not have been God, the maker of this world, who said to Moses that He was the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob; but the same whom I proved to have been seen by Abraham and Jacob; the same who ministers to the will of the Creator of all things, and who in the judgment of Sodom ministered to His counsel and will. So that even though it be, as you affirm, that there were two, God and the angel, no one who is possessed of reason in the smallest degree, will dare to say that the Author and Parent of the world had left all supercelestial realms, and had manifested Himself in a small part of the earth."

St. Theophilus of Antioch has expressed the same thought in still stronger language, which is referred to by Bull, but not quoted by him, apparently as Whiston thinks, because his own explanation is inadequate to what would be required.

"Thou wilt then say to me," he says, "'Thou affirmest that God ought not to be confined in a place; and how dost thou now say that He walked in Paradise?' Hearken to what I say. The God and Father of the universe indeed is not to be confined, and is never found in a place. For there is no place of His rest. But His Word, by whom He made all things, being His power and His wisdom, *taking upon Himself the person of* the Father and Lord of the universe, came into Paradise in the person of God and spoke to Adam. The Word, therefore, being God, and derived from God, whenever the Father of the universe pleases, He sends Him into a certain place, who when He comes is both heard and seen, as sent by Him, and so is found in a place."

The same line of argument is adopted by St. Irenaeus, Tertullian, Novatian, Origen, and six orthodox bishops of the Council of Antioch, who wrote to Paul of Samosata. No wonder, then, that Bull should exclaim, "Ad mira ista Patrum dieta quis non plane obstupescat!" He continues:—

"But by what sovereign remedy, you will say, can words of this kind be made sound? For my own part, my opinion is plainly this, that those ancient Fathers who have spoken harshly on this subject, have expressed an opinion, otherwise most true, *but in an inconvenient and incorrect manner, (incommodo ac minus recte expressisse.)*"

In other words, the early Fathers are to be interpreted in accordance with the doctrines of later ages.

Whether his explanation could *legitimately* have weight with advocates of Arianism, who would cheerfully accept all the doctrines contained in the above passages, might well admit of doubt, had he not shown that other writers who unquestionably held Athanasian doctrine, had expressed themselves in much the same manner. This is, indeed, a most unexceptionable solution of a difficulty. It is irrefragable because it meets an objection by directly proving its contradictory. And to this method we are ready to appeal in all our controversies with Protestants of all parties and denominations.

III. Our next case shall be given in the words of Mr. Newman:^{*}

"Five early writers, Athenagoras, Tatian, Theophilus, Hippolytus, and Novatian, of whom the authority of Hippolytus is very great, not to speak of Theophilus and Athenagoras, whatever be thought of Tatian and of Novatian,[†] seem to speak of the divine generation as taking place immediately before the creation of the world, that is, as if not eternal, though at the same time they teach that our Lord existed before that generation. In other words, they seem to teach that He was the Word from eternity, and became the Son at the beginning of all things; *some of them expressly considering Him, first as the λόγος ἐνειλθετος, or Reason in the Father, or (as may be speciously represented), a mere attribute; next, as the λόγος προφορικός, or Word.....*This doctrine, when divested of figure and put into literal statement, might appear nothing more or less than this—that at the beginning of the world, the Son was created after the likeness of the Divine attribute of reason, as its image or expression, and thereby became the divine Word; was made the instrument of creation, called the Son from that ineffable favour and adoption which God had bestowed on Him, and in due time

* Library of the Fathers, vol. vii, p. 272.

[†] We have not scrupled about introducing these writers into the question, because the learned are unanimous in considering their doctrine on the Trinity as identical with that of their contemporaries. They have both been pressed of late years by Anglicans into the controversy between them and us.

sent into the world to manifest God's perfections to mankind; which, it is scarcely necessary to say, is the doctrine of Arianism."

We shall only add, that Mr. Newman enters upon an examination of Bishop Bull's solution of the difficulty, to which he does all possible justice, because, in a matter like this, as he most justly says, Bull "is an authority not lightly to be set aside," but he finishes by proving it untenable.

IV. We shall now specify individual difficulties connected with the Catholic doctrine of Christ's divinity, which occur in the principal writers of the Ante-Nicene period.

1. St. HERMAS, the apostolical Father, when speaking of our Lord, says,*

"That Holy Spirit, which was *created first of all*, He placed in the body in which God should dwell; namely, in a chosen body, as it seemed good to Him."

This passage would seem to mean, either that the divine Logos was a creature, or that the human soul of Christ, which He assumed together with a human body at His incarnation, was the first thing created.

2. St. Athanasius, St. Basil, and St. Cyril, consider it as a peculiarity of the Arians to speak of the *ὑπουργία* of the Son of God. Yet St. Theophilus of Antioch very distinctly says,† *τοντον τὸν λόγον ἐίχεν ὑπουργὸν τῶν ὑπ' αὐτοῦ γεγενημένων*. And St. Irenaeus‡ interprets in this sense these words of the thirty-third Psalm, "Quoniam ipse præcepit et creata sunt, ipse dixit et facta sunt." And the same idea is expressed in many other§ parts of his works.

3. The following comment by St. IRENÆUS|| upon our Lord's "not knowing the day nor the hour," certainly seems to favour those who held that the Son of God, even in His divine nature, was really ignorant.

"But being unreasonably puffed up, you boldly say that you know the ineffable mysteries of God. Whereas the Lord himself, the Son of God, confessed that the Father alone knew the day and hour of the judgment, saying plainly, 'of that day and hour knoweth

* Cotelier, *Patres Apostol.* vol. i. p. 107.

† Ad. Autolych. Lib. ii. p. 88.

‡ Lib. iii. c. 8.

§ Vid. Lib. iii. cap. 17, 18, Lib. iv. 14, 16, 17, 37, Lib. v. 15.

|| Lib. ii. c. 48.

no one, neither the Son, but the Father only. If, therefore, the Son was not ashamed to refer the knowledge of that day to his Father, but said what was true, neither are we ashamed to leave those things which in disputes are too high for us to God ; for no one is above his Master. We ought, therefore, to leave this knowledge to God, as our Lord does that of the hour and day of judgment. For if any one desires to know the reason why the Father, who communicates in all things with the Son, is yet declared by our Lord to know alone the hour and day, he will at present be able to find out no answer more suitable nor more proper than this, on account I mean that our Lord is the only true teacher, that we may hence learn from Himself, that the Father is above all. For, saith He, 'The Father is greater than I.'"

¹ How different this from the language of later Fathers ! Take the following from St. Athanasius* when commenting on the same subject :

" *All men but the Arians*, would join in confessing that He who knows the Father, much more knows the history of the Creation, and in that whole its end. And if already the day and the hour be determined by the Father, it is plain that through the Son are they determined, and He knows himself what through Him has been determined ; for there is nothing but has come to be and has been determined through the Son.....But let us who love Christ, and bear Christ within us, know that the Word, not as ignorant, considered as Word, has said I *know not*, for He knows, but as showing His manhood, in that to be ignorant is proper to man, and that He had put on a flesh that was ignorant, being in which He said according to the flesh, I *know not*."

Or to take a still later developement of the Catholic doctrine, Leporius, † priest of Hippo, in his retraction which St. AUGUSTINE subscribed, writes,

" That I may in this respect also, leave nothing to be cause of suspicion to any one, I then said, nay I answered when it was put to me, that our Lord Jesus Christ was ignorant as He was man. But now, not only do I not presume to say so, but I even anathematize my former opinion expressed on this point, because it may not be said, that the Lord of the Prophets was ignorant *even as He was man.*"

* P. 463, Oxf. Transl. The following note of Mr. Newman is to the point : " Though our Lord as having two natures, had a human as well as divine knowledge; and though that knowledge was not only limited because human, but liable to ignorance in matters in which greater knowledge was possible ; yet it is the doctrine of the church, that *in fact*, He was not ignorant even in His human nature, according to its capacity, since it was from the first taken out of its original and natural condition, and 'deified,' by its union with the 'Word.' "

† Ib. p. 462, note d.

4. ST. CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA* thus speaks of the nature of our Lord :

" Faith, then, is the knowledge of God.....By this the most excellent thing upon earth is the most devout man. But in heaven the most excellent thing is an angel, who is by his place more closely and more purely a partaker of blessed and everlasting life. But the most perfect, and holy, and lordly, and sovereign, and beneficent, is the nature of the Son, which is the most closely adherent to the *alone omnipotent*."

On this Petavius† observes, " *Atqui non est proxima natura; sed eadem cum Patre Filii.*" Yet Mr. Faber, in his Apostolicity of Trinitarianism‡, quotes this very passage of St. Clement in proof of his own doctrine of the Trinity. Inconsistent it certainly is with mere Socinianism, but surely not more so than with the Catholic doctrine.

5. S. HIPPOLYTUS is one of those Ante-Nicene Fathers who have in their writings most wonderfully anticipated heresies which sprung up long after their death. Yet, in commenting § on the important text, " *I and my Father are One,*" he interprets it as the Arians subsequently did, as meaning, " *One in virtue and agreement;*" and explains it by referring to the same parallel text:

" But if Noetus says, ' He himself declares, *I and the Father are One,*' let him observe and understand, that He did not say, '*I and the Father AM One,* but ARE one. For that *are* is not said of one, but He spoke of two persons but one virtue. And He himself explained this, when He spoke of His disciples to the Father. ' The glory which Thou hast given me, I have given them, that *they may be one, even as we are one.* I in them and Thou in Me, that they may be perfect in one, that the world may know that Thou hast sent me.' What have the Noetians to say to this? *Are all one body in substance, or are we one in the virtue and disposition of agreement?*'"

The same interpretation of this text is given by Origen and Novatian, and also in the Creed of St. Lucian. If we were to adopt Mr. Palmer's|| exegetical canons, we should be obliged to reject the Catholic interpretation as doubtful.

* Stromata Lib. vii. vol. ii. p. 831.

+ De Trinitate, Lib. i. cap. 4.

‡ Vol. i. p. 227.

§ Contra Roctum. vii. p. 11. Ed. Fabric.

|| See his reasoning upon Matt. xvi. 18, in his Treatise on the Church, vol. ii. p. 483.

6. We should have passed over TERTULLIAN on account of the Montanism into which he fell, were it not that Bishop Bull had undertaken to show that he was perfectly orthodox on the subject of Christ's co-eternal divinity. Now, surely those who can reconcile the following passage* with the orthodox faith, ought to be the very last persons to accuse us of quibbling away the meaning of the Fathers when they appear to tell against us.

"Because God is a father and a judge, he has not necessarily always been a father and a judge, because he has always been God. For a father cannot be without a son, or a judge before a crime. Now there was a time when there was neither crime nor Son, to make God a judge or Father."

7. Bull has also written a powerful vindication of ORIGEN, in which he endeavours to show that Father has borne a faithful testimony to the Catholic doctrine of his age. The following is taken from his Treatise on Prayer:

"If we understand what prayer is, care must be taken that no derivative being be the object of prayer—no, not Christ himself—but only the God and Father of the universe; to whom also our Saviour prayed, as we have before expounded, and as He teaches us to pray.....For if, as we have elsewhere demonstrated, the Son be *different as to His substance* from the Father [*έτερος κατ' οὐσίαν*] and *subject to Him* [*ὑπόκειμενος*], we must either pray to the Son and not to the Father, or to both, or to the Father alone. Now, to pray to the Son and not to the Father, every body will own to be most absurd—nay, I will venture to say, it will be without effect; but if it be supposed that we must pray to both, and that accordingly we may offer our petitions in the plural number, 'do ye afford,' and 'do ye bestow benefits,' and 'do ye grant,' and, 'do ye save;' and if there be any parallel forms to be used in prayer, these do thence appear to be unlike Christian addresses. Nor can any one show such language in the Scriptures as spoken by any. We must say, therefore, that prayer is to be made to God alone, the Father of the universe; but not without that High Priest, who was ordained such with an oath, and of whom it is said, 'He sware, and will not repent, thou art a priest for ever, after the order of Melchisedech.' The saints, therefore, return thanks in their prayers to God, through Christ Jesus, acknowledging His mercies. But, then, as he that is careful how he prays, ought not to pray to Him who Himself prays, but to Him whom our Lord Jesus taught us to call Father; so without Him are we not to offer up any prayer to the Father, as Himself shows plainly, when He says thus, 'Verily,

* *Contra Hermogen, cap. 3.*

verily, I say unto you, if ye ask my Father anything, He will give it you in my name. Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.' For He did not say, 'Ask me,' nor 'Ask the Father,' simply, but 'If ye ask the Father anything, He will give it you in my name'.....But if any one, supposing that he ought to pray to Christ Himself, and confusing himself with that passage which signifies adoration to Him, quotes to us that text, 'Let all the angels of God adore Him,' which is without controversy spoken of Christ in Deuteronomy, we must say to him that the Church of Jerusalem is named by the Prophet as one that is to be adored by kings and queens, which should be nursing fathers and nursing mothers to her.—Why do we not rather follow Him that said, 'Why callest thou me good? There is none good but One, that is God, even the Father;' as supposing Him to say, If any one would pray to me, he ought to pray to the Father alone, to whom I myself do also pray. Which rule do ye learn from the Holy Scriptures? For we are not to pray to the High Priest who is ordained for us by the Father, and who has received of the Father to be our advocate, but to pray *through* Him, as our High Priest and Advocate."

If anything can render this passage more striking than it is as it stands—and we have quoted it at full length to prevent any possibility of mistake—it is the circumstance that Origen, in the passage immediately preceding, had said that it was lawful (*πολεύει δεήσεις*) to offer *supplications* to the Saints, and *a fortiori* to Christ also, though *prayer* (*τὸ προσεύχεσθαι*) be due to God only; and in his first homily on Ezekiel he invokes his guardian angel.

On the question of our Lord's divinity, Origen speaks as follows:

"Our Saviour says, in His prayer to the Father, 'That they may know Thee, the only true God.' But whatever is God beyond that God-unbegotten [*Αὐτόθεος*], being so by communication of His Divinity, is not God absolutely, but more properly called Divine.....The Word, who excels all other beings which are ever called Gods, is excelled in dignity by Him who is the supreme God over all."

And again in the famous passage in his eighth book against Celsus:

"We say that He is the Son of God, of that *God whom we greatly adore. And we know that that Son is exalted to a great dignity by the Father. But, supposing there be some in the multitude of believers, amongst whom there will be different opinions, who rashly affirm our Saviour to be himself the Supreme God, yet we affirm no such thing, but believe Him who hath said, 'The Father who sent me is greater than I.'"

8. NOVATIAN, the first Anti-Pope, has left a treatise on the Trinity which is of great value, and is considered by the learned of all communions to present a faithful representation of the Catholic doctrine of the time. Yet in it we frequently meet with assertions which would startle orthodox ears of the present day; and which, in fact, were characteristic of heretical theology in the ages which succeeded that of Novatian. We have already referred more than once to this treatise, because almost every startling passage which might be found in any one of the Ante-Nicene Fathers, is borne out by a parallel one in Novatian.

The following are instances. Our readers will remember that the Athanasian creed tells us that in the Trinity there is neither priority nor posteriority. According to Novatian,* however,

"The Father is prior to the Son, since it must needs be that as He is His Father, He must be prior to Him; because it necessarily follows that He who is without origin must be before Him who has one."

Or take again the following passage:[†]

"Though He knew that He was God, *as having God for His Father*, yet He never compared Himself with God the Father, remembering that He was from His Father, and that it was His Father who gave Him to be what He was. Wherefore, both before and after His taking upon Him human flesh, and also after His resurrection, He always did and does pay all obedience to His Father. From whence it appears that He never thought fit so to claim to Himself Divinity, as to equal Himself with God the Father. Nay, on the contrary, He was always obedient to His whole will and pleasure, even so as to be content to take upon Him the form of a servant—that is, to become man."

9. Lactantius has lately been pressed by Mr. Palmer and Mr. Tyler into the controversy respecting the worship of Saints and Angels. Perhaps it would have been wiser for these gentlemen to have ascertained beforehand whether he might not with equal justice be pressed into the service of those who oppose the worship of God the Son. Nay, with infinitely *greater* justice, because in a

* *De Trinitate*, cap. 3!.

† Cap. 17. The remains of Novatian were edited by Jackson, the learned Arian opponent of Waterland. He has added notes for the purpose of showing how all primitive antiquity told against the Athanasian doctrine.

controversy between Anglicans and ourselves, his acknowledged heterodoxy ought at once to deprive him of all weight; whereas, in controversy with Arians we cannot accuse him of heterodoxy without begging the question at issue, and his testimony must in this case be taken, whether it tells for or against orthodoxy.

We shall probably not be expected to quote passages in proof of his heterodoxy, when Bull, who has in the most intrepid manner endeavoured to defend all the other Ante-Nicene Fathers, has been compelled in this instance to say, "In capite octavo libri quarti, quam insulsa, quam ridicula, quam *impia* leguntur!" He suggests, indeed, that the works of Lactantius *may* have been corrupted by Manichees, or that Lactantius *may* have been tainted with Manicheism; but these hypotheses will probably not approve themselves to any one at the present day, who has carefully studied the tenets of the Manichees.

10. Bull has strongly asserted the orthodoxy of Arnobius, but the success of his arguments upon doubting minds may be estimated by the following extract from the "Credibility" of Dr. Lardner, whom no one, whatever he may think of his authority in general, can, with any show of justice, accuse of partiality of judgment.

"Bull supposeth that Arnobius asserts the true Divinity of the Son. But, it seems to me, that this is far from being clear. Arnobius, indeed, calls Christ God, and true God; but I think he means no more than that He is a God, and truly God. For he so distinguished Christ from God, the Lord and Sovereign of all, that I do not see how he could think Him one God with the Father. For proof of this, I place at the bottom of the page two of those passages which Bull allegeth as most to his purpose. And I shall add several others, where also Arnobius, in like manner as in those alleged by Bull, remarkably distinguishes Christ from the One God Almighty—from the Supreme King, the first and chief God. By true God he seems to mean no more than truly so—in some sense, in opposition to such as are esteemed and called gods, but are not so at all, and have no right to that title."

11. The "Apostolical Constitutions," which are adduced by Mr. Palmer as evidence against us, reckon among the heretics those who "imagine Christ to be 'God over all.'"

Such are a few specimens of individual difficulties to be met with in the early Fathers respecting the divinity of our Lord; and those who have read the Fathers carefully will bear witness that we have not by any means ex-

hausted the instances which might be adduced. And to those difficulties in a positive direction, we must add those which seem to explain away whatever strong language their authors may have elsewhere used. Thus St. Justin:

"When we say, that He is His Son, we understand that He really existed and proceeded from the Father before all creatures by His power and will."

And again, "He is called God from His being the first-born Son of all creatures."

Once more he tells us, that "One who loves God with all his heart and with all his strength, will worship no other God. And he will also worship that Angel [Christ], such being the will of God." As if the worship of God the Son were a matter not of necessary but only of positive obligation.

In like manner St. Hippolytus allows our Lord to be "God over all, because God the Father has put all things under his feet."

Again, it is notorious that such words as "consubstantial" and "eternal" are of the very rarest occurrence in the early Fathers. The former word, indeed, was actually proscribed by an orthodox council at Antioch, as connected with the heresy of Paul of Samosata. But, even were these words as common as we could wish them (speaking controversially) to be, what evidence should we have that the Fathers would mean anything stronger by "eternal" than what St. Gregory Nazianzen meant when he called Angels *αὐτοι*, or Eusebius, who spoke of them as *ἀχρόνοι*, or Arius himself, when he allowed our Lord to be *ἀχρόνως γεννηθείς*. Lactantius, again, speaks of our Lord as consubstantial with the Father; but he agrees with Tertullian and Origen in thinking Angels and the souls of men to be consubstantial with God. Or will it be thought conclusive if St. Clement asserts that the Word coexisted with God from the beginning? Yet he says,

"We existed before the foundation of the world; existing first in God himself, inasmuch as we were destined to exist; we were the rational creatures of the Word of God; we were in the beginning through the Word, because the Word was in the beginning."

On this passage Dr. Lamson,* an American Socinian, observes:

* Christian Examiner, No. 83, p. 143. Boston, Nov. 1837.

"The Fathers ascribed to the Son a sort of metaphysical or potential existence in the Father, that is, they supposed that he existed in him from all eternity as an attribute, his *logos*, reason or wisdom, that before the formation of the world, this attribute acquired by a voluntary act of the Father a distinct personal subsistence, and became His instrument in the creation."

In quoting this God forbid that we should imply an assent to the notion that the early Fathers held so blasphemous an opinion! We merely wish to put it strongly to candid readers whether persons like Dr. Lamson, who have no sympathy either with the early Fathers or the sacred doctrine of the Trinity, have not as strong grounds for their estimate of primitive doctrine, as Anglicans have for rejecting Catholic doctrine or primitive authority.

We have not yet done. Anglicans have more than once insinuated that in the course of ages much Anti-Roman evidence, derivable from ancient sources, *may* have been suppressed by "Popish" authority, and that the Fathers may have been corrupted in passing through "Popish" hands. To this, of course, there is a ready reply, independent of that overwhelming evidence which is known to any one who has studied the question of the genuineness and authenticity of the Patristic writings. For it is notorious that it is to the monasteries of the *Schismatic* Greek Church that we are indebted for the preservation of an immense proportion of that evidence which we are constantly adducing in behalf of Catholic doctrine. But what have Anglicans to say to those who deliberately accuse the orthodox of suppressing many works of the ancients which were inconsistent with the Creeds of Nice, Constantinople, Ephesus, or Chalcedon? Surely every antecedent reason that may exist for suspecting Catholics of suppressing "Anti-Roman" evidence, exists for suspecting the orthodox of suppressing whatever might sanction Anti-Trinitarian doctrine. And here, as in most cases of argument, Arians have the advantage of Protestants. For the latter after all have only antecedent grounds to go upon, whereas Arians can appeal to the acknowledged fact of the non-existence at the present day of a large body of theological works, confessedly inconsistent at first sight, to say the least, with that portion of Catholic theology which Anglicans profess to hold as well as ourselves.

For it is worthy of remark that the Ante-Nicene writers are accused of Arianism and other heresies by those who

succeeded them.* Photius, for instance, complains of St. Clement of Rome for speaking meanly of Christ. St. Jerome, as well as Photius, accuses St. Clement of Alexandria of making a creature of the Son of God. Nay, a work of St. Clement "On the Hypotiposes" was extant in the time of Photius, which he describes as full of "errors and blasphemies." St. Dionysius of Alexandria was one of the greatest divines of his day; yet St. Basil has charged him with maintaining "that the Father and the Son were not only distinct but different substances; and that the power and glory of the Son was inferior to that of the Father. And, besides this, he spoke very unbecoming words concerning the Spirit; not allowing Him divine worship, but depressing Him into the number of created and ministering natures." For the same reason Gennadius calls him "the fountain of Arianism." Even St. Gregory Thaumaturgus is said by St. Basil to have used "many words, such as *creature*, *made*, and the like, which yield the greatest advantage to heretics of the present day." Novatian's work on the Trinity is called by St. Jerome "a book of heresy," although it is as orthodox as any contemporaneous work. The works of Pierius and Theognostus of Alexandria, although of the greatest repute amongst their contemporaries, are accused of Arianism by Photius. The consequence is that they have not come down to us. The work of Melito of Sardis, *περι κτίσεως Χριστού*, is lost to us, apparently for the same reason.

Indeed, nothing more unjust can be conceived, or at the same time more indicative of excessive ignorance, than the indignation which we know many Anglo-Catholics to entertain against Petavius, for avowing the existence of difficulties in the early Fathers. As if forsooth, all the learned were not agreed upon the subject. It is supposed that because Petavius was a Jesuit, he must have had some underhand motive. But Huet, the learned, and certainly most moderate, Bishop of Avranches, has expressed his opinion on the subject of the early Fathers in such strong language, that we cannot bring ourselves to quote it. Valesius, who was a layman, and as little open to the imputation of priestcraft as any one, when commenting upon St. Methodius, adopts all that Petavius has said, and justifies himself for publishing a work containing

* See Jackson's reply to Waterland, p. 326.

rather questionable statements of doctrine, on the ground that the principal Ante-Nicene writers had said much harder things than St. Methodius.

Tillemont and Du Pin bear witness to the same fact, and any one who will take the trouble to consult the notes of the Oxford translation of St. Athanasius will find abundant proof of it.

From these difficulties contained in the writings of the early Fathers on the question of our Lord's divinity, we turn to another important subject. When these Fathers do speak of our Lord's divinity, is it in so full, decisive, and unequivocal a manner as to furnish clear evidence against Arianism? Now, as to this point, it is evident that we cannot enter fully into it here. To do so would really be to go through the whole Arian controversy. Out of the different Fathers, therefore, we shall select one, who will certainly be allowed to present as fair a sample of an Ante-Nicene Father, as any that could be chosen. And it will also, we hope, be allowed that full justice has been done *by us* at least, to the testimony of St. Irenæus, by the following abstract, which his Anglican biographer, Mr. Beaven,* has given of it. No one will doubt that Mr. Beaven has done his utmost to make St. Irenæus talk as much like one who admitted the different propositions of the Athanasian creed as possible. We invite Anglican controversialists, therefore, to follow up every word in the following abstract of doctrine, and point out, if they can, any one statement in it which an Arian, either in ancient or modern times, an Eusebius or a Whiston, would not cheerfully have subscribed.

"Very near the beginning of his treatise, in rehearsing the faith of the Church, he speaks of 'Christ Jesus our Lord, and God, and Saviour, and King;' further on he quotes many passages in Scripture, to show that He was spoken of absolutely and definitively as God and Lord, and asks the question, 'How would men be saved, if He who wrought out their salvation upon earth was not God?'

"He asserts that the Word was with God from everlasting, and that Jesus was the Son of God before the creation, that no man knows the mode of his generation, and that God made all things by His indefatigable Word, who is the artificer of all things, and sitteth upon the Cherubim, and preserves all things. He declares that the Lord who spoke to Abraham was the Son, and that it was the Word that appeared to Moses.

* Account of St. Irenæus, p. 91. et seqq.

" This divine Word then, was united with His creature, (which union is expressed by the name Emmanuel), and humbled Himself to take upon Him the infant state of man, and thus having become the Son of man, went though all the ages of man, and finally hung upon the Cross. He asserts moreover, that although the angels knew the Father solely by the revelation of the Son, and indeed all from the beginning have known God by the Son, *so that the Father is the Son invisible, and the Son the Father visible,** yet that the Son knew not the day of judgment, and that this was so ordered that we may learn that the Father is above all, and that the Son ministers to the Father; finally, that when Jesus was tempted and suffered, the Word in Him restrained his energy. But he declares likewise, that Christ remained in the bosom of the Father, even when upon earth.

" These mysteries in the nature of Christ, Irenæus does not attempt to explain, fully holding the eternal and unchangeable divinity of the Son, even when made flesh, and His strict personal union with the flesh, and at the same time asserting His subordination to the Father, even in His divine nature: feeling that when we cannot discover the reason of every thing, we should consider the immeasurable difference between us and God; that if we cannot explain earthly things, we cannot expect to explain heavenly things, and that what we cannot explain we must leave to God; and in short, that it is much better to know nothing but Christ crucified, than by subtle inquiries to fall into impiety.

" This Jesus then, who has been testified of by all things that He was truly God and truly man, being related to both God and man, and thus having the indispensable qualification for His office, became the Mediator between them; He came in every dispensation and summed up all things in Himself.....He is our High-Priest, He gave His soul for our souls, and His flesh for ours, His righteous flesh has reconciled to God our sinful flesh, and He brings us into union and communion with God. He rose again in the flesh, and in the flesh He ascended into heaven, and will come again to judgment, and He introduces His church into the kingdom of heaven."

It will be observed upon a comparison of the passage which we have printed in italics, with the original text of St. Irenæus, as given in the note, that Mr. Beaven has done grievous injustice to St. Irenæus in making him talk *Sabellianism*. But with the exception of this one directly heretical passage, what is there, we once more ask, which

* Compare the original iv. vi. 6. *Et per ipsum Verbum visibilem et palpabilem factum Patro ostendebatur, etiam si non omnes similiter credebat ei, sed omnes viderunt in Filio Patrem; invisible enim Fili Pater, visibile autem Patris Filius.*

an Arian could not have subscribed? An Arian would say, "I most fully accept the whole doctrine of St. Irenæus, as stated by yourself, and I am prepared to go still further. I believe that the Son of God ought to be worshipped with divine adoration. But St. Irenæus no where condemns what you consider my heterodox opinions. He no where says that the Father and Son are of *one substance*, might, majesty, and glory. On the contrary, by your own showing, he says that the Son is subordinate to the Father, *even in His divine nature*; whereas in the Athanasian creed you profess that the Son is *equal* to the Father as to His divinity, though inferior to Him as to His humanity. Again, as to the incarnation: I most fully hold with St. Irenæus that Christ having taken flesh of the Blessed Virgin, is perfect God and perfect man, but then I equally hold with all the early ecclesiastical writers, that a *rational soul* (*πνευμα*) is not of the *essence* of man, who is composed of a body and a sensible soul, (*σωμα* and *ψυχη*). St. Irenæus, therefore, would not find fault with me for saying that the divine Logos supplied in Christ the place of a rational human soul. In fact, does not my doctrine more closely correspond with the Christian doctrine of the Word taking flesh, than yours which teaches that the Word took flesh *and a rational human soul*." Or if you wish for direct proof from St. Irenæus, take the following:

"As in the beginning of our formation in Adam, that breath of life which was from God, being united to the body formed, did animate the man, and made him a rational creature; so in the conclusion did the Word of the Father, and the Spirit of God, when it was united to the ancient substance whence Adam was formed, make him a living and perfect man, receiving the perfect Father."

We have treated the subject at considerable length in connection with the Consubstantial Divinity of our Lord, because we thought it necessary to choose some one topic of the highest importance, and no doctrine could be selected more suitably than this. But the danger of arguing on Anglican principles might be proved in the case of almost *every* important doctrine.

The Church of England invokes the Holy Ghost, in the Litany, and the Thirty-nine Articles assert the Consubstantiality of the Holy Ghost with the Father and the Son. Now we wish to know upon what grounds high-church

Anglicans can assent to this when they reject the doctrine of Purgatory, or the invocation of Saints, upon the plea of insufficient evidence. For every ancient authority they can produce in favour of the Consubstantiality of the Holy Ghost, we offer to produce as unequivocal an authority in behalf of Purgatory. And for every prayer to the Holy Ghost, we offer to produce as direct an invocation to a Saint. But we shall not suffer "Roman" doctrine to be rejected on grounds which would be equally subversive of Trinitarian doctrine.

Once more. The Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity are *Consubstantial*. This word however, although, according to St. Epiphanius, it was a sufficient test for the heresies of the fourth century, is not sufficient, without further explanation, against heresies which have sprung up since that time. For it is equally true that the Son of God is Consubstantial with His ever-blessed Mother, and with us. Yet surely when we say that He is Consubstantial with God the Father, we mean that He is so in a very different and much higher sense. Again, the angels Gabriel, Michael, and Raphael, may with perfect accuracy of language, be said to be Consubstantial. Yet it is not in this sense that we speak of the Holy Trinity as Consubstantial. We mean something more by ὁμοίωσις than οἵς φύσεις ἐστὶ μία καὶ κοινή.* The Unity of the Godhead is more than a collective or specific unity; it is a unity *in number*.† Now this was not defined by the Church, till the fourth Council of Lateran condemned the opposite error of the Abbot Joachim. In the words of Mr. Newman,‡ "not till the thirteenth century was there any direct and distinct avowal on the part of the Church, of the Numerical Unity of the Divine Nature, which the language of some of the principal Greek Fathers, *primâ facie*, though not really denies." It is not meant, of course, that this sacred doctrine was first explicitly put forth in the thirteenth century, indeed there are very clear statements of it in the writings of St. Athanasius and some of his contemporaries, but these testimonies are quite as few and surrounded

* Suidas, in voce.

+ The 4th Council of Lateran defines that "Quilibet illarum personarum est illa res, videlicet substantia, natura, essentia divina quae sola est universorum principiorum, praeter quod aliud inveniri non potest. Et illa res non est generans, neque genita neque procedens."

‡ University Sermons, p. 324.

by as many difficulties* as any exclusively "Roman" doctrine.

As it is highly probable that the foregoing pages may bring upon us the charge of recklessly giving a handle to Arians and other heretics, we must beg leave to say a few words in vindication of ourselves.

Four or five years ago, while the Tracts for the Times were yet in high estimation among the advocates of "sound Church principles," the Editors put forth a Tract, evidently the work of Mr. Newman, on the "Scripture proof of the Doctrines of the Church." Now the real drift of the whole tract confessedly was to show, that the ultra-protestant objections were untenable from the circumstance of their proving too much; for if once admitted, they would avail to overthrow all belief in the Canon of Scripture, and the divine origin and distinctive doctrines of Christianity. This was acknowledged to be a bold and hazardous proceeding, to be in fact a kill-or-cure argument with every reasoning mind. As those who would be inclined to censure us for bringing forward Arian objections against Ante-Nicene evidence of Trinitarianism are likely to be found chiefly among the warmest admirers of that Tract, we submit to their consideration that all the reasons which its author adduces in his justification, are available in our case. Nay, infinitely *more* so, because in the case of the Oxford Tract, it must be borne in mind that it was taken up with logically deducing anti-christian deductions from principles most deeply rooted and energizing in the minds of thousands. Whereas we are confident that *no one man* living, really believes in the Catholic doctrine respecting the Holy Trinity, *because* he thinks it can be deduced from the interpretations which the early Fathers put upon Holy Scripture. Nor have we the slightest hesitation in saying that should there be any one so wretchedly ignorant of the first principles, we will not say of Christianity, but of natural religion, as to be *prepared* to give up his faith in the Holy Trinity, could it be proved to him that the ecclesiastical writers of the first

* The following instance, out of many others which might be cited, will serve to show, that the Nicene Fathers did not, by their assertion of the consubstantiality of the Father and the Son, necessarily imply the assertion of Their Numerical Unity. The Eunomians objected to the doctrine of the *ἴσωστοις* that a diversity of *names* implied a diversity of substance. To this St. Basil replies (Adv. Eunom. ii. 4. tom. I. p. 240.) by appealing to the fact that different men, as Peter and Paul, have different names, but one substance. "Πίττεν γαρ καὶ Παύλου, καὶ αποξεπλανάνθησθαι περιπογέσια μή διάφοροι, αὐτοί δὲ τάγματα μία."

ten centuries were perfectly silent on the subject,—we have no hesitation, we repeat, in saying that such a person might as profitably do *without* such a faith as *with* it. But in truth we know of none out of the Catholic church who are prepared to embrace, either in theory or in practise, the form of religion which prevailed in Primitive times. There has not been the slightest indication on the part of any *one* distinguished member of the “Anglo-Catholic” party, to throw himself unreservedly* into the tone of thought and feeling prevalent in the earlier ages.

“Laudas

Fortunam et mores antiquae plebis ; et idem,
 Si quis ad illa Deus subito te agat usque recuses :
 Aut quia non sentis, quod clamas rectius esse,
 Aut quia non firmus rectum defendis, et hœres,
 Necquicquam cœno cupiens evellere plantam.”

Before concluding this part of our subject, we must advert to the difficulties connected with a topic which we fear is infinitely more important to the minds of ordinary high-churchmen than even the doctrine of the holy and undivided Trinity. We mean the doctrine which is known to them under the name of the “Apostolical Succession.” By “Apostolic Succession,” members of the Church of England understand something quite different from what the Fathers understood by that expression. The latter, whenever they used this term, invariably meant *the succession of the Episcopate in a see founded by the Apostles*, as at Jerusalem, Ephesus, Antioch, Rome, or Alexandria. Hence we hear of the Apostolic See of Ephesus, or of Antioch, whilst Rome alone is always spoken of as “*the Apostolic See*,”† by the Eastern † as well as by the Western church. But high-church Anglicans mean quite a different thing by it. They mean by it to assert the

* If there be a doctrine more decidedly witnessed to by primitive christianity than any one other, it is the doctrine that in the Holy Eucharist Christ is offered as a propitiation for the living and the dead. To judge from the ancient liturgies, and the collateral evidence bearing upon the subject, this doctrine must have been the very heart of the Christian worship. Has Dr. Hook, or any other of his party, ever attempted to revive this primitive doctrine? For we will not suffer the mockery which identifies the high-church notion of some sort of commemorative sacrifice with the doctrine of ancient Christendom.

+ It is worthy of note that the ancient Patriarchates in the church were exclusively held by *successors of St. Peter* at Rome, Antioch and Alexandria. The Patriarchates of Jerusalem and Constantinople were not from the beginning.

‡ And that in public and authoritative acts, from the Council of Ephesus to the schism of Photius.

Catholic verity that *all* Bishops, as distinguished from Presbyters, are successors of the Apostles in all the spiritual powers of the Apostolate, which were designed by our Lord to remain for ever in His church, such as the conveyance of the Holy Ghost in the ordination of the clergy, or again at confirmation. That such a doctrine is contained in the writings of the later Fathers of the church is perfectly true, but dissenters will look in vain for it in the remains of those Fathers who lived nearest to the times of the Apostles. The writings of St. Barnabas, St. Clement, St. Polycarp, and St. Hermas, are perfectly silent as to the difference between Bishops and Presbyters. Of St. Ignatius we shall speak presently. The successors of these Apostolical Fathers speak indeed of the difference between Bishops and Presbyters, but not in a way which would give offence to moderate presbyterians. We beg once more to refer to an authority of considerable importance, considering his theological views, as to the opinion of St. Irenæus :

"Irenæus does undoubtedly call the same persons by the *name* of Bishops and Presbyters interchangeably. But it has been long ago pointed out the circumstance of the same *name* being borne by persons holding two different offices proves nothing. It is unsafe to infer from the circumstance that *bishops* are called presbyters, or presbyters *bishops*, that therefore, there was not a permanent officer set over the other presbyters, and endued with functions which they could not exercise, although not at first distinguished by a specific name.

"On the other hand, we learn from him that there were to be found in every part of the Christian world, bishops or presbyters placed at the head of churches, which from their importance, must have had other presbyters in them, and which we know from other sources to have had presbyters in them ; that there was only one of these at one and the same time ; that they were entrusted with the government of the churches, and called the Bishops of those churches ; that the authority of the office was handed down from individual to individual ; and that the individuals who filled this office, and by consequence the office itself, were appointed by inspired apostles. All these facts are irreconcileable with the hypothesis, that all presbyters were equal in *authority* and *function*."^{*}

The most zealous presbyterian will not venture to deny the force of this reasoning, still it does not look like the

* Beaven's account of St. Irenæus, p. 34.

direct evidence which Anglicans demand of us in behalf of Catholic doctrine, nor does it meet the point at issue. The episcopacy which Mr. Beaven deduces from St. Irenæus no more resembles the episcopacy for which high-churchmen contend, than an American's notions of the powers of a President of the United States resemble the doctrine of the divine right of kings, as taught by the adherents of the Stuarts. This seems to be acknowledged even by Mr. Beaven.

"But granting the existence of Bishops such as we have them now, and their appointment by Apostles, another question arises... whether the powers now exclusively reserved to Bishops, such as ordination and government, were so exclusively delegated to them by the Apostles, as that those powers exercised by other presbyters are invalid. *The question does not seem to have occurred to St. Irenæus.*"

Indeed, the strongest proof of what we are now maintaining, may be found in Mr. Palmer's Treatise on the Church. This gentleman very correctly maintains that a bishop only is *by divine right* the minister of ordination. Yet his proofs from Catholic antiquity *begin* at the fourth century, and scripture is most unquestionably silent on the subject.

The epistles of St. Ignatius, however, assert the divine right of episcopacy in so much stronger a manner than any other work in the Ante-Nicene period, except perhaps those of St. Cyprian, that they require a distinct notice. Now it is notorious that there are *two* hypotheses, to speak of no more, as to the value of the epistles which go under the name of St. Ignatius. A large body of critics consider these epistles to be decidedly spurious, or at least so hopelessly corrupt as to be practically worthless. This hypothesis, whatever may be its intrinsic value upon full examination, has a great deal more to say for itself than Anglican high-churchmen are disposed to allow. Of this we shall speak further on. But even on the more favourable hypothesis of their entire genuineness, which is certainly *equally* untenable, we do not think that sufficient justice is done to Presbyterian objections by Mr. Palmer and his co-religionists. For these epistles do not afford the slightest contradiction to the *received* Presbyterian hypothesis as to the origin of diocesan episcopacy. How can Mr. Palmer or Mr. Sinclair prove that

the bishop spoken of by St. Ignatius, was not merely the president of the presbytery, a *primus inter pures*, differing from them in authority and place, but not raised by a *separate ordination* to a higher *order* of the ministry than themselves? This is what ought, in all consistency, to have been proved, but of which we do not any where see the attempt at a proof. Nor again does St. Ignatius any where throw any light upon the distinct offices of the bishop and the presbyter. So that all his strong language about the duty of subjection to the bishop does not really amount to any thing inconsistent with the Presbyterian theory.

On the question of the genuineness of the epistles of St. Ignatius, we must say a very few words, for the sake of instituting a comparison between the off-hand sceptical way with which certain high-church Anglican gentlemen have lately been rejecting several works of the Fathers as spurious, because they did not fancy the doctrine contained therein, and the facility with which, in controversy with Presbyterians, they quote a series of epistles which their opponents have almost unanimously rejected as spurious.

There are, it is well known, *two* different collections of epistles professing to be the work of St. Ignatius. The larger collection is now unanimously allowed to be an interpolated version of the smaller, although Whiston and Morinus did their utmost to prove it the original version. Archbishop Usher made an ingenious attempt towards the restoration of the original text, by comparing the Greek of the larger collection with the Latin of the smaller collection, derived from three manuscripts; the existence of no Greek manuscript having yet come under his eye. Two years after this, Vossius published the Greek text of the smaller epistles from a manuscript of the *thirteenth* century in the Medicean library at Florence, of which a facsimile is given in Mr. Jacobson's edition of the apostolical Fathers. Since this time, no other Greek manuscript has yet been discovered.

Now if a comparison of the smaller epistles with the larger force one to the conclusion that the latter are extensively corrupted and interpolated, it is no less true that this comparison will lead to a similar conclusion as to the smaller epistles also. It is quite certain that the larger epistles are a mere paraphrase of the smaller, yet abounding in allusions to heresies of later date than the time of

St. Ignatius, which do not appear in the smaller. Yet even the smaller epistles, as we now have them, are in several places liable to precisely the same objection. Among these we would reckon the celebrated passage in the epistle to the Magnesians, which expressly condemns the Valentinian tenet of the generation of the Logos from God and Silence, to which there is no allusion in the larger epistle. Indeed, the most ardent critical advocates of the smaller collection have never asserted more than that the existing editions furnish materials *towards* a correct and uninterpolated edition.

Such is, we believe, a fair statement of the common opinion of critics as to the value of our present copies of these epistles. Yet Mr. Palmer and other high-church Anglicans have of late years been quoting them right and left against anti-episcopalians, without feeling called upon to bestow even the slightest notice upon the consideration of the genuineness of passages quoted by themselves. But let Dr. Wiseman or any other Catholic writer, have the misfortune to quote a work, the genuineness of which *somebody* has doubted, though critics of the highest eminence have decided in its favour, what an outcry of pain, sorrow, triumph, indignation, is not immediately raised against the dishonesty of Romish controversialists.

Our intention has all along been to show that the Anglican objections from Christian antiquity are strikingly analogous to those used by heretics in general against those parts of the Catholic system which members of the Church of England allow to be the very heart of Christianity. The Fathers of the Ante-Nicene period, whatever cause may be assigned to the fact, are silent, or comparatively silent at least, on the subject of several doctrines held by all Christians of the present day, who are subject to episcopal government, whether Catholics, Greeks, or Anglicans. But how can Anglicans venture to press the silence of the Fathers as an argument against Catholics or Greeks when they are themselves equally involved in the same difficulty?

Then again, as to the cases where the Fathers are said to have used language inconsistent with modern Catholicism, is not the parallel equally striking between the so-called difficulties of "Trinitarianism" and "Romanism," and their respective solutions? Arians produce certain passages from several of the earlier Fathers,

which they declare to be inconsistent with the doctrine of the Nicene Fathers. To this Bull replies, "They are *not* inconsistent, for I can prove that the Nicene Fathers themselves have expressed their sentiments in equivalent language." In like manner we reply to Mr. Palmer and his fellow-controversialists, "we are prepared to show that the passages you quote from the Fathers are not inconsistent with Catholic doctrine, because Catholics of unquestionable orthodoxy have ever maintained the propositions contained in those passages." Of course when we say this, we confine ourselves to matters of faith which the church has defined, for on points which are not of faith there is no doubt a very extensive diversity of statements, not only between the writers of different ages, but even between contemporary Fathers. The Fathers, for instance, are perfectly unanimous as to the doctrine that the souls of the faithful departed are assisted by the prayers, alms, and sacrifices, offered by the living, and also that, before being admitted to the joys of heaven, all have to undergo a fiery purification through which the saints alone will pass unharmed. But as to the time, place, and quality of this purgatory, in short, as to those points about which the church has never passed judgment, we find as much diversity of opinion among the Fathers as might have been expected before-hand. There is certainly more unanimity now among Catholics upon these points, because it is the fate of all untrue opinions to flourish for a time, and then die away for ever. It seems to be the peculiarity of high-church Anglicans, who are vociferous in defence of "*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus traditum est*," to endeavour to revive opinions which have long been obsolete, and for centuries *rejected by all*, as if any really *divine* doctrine could have suffered such a fate.

But what we chiefly complain of is the perverse one-sidedness of Anglican quotations. To disprove the Catholic doctrine relative to the intercession of the Saints, Mr. Tyler has written two books filled with quotations from the Fathers, merely asserting that Christ is the One Mediator between God and man—a doctrine certainly no less earnestly taught by Catholic theologians and spiritual writers than by the Fathers. Upon this principle of Mr. Tyler's any thing can be proved or disproved. A person who was fond of paradox might easily prove that the Fathers

were idolatrous worshippers of the Saints, and that Catholics were vehemently opposed to "Mariolatry." What, for instance, would Mr. Tyler say to the fairness of the following illustration of the comparative systems of modern "Romanism" and Christian antiquity?

1. "Romanism."—St. Alphonsus Liguori, in reply to the question, "Is mortal sin a small evil?" answers, "It is so great an evil, that if all the Angels and all the Saints, the Apostles, Martyrs, and even the Mother of God, offered all their merits to atone for a single mortal sin, the oblation would not be sufficient."

2. The Fathers.—Origen, in his "Exhortation to Martyrdom,"* says that, "Perhaps, even as we have been redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus, so will some be redeemed by the precious blood of the martyrs." And in two other places he affirms that martyrs expiate not only their own sin but that of others. In like manner, St. Asterius of Amasea prays to a Saint, "By thy blood may we be healed, as the world is by that of Christ." And St. Ignatius, the apostolical Father, at the prospect of his martyrdom,† "My soul be an expiation for you, not only now, but when I shall have come to God."

Mr. Tyler would at once exclaim against the illustration as most absurd. Yet it is just the sort of thing his books are made up with.

To conclude. The most startling passages from isolated Fathers ought not to present the least shadow of a practical difficulty to one who really, and not merely on paper, desires to hold to the doctrine, "Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus traditum est." For, however discordantly the Fathers may to superficial readers seem to speak upon particular points of doctrine, in spite of their deep-rooted and solemn unanimity, there is one truth at least upon the very surface of their writings, and which penetrates to the very depths thereof, to which they one and all bear harmonious witness. They teach with one voice not to be mistaken, that the Church of Christ is the divinely appointed and *divinely guided* teacher of all truth; that she is the Spouse of Christ, and cannot[†] be-

* Ad fin.

+ Ep. ad Trallens. 13, ad. Ephes. 38.

† It is remarkable how all modern high churchmen shirk the question, "Can the Visible Church of Christ teach error?" The "Reformers," and other old Protestants, had no scruple in directly asserting the affirmative; but the present generation of "Anglo-Catholics," studiously avoid giving a direct answer. They

come adulterous; that the Holy Ghost dwells within her, and speaks by her mouth. And, consequently, that she is not an abstract entity, to be sought in folios or manuscripts, but a really living and ever energizing body; nay, the very mystical body of Christ himself, the eternal Word of God. Those who humbly receive her doctrine cannot go wrong; but those who, under the pretence of reforming corruptions, plead the authority of Scripture and antiquity against the received doctrine of the *present* church, are marked out by the Fathers of ancient Christendom as enemies of God, and destroyers of the souls of men.

ART. IV.—1. *Revelations of Spain, in 1845.* By an ENGLISH RESIDENT, 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1845. Colburn.

- 2.** *Journal of a Clergyman, during a Visit to the Peninsula, in the Summer and Autumn of 1841.* By the Rev. W. ROBERTSON, Minister of New Greyfriars, Edinburgh. Blackwood: 1845.
- 3.** *Diary of Travels in France and Spain, chiefly in the year 1844.* By the Rev. FRANCIS TRENCH, 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1845. Bentley.

THESE works, and others which have come out since we made up our list, are evidences of the interest which is beginning to be felt in the state of the Peninsula. A country, which for upwards of twenty years, seems to have been but the theatre of successive revolutions, which, while every other great European nation has been enjoying perfect peace, and improving its resources, has been plunged in a series of civil, and almost provincial, wars; a country in which all the elements of society seem to have been thrown into a political chaos from which a new creation was to spring, is seen at last subsiding into tranquillity and emerging from an abyss of disorder; after

merely talk of corruptions being *extensively* prevalent, which has nothing to do with the question. We assert, for instance, that the Church did authoritatively teach purgatory and prayers to the saints, for centuries before the Reformation. On what grounds can they deny this, which would not equally serve to disprove the teaching of the Church on any other point?

several oscillations, that have grown fainter and fainter, it seems to have gained its upright position ; order and firm government have asserted their rights, and the course of calm legislation, so long pent up or deviously deflected, has begun to flow in its proper channel. A country so situated cannot fail to interest. Under this aspect it is already visited by the statesman and the utilitarian, and its resources, infant amidst the matured or fading prosperity of other states, are being accurately measured and scanned. The rail-road schemer, the mineral treasure-hunter, the bridge-contractor, have already rushed to the spot, and the Spaniards are to be treated to the inconceivable luxury of passing at once from twenty miles a day's travelling on an *arriero's* ass, or in a desperate diligence drawn by twenty mules, to flying, at the rate of twice as many miles an hour, on the wings of steam. They will not have to pass through the intermediate state of expensive roads now choked with grass, and "Nimrods" and "Wonders" whirled by "blood-power" * at twelve miles an hour's speed.

But while many will be interested by Spain, as the opening market of new speculations, *our* eyes naturally turn towards it, to seek "the old paths," and we look with eagerness for every indication of its moral and religious state. And in doing so, it is not merely as Catholics, but it is as *English* Catholics peculiarly, that we find ourselves attracted to the unusual spectacle which Spain presents. Here is a country, in which, of all others, whatever has been cast as a reproach on our holy religion by the mouth of the calumniator, has been supposed to have grown to its maturity. Who has not heard for years of the religious ignorance of Spain ? of its superstition ? of its priestly domination ? Who has not heard that noble country spoken of as exemplifying more than any other, the state of abject degradation to which a people could be brought by not reading the Bible, but allowing themselves to be blindly led by designing priests ? Again, and again, we have been told that its religion all consisted in outward show, that the poor were beguiled by magnificent ceremonials in splendid churches, at altars blazing with the wealth of the Indies ; that their senses were enslaved, while their reason was unconvinced, and their heart insincere ; that

* A Spanish expression for "animal power."

crowds of enormously rich designing priests, and indolent monks and friars, were leagued together with a despotic government, helped by a cruel inquisition, to keep the people in habitual delusion, and error, and thaldrom. Spain was proverbially, in a protestant's mouth, the type of the Catholic religion worked out to its consequences, and so exhibiting a melancholy picture of spiritual abandonment and abjection.

Now of a country so circumstanced, what would one naturally have predicated? Why, that take but away the outward props, and the edifice would crumble. Remove what till now has made the people seemingly religious, and the hollowness of the system will be manifested, and you will be left with a mass of infidelity and immorality stripped of its outward seemliness and decent covering. Well, all has been done that can be done to apply this smarting test, this actual cautery to the body of the Spanish Church. First, she has been pretty well spoiled of all earthly wealth, and left as poor and indigent as the most fervent admirer of apostolical poverty could desire to see her. All the Church lands have been seized to the state, all tithes have been abolished, every imaginable source of income turned away; and a pension substituted for all—and most scrupulously never paid. Secondly, the violence of plundering foes, and the *liberal* rapacity (how ill do the two words agree!) of Mendizabels and Esparteros have succeeded each other in first harvesting, and then gleaning the Church treasures, to the extent of having pretty generally shorn the divine worship of its splendour, and bared altar and shrine of their pride and ornament. They have sucked up every fund for defraying the expenses of God's service, and have driven, by starvation, the priests from the sanctuary. Whatever could be done to render the ceremonial and liturgy of the Catholic Church as meagre and as mean as possible, has been thus most sedulously accomplished. Thirdly, the alliance between Church and State has been not only openly, but ostentatiously broken, by the banishment of bishops, dignitaries, and parish priests, from their diocese or country, and by measures coolly calculated to bring the ecclesiastical order into contempt. Every religious body has been dissolved, the monks driven into the streets, and all their corporate influence destroyed. Where there may have

been ten ecclesiastics, fairly provided for, to rule or bias, there is hardly one pauper curate left.

Surely here is enough in conscience to probe to the quick the soundness of faith in Spain, and to bring to proof the assertion, that externals formed the religion of its people, and outward show their worship. Who, that believed the picture drawn above of what Spain has been thought to be, would not have predicted that, by this time, the people would have been found godless, their clergy powerless, and their worship deserted? Who, of such a mind, would not have expected that the few, who remained still attached to the desecrated altars of their fathers, should have to be sought at the gates of ruined churches, wailing, like Jeremiah, that the ways of Sion are made desolate, and that none came to her festivals?

But, thanks be to God, it is not so. And we really believe it will be a relief to many Catholic hearts to hear so. For, though we will not presume to think, that any one who bears that name would have used such terms as we have put into a protestant mouth, yet are we obliged to fear, from much we have often heard, that, even among ourselves, prejudice had crept in, and usurped our judgments upon that great and generous country; which gave us shelter in our day of distress, and provided us with the means of educating, for centuries, that clergy, which, in spite of the rack, the gallows, and the quartering-knife, kept true religion alive in England. Not a few Catholics would have gone to the very verge of the language which we have imagined, or feared, at least, that it might contain some truth.

On our part, however, we should, from the beginning of the great religious struggles in Spain, have rejected the idea with scorn. Perhaps early and vague impressions, mingled with the recollections of childhood, which nothing had been able to efface, may have brought it home to our conviction, that faith and deep religious and moral feelings were there solidly implanted; and this consciousness may have repelled from our minds the insinuations and charges which we so often heard against the religion of Spain. Or, it may be that such evidences as chance threw in our way, all went to give the lie to the traveller's or apostate's tales concerning clergy and people. We have seen the exiled religious of Spain, when first the decree of suppression was issued, joining the communities of other coun-

tries, and everywhere edifying by the strictness of their discipline, and the holiness of their lives. We have seen its banished clergy in the towns of France, penniless and starving, yet living in small communities, reciting devoutly the Divine Office in choir, and leading quiet, inoffensive lives; ready for any good work, and exemplary in the discharge of every duty. We have seen the hardy youths of Catalonia crowding the decks of the Mediterranean steamers, returning cheerful from Rome, whither they had repaired, without scrip or purse, to obtain that ordination, which the banishment of their own bishops, or the doubtful jurisdiction of intruded administrators of vacant sees, or the prohibition of an infidel government, prevented their procuring at home. We have seen the bishops, driven from their churches by the revolutionary scourge, make themselves revered for their learning, their virtues, and their unflinching courage. In fine, we have seen many of the laity of Spain, and among them youths of birth and education, firmly attached to their religion, and zealously practising its obligations, when far from home. With such chance-evidences before us, as well as by pretty regular attention to the religious periodicals of that calumniated country, we have ever watched its religious crisis with an eye of hope; we have disbelieved, with unwavering constancy, the reports of all newspapers "own correspondents" (a race which, with some few honourable exceptions,* every continental government might with safe conscience banish); and have gleaned consolation and confidence from the remembrance of the issue of every great contest between Catholic principle and the tyranny of states.

It is our views of the result of this combat, and its accompanying storms and terrors, that we wish to lay before our readers: and, not only our views, but the grounds on which we have formed them. We may be naturally expected to say something, in the first instance, of the works before us, in reference to our subject. Two of them are by clergymen, representing the two poles of protestantism, the Anglican and the Scottish presbyterian. Each displays his qualification of Reverend on his title-

* In Lisbon several such may be found. But even there the case of the unfortunate Newspaper Reporter, Hughes, shews how much false information comes over from those writers.

page ; and each clearly intends his work to be the manifestation of gospel views, and of a holy horror of popery with regard to Spain. They express the triumph of self-contented private judgment over a Church and religion, which they can neither understand nor comprehend.

Our Anglican tourist sadly deceives us by his title-page—"Diary of Travels in France and Spain, chiefly in the year 1844." In reality, the "Travels in Spain" consist of a few days' excursion across the Pyrenees, as far as Pampeluna. In the preface to the work, we are carefully informed that the clerical character of the author is to be impressed on every page. He has travelled to make himself acquainted with the state of religion—the *Romish faith*—in France ; and, apparently, his "sense of responsibility for time, attention, and interest, attached to one occupying the position of a Minister," which forbade his having any other object on one side of the Pyrenees, would not allow a change of principle on the other. Now we will undertake to say that, on his return from both countries, he knew considerably less of what he went to learn, than he did when he started. For, really, ignorance is more akin to true knowledge, than false—positively false—notions are. A man, who knows nothing about Mussulmen, knows more than one who thinks them Christians. And Mr. Trench would truly have been better off for acquaintance with Catholics, had he remained in blissful ignorance at Freehills, than he is now, after carefully picking up so much nonsense and so much untruth in his travels in two countries. We do not mean to impeach his character ; for he really seems a most amiable, well-meaning gentleman. He dedicates his work to his wife ; and seems always easily pleased and satisfied—save, of course, where religion is concerned—and ever ready to see the fair side of men and things, except with respect to Popery. But, should any one turn to his pages, expecting to find the smallest imaginable amount of information respecting the religious condition of Spain or its people, he is doomed to inevitable disappointment. Mr. Trench thinks, no doubt, that he is discharging "the responsibility for time, attention, and interest, attached to one occupying the position of a Minister," by giving away Spanish testaments and tracts, as he travels through a small section of the country. Having distributed "those Testaments and a few tracts," he thinks he has ascertained that "facility now exists there

of *dispersing (sic) the Word of God!*" (vol. ii. p. 72.) But surely, we need not expect to learn much of the state of religion in that vast, and almost mysterious country, from the Diary of a Clergyman, however amiable, who thinks he is doing apostolic work, by driving into it a party of young ladies, in a pony phæton—even though the ponies were grey, and the phæton built by Mr. Cole of Fareham!*

The Presbyterian clergyman may be naturally expected to look with even less favour upon Catholic Spain. He is, indeed, "led to hope that he has one recommendation to the favour of a certain portion of the public, beyond what is possessed by the generality of tourists—viz.: that he has endeavoured to look on every thing *with the eye of a Minister of the Gospel of Christ.*" What this "eye" is, we are at a loss to discover; unless we are to judge from passages in his book, which we should be sorry to quote. Such is one in pp. 31, 32, which begins with a solemn appeal to the Deity, about the religious state of Spain, in these terms:

"O Lord, how long? How long wilt thou suffer tyranny and priesthood to exclude the gospel and *gospel ministers* (!) from this sinful land! Arise, Sun of Righteousness, with healing on thy wings!"

And goes on, after a few lines, in a strain of worldly levity, which would have secured to any Spanish clergyman, had he written it, suspension, or severe reprobation from his bishop. The "eye" of the "gospel minister" seems to have been directed to anything but spiritual objects. The whole passage, to us, is unspeakably disgusting.

Yet this gentleman, in his travels through Southern Spain, has, of course, his views on the state of religion there, and the means of improving it.

"Spain," he writes, "appears to be in a transition state. She has, to a certain extent, shaken off the yoke of popery, without getting any thing better in its place. On a country in this condition, how powerful might be the influence of a faithful and energetic Christian minister at Gibraltar, who should be disposed to assume

* We should have hardly noticed this work, but for its being no bad specimen of *surface travelling*, if we may use the term. As for its *Protestantism*, it is of the lowest class.

the aggressive as well as the defensive, to be a missionary as well as a pastor!"—*P.* 180.

Again :

"I have said that Spain is in a transition state. It is obvious, from the conversations I have had with those who are acquainted with the state of the country, that an important change in the religious views and character of the people is in process. This change had begun to show itself before the abolition of conventional establishments, and the recent appropriation of part of the patrimony of the Church. These innovations have, however, done much to shake the already tottering fabric of superstition, and to overthrow the already decaying influence of the Romish priesthood. No one can enter Spain now, without being struck with the discrepancy betwixt his preconceived notions of the superstitious reverence of the Spanish lower orders for the mummeries of Romanism, and the actual state of the fact. I am not acquainted with any part of Europe, in which Popery is acknowledged, where less reverence or devotion is to be observed among the common people in their religious ceremonies ; and it is notorious that many superstitious observances have now quite disappeared. Am I gratified at this ? I acknowledge that I am. Not that I am prepared to maintain that no religion at all is in itself better than Popery ; but because, while the influence of the priesthood over the minds of the people remained unimpaired, the introduction of the Bible generally into Spain was almost hopeless. A new era in the religious history of the Peninsula has begun. Spiritual despotism—the most dangerous enemy which the truth has to encounter—is no more ; and civil despotism is quite incapable of excluding the Bible entirely from the land. Now that the anathemas of the priesthood are disregarded, the people are eager to receive the word of God, and experience every where proves, that where a people are desirous of welcoming the light, not all the most stringent regulations of the most bigoted and tyrannical of despots, can keep them altogether in darkness."—*P.* 185.

His remedy is as beautiful as his premises.

"Wherefore, if the eye of the Christian tactician carefully surveys the hitherto impregnable defences of the Man of Sin in Spain, he will not fail to perceive that a wide and practicable breach is already made. Up then, soldiers of the Cross ! Eternal honour to the man, be he Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Wesleyan, or Independent, who shall first mount the breach with the sword of the Spirit in his hand ! Eternal honour to the man of God, who shall first preach the truth of Jesus in Madrid!"—*P.* 188.

Such is the information which a person desirous to know the religious condition of Spain, is likely to get from trav-

ellers who pretend to have expressly made it their study. Their own fanatical views are the medium through which they see, and there is not even an attempt at reasonable investigation. Mr. Robertson's notions and hopes on the subject are completely belied by facts alluded to by himself, to which we may have occasion later to refer. We shall certainly look no further into him for information.

The "Revelations of Spain" have a much more substantial claim to notice. They are the clever production of a person well acquainted with the late history, the social peculiarities, and the national characteristics of Spain. There is much vigour and much truth throughout the work. But, though it will be of use to us in many respects, it would be but a poor guide in our present research: for it is only incidentally and indirectly that the religious condition and prospects of Spain are mentioned. The author too is a protestant; and, though he is clearly fond of Spain and its people, it is useless to expect from him, or any such, access to many sources of information, which a Catholic alone can possibly reach, understand, or apply. The religious condition of any nation must be estimated by a variety of considerations. One, for instance, is the adherence of the people to the doctrines and practices of their faith, and the love which they feel for it. Now who but a Catholic can truly understand the relative value which these possess, and the scale of importance in which they stand? Is any but a Catholic likely to inspire the bishops or higher clergy with that confidence which will lead to their opening to him their knowledge of their people, their own struggles, their sufferings, their views, their hopes? and consequently make him able to estimate their learning, their zeal, their constancy, their patience, and their other qualities, in whatever measure they may possess them? Or, who again, but a Catholic, can appreciate the real value of the combat for principles which, like those of our own St. Thomas, a protestant can hardly understand? Yet, who will be able to measure the religious prospects of a nation, without an accurate acquaintance with the virtues or defects of its hierarchy? Who but a Catholic can get to the heart of a Catholic, especially when it is suffering from the pains inflicted by heresy and infidelity—when it is shut up from the scrutiny of all but bosom-friends, through the jealousies of perilous times? Who, but one recognized as a brother, will pene-

trate into more secret asylums of virtue and sorrow, and gain acquaintance with the hidden hopes which may lie stored up in the fervent prayer and silent patience of the cloistered spouses of the Lamb? Nay, how seldom can a protestant even come to know the feelings on this subject of those who will converse with him freely in society, upon politics or the topics of the day, but feel that there is no communion between them on matters of more conscientious interests?

It may be presumptuous in us to hope that we have succeeded in this difficult task; but at least we have endeavoured to do it. We have had opportunities of conversing with the prelates of that country, whether exiles, or in their sees, and with the administrators of more than one vacant church; we have sought the acquaintance of its ecclesiastics, and it has ripened into feelings of a more pleasing nature, with some distinguished for learning, virtue, and discernment: we have visited seminaries, colleges, and schools; have considered every institution of charity as deserving of minute inspection, and quite as noble a monument of a city's glory as the Alhambra, or Alcazar, and have been as interested explorers of the one as of the other; we have therefore spent hours in hospitals, asylums, orphanages, and workhouses, (if the name can be applied without profanation to the refuges of poverty and old age in Spain,) and other such establishments; and every where we have met with nothing but courtesy and a readiness to throw everything open. We have penetrated into the sacred recesses of many religious houses, and drawn both edification and hope from the virtues which we have there discovered. Finally, we have made the enquiry now before us, into the state of religion in Spain, our principal object while visiting the country under circumstances peculiarly favourable, which enabled us to converse with persons of all parties, of various professions, and of different ranks, and which put us on a footing of intimacy and familiar intercourse with many, both able and willing to give, or procure, us every information we desired.

It is the result of this investigation, so conducted, that we now proceed to lay before our Catholic readers, in hopes that it will interest them, as it has done ourselves. Our personal researches are indeed confined to the south of Spain; but our documentary evidence will extend over

the entire country: and we shall be most careful not to make a single statement without such authority, unless it be the result of personal observation. In placing these materials for consideration under the notice of our readers, it is far from being our intention to write a disquisition on our subject, or to give a methodical and argumentative treatise. We think we shall communicate our views much better in a more varied and discursive form, which may lead us into digressions, not perhaps always useless for our purpose.

I. We have already remarked, that it would be useless to attempt a judgment upon the religious position or prospects of a Catholic country, without some data whereby to judge of the actual condition of its hierarchy. But this one element clearly resolves itself into several distinct considerations. Thus, it is of importance to know, to what character of persons we have to look for the reorganization of the ecclesiastical system, the reestablishment of seminaries where suppressed, the reformation of abuses which must have crept into the Church during so long a period of anarchy, the rekindling of zeal which must in many places have grown cool, the restoration to canonical order of jurisdiction disordered by civil interference, and not least of all, the filling by new means, the terrible chasm which the suppression of religious communities has made, in the machinery for instructing, directing, and influencing the mass of the people. It is clear, that the physician must be skilful indeed, who has to reset the frame of which every limb and articulation is disjointed by the rack whereon it has been cruelly stretched, and to heal its many ulcers, and cure its aching head and its fainting heart. But beyond this, it is also of importance to know, to what extent the people are desirous of this treatment, or value the physician's art. For if *they* have no feeling on the subject, it is clear that his labour will be heavy, and comparatively fruitless. Moreover the government of the Church is so essential a part of her very being, that if a sense of its value be lost, we must fear that with it much else that is practically important will be gone. Thus, the just prizing of the sacrament of Confirmation would be perilled, where the episcopacy was undervalued; and conversely, the desire of that holy rite where it had been delayed, would form a test of the estimation which the

episcopal order itself enjoys. A Catholic alone will fully understand this reasoning.

We must own that every means within our reach, of judging of the episcopal body in Spain at the time of the late revolutions, and, consequently, of as much of it as yet survives, leads us to form a very high estimate of its worth. One simple fact will introduce the subject, and speak more than volumes. At the beginning of last year, of the sixty-two bishops who form the hierarchy of Spain, only twelve were left in their sees. Many no doubt had perished through natural causes and old age, not a few from the hardships to which they had been subjected; but a most honourably large number were in exile, either in other provinces, or beyond the confines of the kingdom. The government, usually called liberal, had, by arbitrary measures, got rid of the Church's noble defenders. For let us *in limine* express our strong conviction, that in revolutionary governments, none are so despotic as those which call themselves liberal, and if good people in England fancy that with the downfall of Espartero there was an overthrow of liberty, they are indeed mistaken. The London citizens who feasted him, and (unknowingly) the woman-murderer Nogueras, *quem secum attulit umbram*, and thought that thereby they were paying homage to the same spirit as gave England its constitution, would think very differently if they had in themselves a taste of his policy in government, and were turned over for a time, to the administration of a Mendizabel, and the tender mercies of a Zurbano.* Yet such are the idols of our liberals at home!

The treatment of the bishops is a tolerable evidence of these men's principles respecting personal liberty. A bishop, after all, was a citizen and a Spaniard; and, according to our old-fashioned prejudices, we cannot understand a government or minister unceremoniously sending

* It was indeed lamentable to see how the English press took part with the last desperate attempt of this wretched man to disturb the tranquillity of Spain. He was praised as the hope and salvation of the country. In Spain his character was better known. We are unwilling to believe the tales of sacrifice related of him; those of blood can hardly we fear be disputed. One anecdote, received from excellent authority, we will record. When Espartero put to death Diego Leon, Quiroga, Montes de Oca, and others, Galiano, now so well known as a statesman, was pursued to death by the murderous Zurbano. The mother of his intended victim presented herself to him, to entreat his compassion. The ruffian's answer was: "If I can take your son, all that I shall grudge will be the value of the powder and ball which it will take to shoot him."

away, without trial, into exile from home or country, any one entitled to constitutional protection. Yet such was the treatment of these venerable men. By what is called a “*providencia gubernativa*”—that is, an arbitrary order of the government—a bishop was commanded to depart forthwith to the place appointed for his banishment, and there to remain till further pleasure. And as all the revenues of the bishoprics had been seized, and the pensions allotted in their place were never paid, the exiled bishop, separated from the sympathies of his flock, was left to the charity of strangers, ignorant, probably, of his virtues and his wants. The pretences on which this treatment was inflicted were various. Some were banished for refusing to recognize the jurisdiction of an ecclesiastical junta or commission, created, and invested with authority in spiritual matters, by a government decree of April 22, 1834; some for resisting the prohibition issued to them to ordain their clergy; some for petitioning against the suppression of religious orders; others, again, for defending the property of the clergy; and all, finally, for refusing with horror to consent to the schismatical separation, contemplated by their civil rulers, from the Apostolic See.* Such were the crimes of the Spanish episcopacy—the crimes of our Saints Anselm, Thomas, and Edmund—the crimes which had sent into banishment before them, a Gregory VII. and a Pius VII. Had the English Church, at the unfortunate period of Henry the Eighth's reign, possessed a body of bishops as ready to suffer, and, consequently, as resolute in resisting, as the Spanish episcopacy has shown itself, we may doubt whether the faith would have been lost to our country as fatally as it was.

We cannot exactly state the number of bishops expelled

* *Pensamiento de la Nación*, vol. i. p. 25. As we shall often be indebted for valuable information to this excellent journal, we may be allowed to say a few words concerning it. Its first number appeared Feb. 7th, 1844, and it has continued to be published weekly, till the present time. It consists of 16 4to. pages, devoted to politics, (uniformly treated on great Catholic principles,) to religious and ecclesiastical intelligence, and to literary articles. Its tone is calm, moderate, and grave; its style pure and elegant; its sentiments noble and fervently religious. It seems to us the very model of an ecclesiastical journal. It is under the direction of Don Jaime Balmes, a young ecclesiastic, whose great abilities, extraordinary learning, sacred and profane, and devoted zeal to the cause of God and his church, form the admiration of all lovers of order and truth in Spain. Of some of his other works we hope to speak more at length in a future article; but we must here mention another periodical conducted by him, previously to, and with this, to which likewise we shall have occasion to refer. This is *La Sociedad*, in 8vo., of which the first number appeared at Barcelona, March 1st, 1843, and closed with the second volume, in September, 1844.

from their sees ; for we have no evidence within our reach, as to how many may have died in exile. But the number who have survived, and lived to be restored with honour to their sees, is not inconsiderable. On the 19th of January, 1844, the government, at the earnest petition of the clergy and people of Seville, addressed a note to the holy and venerable Cardinal Cienfuegos, Archbishop of that noble city, who had been in banishment at Alicante since February, 1836, most honourably recalling the decree of banishment, and inviting him to return to his affectionate flock. It must be observed that the order for his banishment had accused him of no fault—it would have been difficult, indeed, to have placed one on his sacred head : for he is a prelate whose virtues and amiable conduct had, and could have, no enemies. But the government of the day were about to suppress the religious orders ; and they knew that, mild and gentle as he was, he would never have consented to their iniquitous designs, but would have opposed them, as became a good shepherd. He was, therefore, to be removed ; and this was done by one of those *governative* or dictatorial *acts*, to which we have alluded. We shall have to return again to this excellent pastor. The same day a similar decree of recall was addressed to the Archbishop of Santiago. These measures of justice were soon followed by others of a similar character. In February and the following months, honourable invitations to return to their sees were sent to the Archbishop of Tarragona, to the Bishops of the Canaries, of Palencia, of Calahorra, of Placencia, and of Pampeluna, (who had passed his banishment at Pau) ; and either then, or soon after, to the Bishop of Ceuta. The Bishop of Minorca, D. Fr. Juan Antonio Diaz Merino, died in exile at Marseilles, on the 16th of April of the same year. A few days before his death, he wrote to a friend at Madrid to beg a small sum of money to defray his funeral expenses ; and soon after receiving it, he died in holy peace. All Marseilles bore witness to the virtues which shed honour and veneration around his exile. But of his character and life more just now. Nor must we overlook the cruel ignominy with which the aged and excellent bishop of Alcalá was treated. Although upwards of eighty years of age, he was banished, or rather transported, in 1837 to an African *presidio*, or prison-fort, where galley-slaves are detained, where even the water that is drunk must be brought from Spain, where the cli-

mate is pestilential, and where he would have none of the comforts necessary at his advanced age. But the public voice of condemnation obliged them to recall him, we believe after two years.

We have here three archbishops and eight bishops, in all eleven prelates, who have nobly borne banishment, many of them in an advanced age—and a banishment, be it remembered, aggravated by absolute destitution—rather than surrender to the wolf the sheep confided to their care, or an atom of that sacred deposit of truth, of discipline, or of religious practice, which had been committed to their custody. But though we are, at this moment, able only to record these few, the number is certainly much greater: for several had died in their banishment, before a happier era dawned on the Spanish Church. If there be any truth in the feelings which guided the ancient Church, when she prided herself upon having bishops, who, like St. Athanasius, St. Hilary, St. Chrysostom, or (to take the country of which we write) St. Fructuosus of Tarragona, or St. Eugenius of Toledo, were ready to suffer exile rather than yield one tittle to the enemies of the Church; and if she thought and felt herself strongest, when seemingly most oppressed (for *virtus in infirmitate perficitur*); nay, if the hopes of a Church may be calculated by the proportion in which we find the characteristics of the Good Shepherd, as given by our Lord, marked in its chief rulers, the Church of Spain has much to be proud of, and much to hope for, in an Episcopate which has so generously done its hard duty in such a crisis; and we may surely augur well of its future prospects, after it has produced, trained, and raised to dignity, so worthy a body of clergy. Nor can any set-off be well made on the other side. That some weak men may have been found in so large a number, who bent beneath the storm, is very possible. The only one who, to our knowledge, has publicly espoused the revolutionary principles, which have sent his brother bishops into banishment, is the bishop of Astorga. We have before us his pastoral, in which the authority of the state is made co-ordinate with, and even paramount to, that of the Church;* in which he is most anxious that his flock should learn to distinguish between the Head of the Church and the *King of Rome*† (a term which even Pistoja did not

**Pastoral del Obispo de Astorga.* (Aug. 6th, 1842.) Madrid, p. 12.

+ *Ibid.* p. 19.

venture to use), attributing to the latter the condemnation of a work by his uncle, Felix Amat, late Bishop of Palmyra*—a condemnation which he therefore pronounces to be of no value. Sincerely do we regret to have to mention this exception to the honourable bearing of the Spanish Episcopacy: but the very exception serves to put them in a fairer light. The Bishop of Astorga was made a member of the Senate.

Having spoken thus in general of the conduct of the Spanish Bishops in the days of trial which they have passed, we may be allowed, we trust, without infringing on any sacred feeling, to say a few words of some of them more particularly. Our object, in so doing, will be not merely to make their own characters known, but, likewise, to show the feelings of the people in their regard. The Bishop of Placencia had Cadiz assigned him for his place of banishment. Confined much to his bed by illness and suffering, we saw him labouring with his hands, together with his chaplains, for the poor, by making beads for distribution among them. He assured us that, during his six or seven years' exile, the charity of the faithful, on which he had to depend, had never failed him: and he spoke in terms of warm gratitude of the religious feelings of the inhabitants, who had ever treated him, though a stranger, with the utmost kindness and respect. The Bishop of the Canary Islands was, fortunately for the city, banished to Seville—we say, fortunately, for as the venerable Archbishop himself was in exile, this learned and exemplary prelate supplied, in part at least, his absence, by giving confirmation and orders there, by his delegation. Every one who has approached him must speak of him with regard and affection: feelings which such brief personal intercourse, as has been permitted to us by circumstances, entitle us to express in his regard. During his exile he published several works, which have excited general attention. But as an important controversy, respecting the course to be pursued in the ecclesiastical affairs of Spain, has arisen from them, or rather, as they may be considered as the exponent of the views of a large

* *Observaciones pacíficas sobre la potestad eclesiástica*, 3 vols. 4to. This work led to a long correspondence between its author and the apostolic Nuncio, afterwards Cardinal Giustiniani, and to its being condemned by the congregation of the *Index*. The Pastoral above referred to was likewise condemned. The bishop of Astorga defended both in his *Apología católica de las Observaciones pacíficas, &c.* Madrid, 1843.

portion of the Spanish Clergy, as to the best basis for the future settlement of ecclesiastical affairs, though warmly opposed by many others equally able and zealous, we will reserve a further notice of them to another section of our present undertaking. The Bishop of Canaries was summoned, during the course of last winter, to Madrid; and was there treated with the greatest consideration by the Government, and returned to Seville, on his way to his Diocese, full of hopes which have since been realized.

We have had occasion to mention the bishop of Minorca; and we flatter ourselves, that a few details of his character and life may not prove uninteresting; for they will serve to illustrate our position, that the hopes for Spain may be gathered from the character of her bishops. He was born at Iniesta, in New Castille; at the age of twelve he wrote Latin, both in prose and verse, with great ease and elegance; pursued his philosophical studies, with extraordinary success at Alcalá, and having entered the Dominican order at Toledo, was sent back to the same university to complete his theology. So much did he distinguish himself here, that he was soon named professor of that science in the university of Avila. During the French occupation of Spain, he retired to the Havannah, where he obtained, by public competition, a theological chair, and afterwards returning home, he held high offices in his order, particularly as prior of the celebrated convent of Our Lady of Atocha in Madrid. He became general of his order, and was consulted by many bishops in intricate affairs. He edited two large and important collections, the *Collection ecclesiastica*, and the *Biblioteca de la Religion*. No wonder that he was raised to the episcopal dignity, in the see of Minorca. Here he was the model of clergy and laity. His household was most exemplary, and he daily presided at its prayers. Every day before saying mass, he passed from two to three hours in meditation and preparation, making a severe examination of his conscience. As soon as he was raised to the episcopal dignity, he distributed all that he had to the poor, and always gave away at once, whatever came in, from even private sources. Beyond his episcopal robes, his dress was the plainest and coarsest; his table was plain, and its furniture the simplest; and during meals a pious book was read by one of his attendants. In the time of the cholera and of scarcity, he gave away every thing, and expressed

his determination to sell all the furniture of his palace, rather than that the poor should want. When visiting once at a house with a friend, he observed him looking towards a pile of gold lying upon the table, and eagerly said to him: "What are you looking at? That is dirt, nothing but dirt!" He was most affable, and accessible to all, most zealous for the beauty of God's house, but firm in repressing and correcting evil. When, therefore, he felt it his duty in 1837, to refuse consent to the irreligious measures of the government, he made up his mind to suffer every consequence. "I do not oppose these measures," he said to one of his canons who has recorded the conversation, "from political considerations, nor from opposition to the government. If other bishops come to different convictions, let them follow them. I have laid mine, as a bishop, before the government, and whatever sentence may be the result, I am resigned. Let them seize my temporalities, let them banish me, let them transport me—I will cheerfully submit, and make no other defence than patience." When the order came to him to quit the kingdom, and his beloved flock, he uttered not a word of complaint; but retired into France. Here he was soon reduced to absolute penury; the climate, to him severe, painfully affected his health; a cataract nearly deprived him of sight, and his hearing became very faint. But in all his sufferings he maintained the same cheerfulness of manner, and serenity of mind, patient and resigned for his Saviour's sake. Only the thought of his afflicted church, never absent from his heart, seemed to give him pain. At length serious illness attacked him; he eagerly desired to have the last sacred rites of the church administered to him; he received them full of faith and love. But first he solemnly declared that he left no enemy, that he pardoned all, and begged himself forgiveness from his flock, desiring that his diocese should be written to for this purpose. After having been thus strengthened and consoled, his attendants approached to wish him joy, and he received their congratulations with evident delight. "How do you feel now?" asked one of his faithful followers. "Ah!" he replied, "I am looking forward eagerly for the happy moment!" A few hours before his death, he asked for the picture of the Blessed Virgin, which hung over his poor bed, and as he pressed it to his lips, a stream of tears gushed from his eyes. At length he took leave of his con-

fessor, saying: "I go—I go to heaven!" and calmly in his seventy-second year, gave up his soul to his Creator. He died, as we have said, at Marseilles, on the 16th of April, last year. His funeral there was attended by a crowd of ecclesiastics and laity, anxious to bear witness to his holy life and death. The same took place at solemn obsequies performed for him at Toulon, Madrid, and Cadiz. But when his body reached Minorca, the affliction and veneration of the people knew no bounds—all felt they had lost a friend and father. His solemn obsequies were performed at Ciudadela, his episcopal residence, on the 14th of July.*

Such was the venerable prelate John Diaz Merino, one of those whom the liberal government of Spain banished from the kingdom, and considered an enemy. And thus, we may add, are there even at this day, bishops in the Catholic church, who lag not behind the ornaments and lights of ancient times, in learning, and holiness, and zeal. And with such to guide and rule it, surely no church need despair.

We cannot have better evidence of the manner in which the people of Spain know how to value their pastors, than the conduct of Seville in regard to its venerable cardinal archbishop. No sooner was the sentence of his banishment recalled, than the municipality of the city sent a deputation to Alicante, to entreat him to return again to his loving flock, which longed once more to receive his paternal benediction. The holy prelate, in reply, expressed his own most anxious and affectionate desire to be again among his children, but regretted that his health made it impossible for him to undertake so long a journey. A steamer was offered him to be placed at his disposal to come by sea; and when it was found that this was quite impracticable, it was proposed to bring him in a litter, borne on mens' shoulders, a distance of several hundred miles! Could attachment to a pastor, and fidelity to ecclesiastical government, show itself more strongly or more tenderly than this? But, alas! it was too late! Paralyzed in every limb, unable to do more than sign his name, and that in a manner scarcely legible (as more than one document before us, which we highly prize, couched in

* We have extracted these particulars from the funeral sermon preached on the occasion, by Dr. D. José Marqués y Gener, (*Sermon funebre, &c., Madrid, 1844.*)

terms of warmest friendship, too painfully show), but with his head clear and unembarrassed, he continues from that distance, to direct every important affair in his diocese, and dictates long letters, distinguished for their strong sense, and clear views, as well as for their piety and zeal. Having gained back, by suit against the exchequer, his diocesan seminary at Sanlucar, which had been seized with other ecclesiastical property, he sent to the administrator of the diocese, the full plan and regulation for its restoration. Well may his spiritual children pray, as did St. Martin's, that their master's sure reward may be yet delayed, that so they may have the consolation of enjoying his example and his guidance!

Hitherto we have spoken entirely of the banished prelates. But we must not altogether omit those whom Providence has reserved from this trial, for the comfort of their flocks. We will confine ourselves to one example. Between the packet which has borne the traveller to southern Spain, when moored in the middle of the bay of Cadiz, and the quay of that fairest of ocean-cities, it is not improbable that he may hear speak of its Bishop. It has so happened to us: the boatmen who rowed us ashore, mentioned his name with reverence. Nor will it be otherwise, if ever the stranger, struck with the enchanting beauty of the scene he is approaching, seizes naturally upon one of its most striking features. A magnificent bay, canopied over by a deep brilliant sky, that is reflected in broken masses on the ever-heaving waters, and stretching inwards towards San Fernando as far as the eye can clearly discern shipping, that looks more like one of Claude's creations than any thing to be seen in a northern climate, the one side closed in by low hills covered with a succession of villages of sparkling whiteness—Rota, Port St. Mary's, and Puerto Real, and on the other shut up by the beautiful city, rising like Venice from the very water, with its bold ramparts and its shady walks, its palace-like houses, and its myriads of towers, all as clear and fresh as if only just built,—such is the first view which a traveller has of Spain, on entering it from the south. But above the towers and domes of churches, he will see one preeminent in size and majesty of proportions; and if he ask what it is, he will be told that is the *new* Cathedral, and that the city owes it entirely to the present good and saintly bishop. Yes—strange as it may sound, while Spain has been convulsed

with revolutions, while all church property has been confiscated and alienated, while the clergy have been left to starve, and the people have been ground down by extraordinary exactions to support the war, while commerce has been extinguished in Cadiz,* and every species of distress has increased—this truly meek, gentle, and most amiable prelate has completed and embellished a spacious and noble cathedral, and that, as he himself assured us, without applying to a single individual for help, yet mainly by means of charitable contributions.

The old cathedral of Cadiz is but a poor and insignificant building, in form however resembling the Roman basilicas. At the period of the city's greatest prosperity, it was natural that a desire should be expressed to see it replaced by something more ample and magnificent. Accordingly in 1716 one of the canons proposed to the Chapter to undertake the erection of such an edifice, and his proposal was immediately acceded to. The preliminaries occupied several years, and it was not till the Feast of the Holy Name, Jan. 10, 1722, that the foundation-stone was solemnly laid. The canons gave up to the work their extra fees and tithes, as well as a stated portion of their incomes, many added munificent donations, as of course did the bishops; the city contributed magnificently, and the faithful assisted with their alms. But wars, disputes between architects, and difficulties about raising the imposts levied for the work, delayed and interrupted it, till at last it was entirely suspended in 1796. The appearance which the building presented from that time till 1832 was truly lamentable. Some portions were indeed groined over, but the nave was for the most part uncovered, the dome not built, the front only half-carried up, and the edifice itself unguarded and unprotected. As the carved work and marble of the walls had been built in from the beginning, the action of the weather, and especially of the spray from the sea close at hand, and the aggressions of every thoughtless or ill-disposed person, had gradually defaced and disfigured the building, and made it look

* Formerly there were eighty private carriages kept in Cadiz, now there are only two. This must not be, however, taken as a proof of distress, as it depends much on the simplicity of Spanish manners. But the trade of the Indies is departed from Cadiz, and the gold-bearing galleons no longer moor in her bay. Still there is no sign of decay about the city, nor are houses easily found untenanted. We are glad to see that several tokens of reviving activity have lately manifested themselves there.

more like the ruins of an old, than the beginning of a new, church. Then came war—and it was made use of for keeping stores, and so left at the mercy of an unreflecting soldiery. In fine, part of it was let for a wood-store, while the nave was used as a rope-walk.

Such was the condition of this noble building on which had been expended at least £.258,643 14s.* when D. Fr. Domingo de Silos Moreno was named Bishop of Cadiz, on the translation of his predecessor to the see of Seville, which he now so worthily occupies. And to the honour of the latter be it mentioned, that in 1819 he made every effort, but in vain, to rouse exertions in favour of the church. At this period, “When the cathedral shall be finished” was a proverbial expression in Cadiz, equivalent to the “Greek Calends.” Our excellent bishop was a Benedictine monk, distinguished for his piety, who had held situations of great labour and responsibility at Madrid, and elsewhere. He had been named to a colonial see, when the American revolutions broke out, and fortunately for Cadiz he was prevented from going to it. The consequence was, that after some delay, he was appointed to his present church. When he came to take formal possession on it, and entered for the first the old cathedral, his heart sunk within him. “I had seen,” so he expressed himself to us, “the magnificent minsters of every other part of Spain, and I said within myself: ‘My God! is this to be my spouse—this Thy chief temple here?’” He resolved it should not be; and having on his retiring home, communicated his feelings to some of the chapter, was somewhat consoled on hearing that there was another cathedral half-finished, though they held out no hopes of its ever being completed. He would not put off beyond next day to visit it; and having entered, resolved, in his heart, that it should be finished. This was in 1825, and it was not till 1832, that he was able to undertake the work. On the 6th of January in that year, a fire broke out among the timber kept in a chapel of the unfinished cathedral, which soon almost entirely destroyed it, and perfectly calcined all its marbles and ornamental work. The injury to the building was so great, that it was found necessary to take measures for the security of the rest. It seemed as if this accident aroused once more the enthusiasm of the public, and gave courage

* Or 24,829,796 *reals.*

to the venerable bishop to make known his long-cherished desires. He appointed a superintendant of the work, and named a commission to assist in carrying it on, and having for the first time taken the episcopal chair in chapter, proposed to that zealous and learned body the continuation of the building. He offered to devote to it every thing that he could spare from his own income, and to live with the strictest economy; and he has most certainly kept his word. The canons on their parts promised to contribute from their own incomes; and the municipality and chamber of commerce no less generously came forward with promises of assistance.

It was on the 23rd of October of that year, the feast of SS. Servandus and Germanus, patrons of the city, that the good shepherd communicated his pious intentions to his flock. His pastoral instruction on the occasion is, like his sermons, characteristically simple, straight-forward, and fatherly. Indeed his own description of his addresses, to us, is most correct. "I do not preach; I only talk to my people—they are my children, and I speak to them as a father." We cannot resist giving a translation of the beginning of this pastoral. There is no flourish of introduction, no round-about exciting of zeal, but it takes success for granted, and its means for sure. The good bishop plunges at once *in medias res*, as follows:

"With the liveliest pleasure and delight of our heart, we announce to you a great joy—one that must be such for all men, but particularly for you who are born in this beautiful city, or have the honour of belonging to it. The new Cathedral, that building rare and unique of its kind, for the admirable combination of architectural orders, and for the treasures of jaspers, marbles, and other precious stones that adorn it—that building, which having wrestled with earthquakes, and the storms of its neighbour the ocean, yet stands, parrying the blows of its terrible enemies, with no other defence than its own solidity—after the lapse of one hundred and ten years since it was commenced, and of thirty-eight at least since a single stone has been added to it—is going to be prepared for the celebration of Divine service, and for offering to the God of your fathers that worship which they wished to render, at the price of so much expense, and such great sacrifices. This is the joyful news which has to move your pious hearts, and make them bound with sweet and holy gladness, to see effected what your forefathers so anxiously desired, but could not see.....But to speak plainly: if in the days of this city's splendour and abundance, if in the days when streams of gold and silver ran through the streets of Cadiz,

this work, on which 30,000,000 of reals had been spent, could not be brought to a close, how can it be prudent even to think of finishing it, at a period when to ease has succeeded decay, and to riches penury, in this city worthy of a better fate?

Now, see in this, my dear children, the finger of God ; see the secret influences of His unfathomable dispositions."

He then proceeds to explain how he was inspired with this thought on the occasion of his first entering the old church ; and details the preliminary steps taken. After this he appeals, in the following words, to the charity of his people :

" But you will say, on what funds do you rely for so vast an undertaking, which must employ much time and many hands, in the great and delicate work of a Church such as our Cathedral ? Where shall we find capital sufficient to finish a building which has swallowed up so many millions (of reals), so that it shall be not unfit for His residence Who fills the universe ? Where ? In your fervent piety, beloved children, in your noble hearts, in your enlightened zeal, for the better worship of the Author of your being, the Master of your hearts, and the Saviour of your souls ! There we promise ourselves, that we shall find an inexhaustible source which will supply us with all that shall be necessary for us to enjoy the supreme happiness to which we aspire, of seeing the Tabernacle of the Lord completed."*

The good bishop then goes on to show the grounds of their duty to assist generously in the work, and encourages them, at some length, by examples from Holy Writ. He orders that chests be placed in the cathedral, and its three dependent parishes, for collecting alms for the building, and this, be it observed, was the only way in which the money was collected.

On Sunday the 11th of November, a solemn procession of the chapter and clergy, with the bishop at its head, and assisted by the civil authorities, proceeded from the old church to the new, where the bishop gave his solemn benediction to the work. The crowd was immense, and the good bishop, inspired by the occasion, addressed them in his own simple but feeling manner, more calculated to move them than any studied eloquence. " It would be folly," says a spectator, to whose narrative we owe our historical details, " to pretend to conjecture what were the thoughts of those who composed that vast assemblage, or

* *El Obispo de Cadiz a todos los naturales, vecinos y habitantes de la misma.* Cadiz 1832, pp. 3 and 10.

what were their sentiments as to the result of what was going to be undertaken: but we may safely believe that the prevailing feeling of all was that its completion was beyond hope, for so many powerful reasons palpable to all.”*

But in spite of incredulity, the work commenced. The bishop was alone treasurer, committee, and in fine the very soul of the undertaking. Though at times reduced to his last dollar, the work never ceased, and providence never failed him. His own means all went thither: his personal contributions amounted to £3960, a large sum which can have hardly left him enough to live upon. And the total sum collected (that included) between November 1832, and September 1843, amounted to no less than £22,444. And yet not a subscription-list was ever published, nor an organized system of collection followed.† We would ask if these facts do not speak volumes for the faith, the piety, and the generosity of the Catholics of Spain, even when many would have us believe, that these virtues have grown cold there and have almost disappeared? And do they not well establish the important position, that there is a close and affectionate sympathy between the pastors and their flocks, that the voice of the shepherd is still heard with docility by the sheep, and that an episcopal body containing such men is a guarantee to the hopes of any church?

On the 28th of November 1843, the bishop consecrated the church. The concourse was immense, and he could not resist addressing them. His sermon is before us, and it is truly eloquent, because every word proceeds unaffectedly from the heart.‡ But even since then he has continued his work. A splendid sacristy has been finished this year, and one of the lofty towers has nearly reached its completion. Whomsoever you ask in Cadiz about the cathedral, he will tell you it is entirely due to the bishop, and

* *Descripcion historico-artistica de la Catedral de Cadiz, por De Javier de Urrutia.* Cadiz, 1843, p. 137. The author of this interesting little work is a magistrate of the city, and an excellent amateur artist. He is engaged on a Panorama of Cadiz from the tower of the Cathedral, to be exhibited for its benefit. He makes over the profit of this work to the Bishop, towards whom he feels deep veneration and affection, as must every one who has had the pleasure of knowing him.

† We have been told that when he commenced the Tower, he had not above a shilling in hand. A few days before our last interview with this venerable prelate, some one had brought him 250 dollars, half of a prize won in the lottery.

‡ *Oracion que el Exmo e Ilmo, Señor D. Fr. de Silos Moreno, dijó celebrando de pontifical, &c.* Cadiz, 1838.

that without him it never would, or could, have been completed. All will tell you so, but one man; and that is the humble bishop himself: who, if you say a word to him about what he has done, will turn it off with a smiling “*Nada, nada!*! Not at all, not at all! I have done nothing at all. It is entirely God’s work: and all the honour belongs to him.” We must add the impartial testimony of an English protestant to the unanimous suffrage of the Catholic population of the city:

“The Cathedral of Cadiz,” says the author of the *Revelations of Spain*, “is finished inside, and nearly so without. It is a very noble structure, and of pure Grecian architecture. All within is jasper and the richest marbles. For the splendid aspect which it now presents, it is indebted almost entirely to the Bishop of the diocese, who has devoted all his funds for many years past, beyond what was necessary for a very moderate subsistence, to the noble purpose of completing this magnificent temple. With a zeal as intense as that which raised the parent Cathedrals of Europe, he has kindled sparks of the same fire in thousands of other bosoms, and is on the point of attaining a result, which not even the most sanguine anticipated, the final completion of the edifice. I am no advocate of the institution of celibacy, but when we see such pious monuments, and learn by what means they have been raised, we cannot fail to trace a wisdom in an unmarried clergy.” * * *

* * * * * This excellent prelate has consecrated and opened the temple for divine service, and the Academia Gaditana de Bellas Artes, has assisted in selecting its interior embellishments.”—pp. 191, 192.

In closing our account of this most worthy prelate, we are really afraid of one misgiving concerning him arising in any reader’s mind. If he is so distinguished for his zeal and virtues, how comes he to have escaped that proscription, which seems to have selected its victims from the episcopacy exactly by these very qualities? Our answer will justify all that we have said. The order for his banishment *was* made out. But a deputy for the city, upon hearing of it, waited on the minister who held it, and told him in few words, that “the cost of issuing it would be a revolution in Cadiz. The population would rise to a man, without distinction of party, to prevent the removal of their beloved bishop.”

If we have been prolix upon this portion of our subject, let it be remembered that we have few opportunities of learning much on the state of religion in Spain, and that

facts, bearing on the late and actual condition of its episcopal body, must throw much light upon the matter. But we have likewise wished (and we are far as yet from having satisfied our wish) to make somewhat known the cruel persecution which has been going on in a country so near us, from a party which we have chosen to consider as the friends of freedom, a persecution scarcely less unjust, violent, and unfeeling, than that of the Czar in Russia, or Minh-Menh in Cochin-china, yet which has hardly as yet enlisted our sympathies. And we have wished moreover to show that, wherever the Church of Christ is doomed to suffer, she has, prepared beforehand by an All-good Providence, confessors and martyrs equal to the trial. Nor has the Church of Spain been behind her duty, nor has she fallen below the exigencies of her position.

But there is another vexation connected with the want of bishops in their sees, putting the consciences of clergy and people to a severe trial, and calculated to manifest the sound principles and steadfast attachment of both to the faith, as well as the wicked designs of the late government of Spain. We allude to the intrusion of administrators into vacant bishoprics, in violation of canon law, and the supporting of their usurped authority by actual force.

The Catholic church has most minutely provided for the wants of a vacant see, by vesting in the Dean and Chapter the power and duty of naming a Vicar Capitular, with jurisdiction over the diocese *sede vacante*. There are many conditions attached to this power, a want of compliance with which renders the appointment, and consequently the jurisdictions null or doubtful, and communicates the same defect to all acts and minor authorities that have emanated from it. No one but a Catholic can well conceive the embarrassment to which consciences may be put by such a state of things, where the validity of most important sacraments, as penance and matrimony, may be rendered subject to cruelly anxious doubts. Now this has been the case in several instances, during the late vicissitudes of Spain; where the government has thrust into vacant sees, persons wholly unfit by character, and has either extorted the consent of the Chapter so as to render the election doubtful, or forced upon them a choice ipso facto null by common law. We have in several instances, collected on the spot the history of these painful outrages on law and conscience, and heard from the oppressed and

aggrieved clergy themselves, the full recital of their sufferings. But such information we forbear, for obvious reasons, to use, except where we can have recourse to documents printed and accessible to others, without breach of trust. We will, therefore, content ourselves with one or two public cases.

The unhappy church of Malaga seems particularly to claim our notice; because its sufferings in this regard, has been considered by the Father of the Faithful worthy of the notice and sympathy of the universal church; His holiness having made it the subject of his allocution in the Consistory, held March 1st, 1841. We will not enter into particulars respecting the first intrusion by the government, of a Vicar Capitular, upon the death of the last bishop, further than to say, that he was a Canon of the Cathedral, "*de corpore capituli*," as the Canon Law requires, and had at least that qualification more than his successor, of whom principally we have to speak; but that he was, as we shall have occasion to show, a man of suspicious orthodoxy, and of lax principles. His name was Manuel Ventura Gomez. He was educated in the suppressed University of Baeza, into which the works of Febronius and the doctrines of Pistoja had too fatally penetrated, and he clearly had brought away his share of them. He was afterwards obliged to leave the kingdom for his revolutionary doctrines, and came to England, where his name, if we mistake not, will be found figuring in the Reports of the Bible Society, of which he became an active member. Such was the man chosen by the liberal government of Catholic Spain, for dignity and rule. Nor is he the only refugee in England, who is governing the vacant bishoprics of that country. We shall see perhaps, just now, what sort of a theologian he was: suffice it to say, that in the spring of 1837, he vacated his office, exchanging it for that of Deputy to the Cortes for Jaen! and having been moreover named by the government to the vacant see of that city, he died suddenly. Upon his resignation, the Chapter elected their Dean as Vicar Capitular. How he disappeared from the scene, and made room for his successor, does not appear from any of the mass of documents before us, relative to the affairs of this church; but we believe we are not wrong in stating, that owing to his having acted according to the laws of the church, relative to the ordination of a young ecclesiastic, professed in the Fran-

ciscan order, and now an excellent zealous priest at Gibraltar, he was banished beyond the seas, and went to Lisbon, where he remained two years, with his benefice of course sequestered, though of late this has been a very nominal punishment.

To him succeeded the person whom the Government had thought proper to name as Bishop elect of Malaga, Dr. Valentine Ortigosa, Archdeacon of Carmona, and as such, Dignitary of the Cathedral of Seville—a name that will long be painfully remembered in the Church of Malaga. He seems in youth to have had his orthodoxy tried and found wanting. For in a speech made in his defence, on the 4th of February, 1839, by the late well-known Argüelles (whom it has been the fashion in England greatly to praise,* and whom the papers, on occasion of his death, commended as the model of statesmen for virtue and honesty, but who in Spain is known as the father of the *Encyclopedist*, or Gallo-infidel party), that statesman spoke of Ortigosa as one whose friendship he had made, when both were under trial before the Inquisition. Of his subsequent history we know nothing, further than that he was at Madrid, an active partisan of the revolutionary government, and engaged in public duties under it, when he was named Bishop elect of Malaga, by the ministry which he had served. That Government, regardless of the canon law, which forbids a bishop elect (or presented) to be Vicar Capitular, and enjoins that he should be one of the Chapter, acted upon the plan of recommending to Chapters, (*sede vacante*,) to choose for Vicars the very persons whom it had named for future Bishops over them. This was the case with regard to Ortigosa. By a royal order, dated October 7th, 1836, the Chapter was recommended to appoint him its Vicar.

The election, if it can be called such, took place on the 17th of the month, and presents the weak point in the history of the entire transactions, in every other respect so much to the credit of the clergy of Malaga. The Chapter unfortunately yielded to the dictation of power, and named him who was destined to be its scourge. "I do not undertake," writes one, who is now one of its brightest ornaments, but did not then belong to it, "to defend the

* See e. g. *Scenes and Adventures in Spain, from 1835 to 1840.* By Poco Mas. London: 1845. vol. i. 233.

Chapter of Malaga, nor to declare it innocent, or free from all responsibility. That venerable body will know how to defend itself, and to allege the reasons which impelled it to take such a step; but Malaga and the whole Diocese compassionate it. Well-known and public are the terrible circumstances in which it was situated on the 17th of October, 1836, when the election took place. Political convulsions had reduced them to a state of terror; *a few days before, the Junta directiva of the year had removed from their prebendal stalls, and banished from the city, twenty or more of the body, in one night, without any more trial or indictment than a simple official note, with the expression, ‘We have thought proper.’* The number of Chaptermen with votes was reduced to six, instead of being nineteen; and one half of those were newly come to this Church, and this happened to be the first election which they had attended. They saw themselves, moreover, invited by her Majesty, the Queen Regent, to elect you (Ortigosa), and had evidence before them of how the government, to carry its ends, had in other churches banished those who had evinced sufficient courage to refuse to obey similar invitations, because they thought them wrong. Can a chapter, composed of such elements, and placed in such circumstances, be considered as the Chapter of the Church of Malaga? For these reasons, undoubtedly, and for others, the whole people of Malaga is convinced that the act was null, and null whatever was granted by it, and all that springs and arises from it.”* Here is, indeed, a good specimen of the freedom left to the Church for the discharge of her most important functions, by the pretended champions of that cause.

There is more than enough in these facts to taint the entire proceedings, as occurring under *coaction* and undue influence. So that Don Valentine Ortigosa was clearly an intruder. He did not reach Malaga till the beginning of 1838, and was not many hours in possession of his usurped office, before he began to show his character. After swearing “to keep and fulfil and have observed the statutes and laudable customs of that holy Church, and the privileges and rights of the Chapter, and the honour of its

* *Respuesta a la Exposición del Sr. D. Valentín Ortigosa. Por un Católico Romano (D. Narciso Manuel García.) El Reparador. Ep. i. Tom. iii. Cu. iv. p. 61.*

individual members," his first act was, on the 11th of January, to appoint a layman, belonging to a secular tribunal, his official and private secretary, thereby superseding the one named from their own body by the Chapter, in accordance with immemorial usage; and thus violated both his sworn pledges, of observing all such customs, and of preserving the honour of individual members of the Chapter. This body most respectfully, but at the same time most firmly, protested against this usurpation of their rights, as well as against the appointment of a layman to an office which had to treat the most secret and delicate ecclesiastical and spiritual affairs. This remonstrance called for a long answer from the Bishop elect, and is the first of a series of documents, which bring before us the two most prominent features of his character, as marked in his writings—the most extraordinary arrogance, and the most startling Jansenism. Papal enactments are to him as so much waste paper; and he asserts the doctrine, which pervades all his other writings, that Bishops receive their authority in its fulness from the Church, by mere election or presentation, without confirmation from the Holy See. So that presentation by a *lay* sovereign is enough to communicate the plenitude of apostolic power, and of ecclesiastical jurisdiction! The Bishop elect immediately appealed to the civil authorities; the Chapter were thus compelled to throw themselves under the protection of the crown. Nothing, we believe, was gained; but, as usual, might triumphed over right.*

But it was not long before a far more serious cause of alarm and just indignation arose, from the conduct of this unhappy man. During the Vicariate of Ventura Gomez, a certain Francisco de Paula Fernandez, formerly professed in the Franciscan order, and consequently bound by vow to perpetual chastity, applied to him to be released from his vows, and permitted to marry. He pleaded their nullity, on the ground that when he took them he was not of the age required for valid profession by the Council of Trent, and that the certificate of baptism produced at his profession was not his, but that of a brother who died when one year old; and further, that he had not acted from free

* *Historia documentada de las desavenencias entre el Imno Cabildo de la S. Iglesia Catedral de Malaga, y sus Viciarios capitulares.* (Extracted from the *Vox de la Religion.*) Madrid, 1839, pp. 63-79.

choice, but under fear and compulsion from his brother already in the order. After stating these grounds, he proceeds to say (or is made to say) that dispensation from vows belongs essentially to the episcopal jurisdiction, because it belonged originally to the Apostles, the fulness of whose authority every bishop inherits; and that it was only through the false decretals of Isidore Mercator, and the dark ignorance of the Middle Ages, that this power was reserved to the Apostolic See. And as the Church admits no petition for declaring the religious profession null and void, unless presented within five years after it has been made, unless it can be shown that during such term application could not have been made, when the rights of *quinquennium* are restored, he applies to the Vicar for such restoration, and for the declaration of nullity. The Fiscal, or legal officer, whose duty it was to oppose the petition on behalf of the law, made a report in its favour, in which the most extraordinary theological doctrines are jumbled together with an equally gross perversion of facts. The result was, that the Vicar Capitular pronounced in favour of the appellant, and pronounced his religious vows null. This was on the 11th of March, 1837.

To him succeeded, as we have before stated, the Dean, elected Vicar by the Chapter. To him Fernandez applied for dispensation from the publication of banns; and he, not satisfied about the previous decision, whereon this new application was based (and which every sound Catholic would know at once to be invalid, as beyond the powers even of a bishop, much more of a Vicar), prudently consulted the Chapter on the subject. This body named a commission from its own members, to take the whole matter into consideration, and to report thereon. Their report is, in every way, a most admirable document; calm, grave, closely reasoned, and full of sound ecclesiastical learning. It begins by vindicating the course pursued by the Dean in consulting the Chapter; a step which had been blamed by some. It then, step by step, investigates the cause of Fernandez, analyzes minutely the decrees of the Church on such cases, shows that they are in full force and applicable here, and how they have been violated in every particular in this instance; and pronounces the judgment given to be nothing worth. It then examines the question of fact, as to whether proof was really given of the original invalidity of the vows. It traces out the insufficiency of

the evidence in some instances, and its doubtfulness in others ; the suppression of documents and witnesses most important for ascertaining the truth ; and the utter falsehood of many allegations. It enters into a full examination of the false and heretical principles on which the judgment is based, and solidly confutes them ; and concludes by declaring the solemn conviction of the commission, that Fernandez was still bound by his vow, and therefore not capable of contracting matrimony.

The petitioner acquiesced, and agreed to apply to the Holy See for relief : and a memorial to that effect was prepared, to be forwarded to Rome. At this conjuncture Ortigosa came to Malaga, and the ill-advised religious renewed his petition to him. The result was a long decision *motivée*, dated January 22nd, 1838, from the Vicar, consisting of sixteen heads, in which one hardly knows at which to be most astonished—his insulting trampling down of that body which he had sworn to honour, and holding them up to public disgrace, or the bold and open tone of defiance with which he strips the Sovereign Pontiff of his acknowledged rights ; and out-Herods Herod, going beyond even the worst disciples of the perfidious school of Jansenius. The Bull *Auctorem Fidei*, to whose censures he exposes himself in every paragraph, he seems to treat with perfect contempt ; and riding over every barrier which General Councils, Popes, or the very constitution of Christ's Church, have placed against the schismatical independence of particular bishops, and acting further on the clearly false principle that a Bishop elect has all the power of the Apostles themselves, he pronounces the vows invalid, grants the required dispensation, and orders the Curate of Casarabonela to marry the apostate. And not so content, he commands this insulting and heretical document to be read at the Offertory of the public Mass in that place.*

The consummation of this daring act of usurpation and iniquity filled all with indignation and disgust. It was not only the clergy who felt it ; but the people of the city and diocese cried out against it, and their voice was echoed throughout Spain. But another occasion, apparently more trifling, brought out the poison of Ortigosa's evil principles still more palpably. He applied to the Chapter on the

* The entire series of documents are in the same work, pp. 4—61.

subject of honours ; wishing to know what distinctions and pre-eminentces would be granted him in the chapter-house and choir of the cathedral. In the Church such matters are plainly defined, subject to the exemptions or usages of particular churches ; and in those of Spain every thing is most strictly and clearly established by long-standing custom. The Chapter again appointed a commission ; and, upon its report, replied to the Vicar, exactly informing him of what had been always done relative to persons in his position ; and what was the law of custom throughout all churches in Spain, and at Malaga in particular. This respectful answer was met by a most outrageous reply from him, as full of arrogance and of heresy as such a document could well be. After expressing his unworthiness of the post he occupies, in terms which can deceive no one, he proceeds as follows :

" But at the same time, (that the kindness of my brethren may take this into indulgent account), I must as frankly confess the weaknesses into which my genial constitution and character may most easily betray me. This is naturally active, energetic, resolute, constant ; and where, after reflection, I feel the call of duty, I am vehement, and perhaps often imprudent, as far as regards my own interests. Besides these qualities which will often make me fall into defects and errors, I am very tolerant and condescending ; I wish to learn from all the world : I acknowledge the superiority of every man who is accomplished in any thing ; I know nothing of pride or haughtiness ; and because I am not even subject to temptation from them, I ingenuously publish to the world my little fitness, my *unestimable* qualities, and even the humble place where I was born. There is only one happy thing which gives me joy in all the adversities of a laborious life, one which compensates them all ; never have I made myself an enemy, because I cannot be any one's enemy, nor can any one be mine.....Coming now to the question, I beg to tell the chapter, that penetrated with the thought of what the episcopacy is, and of the degradation to which it has been brought down by the misfortune of our times, and having made a profound study of the authentic monuments of the primitive Church, monuments quite forgotten and unknown by the majority of people, and possessed, moreover, by an ardent desire to labour for the restoration of its high privileges, now that important circumstances of great future interest to the poor Church of Spain, so critically situated, require it, I feel myself impelled by an instinct of conscience to enter into this discussion, that so we may mutually enlighten one another, and the entire world ; and not being swayed by the spirit of either the ultramontane or the cисalpine school, by impracticable philosophical Jansenism, by abominable,

gross, and hypocritical Jesuitism, nor by a collection of irrelevant doctrines based on contested principles, let us fix the following ones, which are essential.....For our decisions, are useless, the tedious annoyances and perplexities of the trivial doctrines respecting benefices, (for a bishopric, without coming down to the ridiculous, cannot be called a benefice :) as are tiresome quotations from the Decrees of the Congregation of Rites, or the repeated calling to mind of pernicious formulas invented in modern times, and given to swear without deliberation or mature examination.....or the quibbles and arbitrary interpretations of a subtle scholasticism," &c.*

After this modest preamble, which we have quoted to show the character of an Esparteran bishop elect, Ortigosa goes on to lecture the chapter on his rights, claiming all and every honour due to a bishop canonically confirmed and consecrated, and denying that he owes anything to them, to the Pope, or to any one else.

This was on the 2nd of February, 1838. Now as Ortigosa in all these matters had not sought concealment, but had made his most uncatholic notions ostentatiously public, the chapter could no longer permit the scandal to continue. Recourse to Rome was impossible, and therefore the canonical step of denouncing his writings to the Metropolitan, the Archbishop of Seville, as unorthodox, and putting him on his trial, was adopted. The Government, to Ortigosa's evident disgust, did not wish to interpose in a matter purely ecclesiastical and spiritual, and the Minister of Grace and Justice, directed him, by a note dated July 27, 1838, to proceed to Seville and submit himself to the cognizance of the tribunal of the Governor or Administrator of the Archbpisopric, during the Cardinal's exile. Illness, real or pretended, detained him till next spring, when at last he proceeded to Seville. But in the preceding autumn, he addressed a pastoral to the clergy and laity of the diocese, in which he pathetically told them that he was going in obedience to the order of the Government, "which is paramount." In his usual boastful tone he says: "I go with the tranquillity which is secured to me by my incorruptible faith, and my pure and examined conscience. There, as everywhere else, most willingly before every faithful Christian, before friends, and more firmly still be-

* Ibid. p. 87. Also in a separate publication of Ortigosa's, alluded to lower in the text, printed at Malaga, September, 1838, without title, p. 9.

fore enemies, I will make profession of that faith which I received at baptism, and had strengthened by the grace of God in confirmation.....I hope to defend myself like an Athanasius, and to come forth triumphant, from this combat, into which I have been so treacherously entrapped. Nor do I shrink from this contest to which I am challenged; to which, oh! that I could obtain from Her Majesty power to bring my accusers; that in some vast temple, in presence of the faithful, might be exhibited the representation of the contest of Carthage, as it took place between St. Augustine and the Donatists.”* With this boastful leave-taking he sent a copy of all his obnoxious and offensive writings, to which he thus gave new publicity.† We need not add that in his pastoral he heaped every opprobrious epithet on the chapter and all that composed it, calling them “hypocrites and enemies of the national liberties, of the public peace, and cause, and of Isabella II.,” and attributing their conduct to “mortified vanity, venomous envy, desire of revenge, and pharisaical zeal.”‡

But all this braggart spirit seems to have evaporated, when the hour of trial came. The St. Athanasius melted within him, the St. Augustine was struck dumb: his desire to make profession of faith before enemies oozed out at his finger’s end, and the very sight of the archiepiscopal audience-chamber, and of the necessary preparations for the investigation, terrified his “active, energetic, resolute, constant character;” he threw himself behind the shield of the State, and appealed to the civil power to rescue him from the ecclesiastical tribunal. The civil power, anxious at once to gain any triumph over the Church, and to serve and save its own child and faithful partizan, its intruded bishop elect, interposed its authority through the organ of the *Audience* or tribunal of Seville, forbade the governor of the diocese to proceed, and severely reprimanded him and his assessors, for presuming to do that

* Printed on a fly-sheet, without title, p. 2.

+ Document quoted in note *, p. 404.

‡ These flowers of pastoral eloquence, which abound in Ortigosa’s writings, have been carefully culled, and united in a precious nosegay, by D. Manuel de Jesus Carmona, of the Chapel Royal, at Seville, professor in the University of that city. *Examen critico-teológico-canónico de los escritos publicados por el Sr. D. Val. Ortigosa.* Tom. ii. Sev. 1841, p. 7. We regret that this second volume does not go beyond p. 48. It exposes many untruths respecting the trial, in Ortigosa’s account.

which the Minister of Grace and Justice had sanctioned. This order was issued on the 24th of April, 1839, and excited the astonishment and indignation of all sensible persons in Spain,* and led to the perplexing conclusion that in Catholic constitutional Spain, there was no longer any authority competent to examine into the orthodoxy of a public ecclesiastical teacher.†

But this falling back from all his professions, and this insult on ecclesiastical jurisdiction, was so far from being considered by Ortigosa a disgrace, that he made it the subject of another boastful pastoral to the clergy and laity, in which he considers it a triumph, and describes himself as having copied St. Paul when he appealed to Cæsar, and pleaded his citizenship in bar of being scourged! “My constancy and my resignation to suffering,” he writes, “mortified my persecutors; and at the end they ruined themselves by their impatience, and suddenly all their artifices were brought to nought. Confounded they hide themselves and fly—not from me, who have done them nothing: nor could my character, though strongly energetic, yet peaceful and Christian, have inspired them with terror, but they fly from their own consciences, &c.”† He further published a review of the proceedings, characterised by all the peculiar graces observable in his other writings.‡ But the contest had now acquired an interest, beyond the local one which the events that had provoked it could possess—it was no longer the cause of the Chapter of Malaga, but interested the cause of religion and orthodoxy in the Church of Spain. There appeared at Seville the “First Letter of a faithful Andalucian,” which was soon reprinted at Malaga; in which there is a mixture of that quiet polished humour for which the Spaniards seem to have a peculiar turn, and of sound sense and principle. From it we learn another important item for appreciating the bishop elect’s character—that not even in the miserable sophisms and weak facts put together by him in his unorthodox writings, can he glory,

* See the *Piloto*, 30 Ap. of that year.

+ *Respuesta a la Esposicion*, &c. p. 66.

‡ Printed on a fly-sheet, without title, p. 1.

§ *Examen del procedimiento ilegal del Gobernador del Arzobispado de Sevilla, a que ha dado lugar la denuncia anticanonica del Cabildo eclesiastico de Malaga, contra los escritos de D. V. Ortigosa.* Seville, 1839.

as in his own; for that he has servilely copied them from a paper by Sr. Abad y Queipo, bishop elect of Mechoacan in America, his friend; which writing was placed on the index of forbidden books by Pope Leo XII. in 1820.* So that they are not very choice feathers with which he has choosen to deck himself out! But he was more closely pursued, and more scientifically handled in another work by one of the professors of canon law in the university of Seville, D. Manuel Carmona, the first volume of whose acute and learned "Examination of Ortigosa's writings" was compiled at the request of his scholars, anxious to have a guide in the intricate controversy which had arisen. In it he goes fully into the positions of the bishop elect, respecting the jurisdiction of persons in his situation, and solidly confutes the flimsy arguments employed by him.†

Ortigosa thus escaped from censures to commit new ravages in the church of Malaga. We cannot pretend to follow him through his tyrannical and oppressive acts; we have rather dwelt on those which involve principles. But he insulted his chapter and tried to bring them into odium with the people, on occasion of the solemnities of Corpus Christi;‡ he got several of that body arrested and put into confinement; the good and most exemplary Fathers of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, the Vicar of Velez, and a beneficed clergyman of the same city, the Vicars of Archidona and of Olvera, the parish priests of Zafaraya, of Coin, of Alcalà del Valle, of Montejaque, and Tolox, and we believe many other places, were brought to trial by him, or otherwise cruelly oppressed; so that some of those towns were excited to the highest pitch, and almost to insurrection. But by the aid of the civil power, he rode triumphant over the necks of all, and defied every feeling of public indignation and horror.§

Yet his crowning work of insolence was not accomplished. His iniquities and excesses could not remain concealed from the watchful eye of the chief pastor, whose

* *Carta primera de un Fiel Andaluz, en que se contesta al libelo publicado por el Sr D. V. Ortigosa.* Seville and Malaga, 1839. pp. 7 and 26.

+ *Exam critico-teologico-canonicus,* tom. i.

‡ *Historia documentada,* pp. 99—121.

§ See the *Carta de la Malaguena*, or Letter of a Malaguese woman to Ortigosa. *Reparador.* Ep. i. tom. iii. Cuad. 14. p. 89. If this be really the production of a woman, she is one of no common spirit and intelligence.

vigilance overlooks no oppressed or desolate church. The sovereign Pontiff, whose energetic voice had made a Ferdinand and a Nicholas writhe on their royal and imperial thrones, made the Catholic earth to ring with the sorrows of this afflicted church, which had fully paid for its first act of weakness, and raised a universal cry of abhorrence against its tyrant. On the first of March, 1841, His holiness Pope Gregory XVI. in a private consistory, addressed the assembled Cardinals on the miserable state of oppression of the church of Malaga, and on the conduct of its pretended pastor. To this Ortigosa replied in a tone of insult, which we believe has never been equalled, certainly has never been surpassed, since the days of Luther. He affects to believe that it must be a forgery, pretends to distinguish what are the Pope's sentiments in it, from what has been put into his mouth by treacherous compilers, "extorted," as he repeatedly says, "from his venerable old age," abusing the venerable name of the sovereign Pontiff; accuses him of oppression and injustice against "the humblest of priests," and cites him to answer for his allocution before the judgment-seat of God!* For this insolence he was well chastised in many publications, several of which we have had occasion to cite, as well as in loose sheets, and newspaper articles now before us.

But from this time we may date his downfall. Shunned by every one, clergy and laity, at last without even a party to support him, stripped of his usurped office of Vicar, no longer Bishop elect, he was lately annoying the Chapter from his retirement at Madrid, through government applications respecting his income. What has since become of him we know not. We only wish him time, and still more, grace, to repent of his past injustices, that he meet not the judgment of his fellows.† For Spain, with its feelings so thoroughly Catholic, has observed with awe how other such Bishops elect have fared. We have mentioned the sudden and unprovided death of his predecessor in the scandals of Malaga, the biblical Ventura Gomez, Elect of Jaen; D. Mariano Rica, Elect of Cuenca, shared the same fate, falling down dead, and his secretary

* *Esposicion del Ilmo Sr D. V. Ortigosa.....dirigida a Ntro. Smo. Padre Gregorio XVI.* Malaga, 1841.

†. We have heard that he has since addressed a most humble and submissive letter of retraction to the Pope. God grant this may be true!

Don T. Romea, followed him similarly within a fortnight. A like end overtook D. F. Martinez de Velasco, likewise Elect of Jaen. We believe that other examples could be quoted. Far be it from us to presume to penetrate into the unsearchable judgments of God: but such a number of similar results in similar cases, cannot fail to impress the mind with fear.

We have before seen the character and conduct of the true bishops of the Spanish Church; their courage, their patience, their piety, their zeal, and their devotion to their flocks. We have seen every character of the Good Shepherd imprinted in their lives. We have seen, likewise, the men whom the *liberal* Government would have put into their places. If a character could be made up of the hireling and the wolf, we should have no bad description of their conduct:—weak enough to deliver over every sacred right to the rapacity of an irreligious government, that seeks to tear and spoil, but with strength enough and fangs enough, themselves to worry and to destroy. Of the people we can say that, in this instance at least, they knew and did their duty. From the high magistrate to the tradesman, we found not one who took the intruder's part, or sympathised with him. They saw, they knew instinctively the difference between him and a true Bishop of God's Church. However he may have for a time deceived any of them, he soon gave the lie to his own pompous statement, that he was incapable of being, or of making, an enemy. In the unchristian sense of the word, we hope it may be so. But that in Malaga he has left no partizan, none that would defend his conduct, we feel very confident. Nay, we are sure that there are persons there, most estimable for their virtues and acquirements, who would not have an enemy in this world, but who would fly from him, on his return to the city (should such an event occur), as they would from a plague.

Other instances of the perplexities and torture of conscience produced by the interference, or undue influence, of late governments, in the administration of vacant dioceses, are to be found in other parts of Spain; and the course pursued by the present moderate party in power, presents a gratifying contrast with that of their predecessors. It has consisted in refraining from all actual interference, but advising, or at least freely permitting, the

parties to follow the line of conduct which duty and conscience naturally suggested.

Thus, in the Diocese of Osma, there was great anxiety of mind on account of the illegality of the diocesan governor, Sr. Campuzano; in consequence of which, after the overthrow of Espartero, the chapter applied to the government for permission to lay the case before the Holy See, and obtain from it a remedy. The ecclesiastical governor, feeling himself the doubts which agitated others, applied likewise to be allowed to resign. Sr. Mayans, the minister of grace and justice, immediately took the straight-forward course of replying to him, that it did not belong to the government of her Majesty to grant such permission; but that, "if there was agitation and disturbance of consciences, it would be beneficial to the State and the Church, and gratifying to her Majesty the Queen, if he did resign." He accordingly did so, in May of last year; and thus peace was restored, as the Chapter was left to the free, unembarrassed, and unbiassed exercise of its rights in a new election.*

The Diocese of Guadix was lately, and may be yet, in a similar embarrassment. The Chapter, on the death of the last Bishop in September, 1840, unanimously elected as Vicar Capitular, Dr. Joaquin de Villena; and the choice was approved by the Government, in May of the following year. On the 28th of August, the *Gefe político*, or civil governor of the province of Granada, in which Guadix is situated, thought proper to order a protest or manifesto against the Pope's allocution of March the 1st, to be read in all churches, on three successive festivals. The Vicar, as in duty bound, opposed this measure, both in substance and in form. He was immediately proceeded against; and on the night of the 21st September was put under arrest in his own house, and then ordered to consider himself as committed to prison. Being thus under hindrance from discharge of his office, he canonically informed the Chapter to that effect, and it proceeded at once to name a Vicar, till the impediment should be removed—since, according to canon law, he could not be otherwise replaced. D. Isidoro Cepero y Torres was so elected. In the mean time the action against the Vicar proceeded, and he was condemned, on the 22nd of July, 1842, to four years' ba-

* *Pensamiento de la Nacion.* Tom. i. p. 233.

nishment from the Diocese ! Such has been the treatment of hundreds of ecclesiastics, under Espartero's liberal government ! On the 2nd of June, last year, this unjust sentence was reversed, and he returned to Guadix. But doubts had now arisen as to the rights of the two Vicars, and opinions were divided as to which was truly in office.* How the affair has ended, we know not ; but it is a melancholy instance of the trouble and misery entailed upon the unjust and oppressive interference of the secular power in matters ecclesiastic, as well as of what a diocesan ruler has had to suffer, if he boldly discharged his duty.

But no church in Spain has been more a prey to the evils of uncertain jurisdiction, or has more claimed public attention in that country on this account, than the Metropolitan See of Toledo ; under whose jurisdiction Madrid is situated. The See fell vacant by the demise of Cardinal Inguanzo, in January, 1836. The government of the Arch-diocese was bestowed first on Sr. Valleja, and after him on Sr. Gonfalguer. But serious doubts all along existed, as to the canonicity of the elections of either. What undue influence may have been used over the Chapter to constrain election, is not accurately known ; but in the entire diocese there was uneasiness and insecurity. Nor could we have a better proof of the sensitiveness of the people to the question of lawful jurisdiction, and the legitimacy of those who pretend to hold it. For nothing could be more marked than the feelings of all classes in regard to Gonfalguer. In Madrid he was shunned, and left completely isolated : all sorts of means were employed to avoid having recourse to his jurisdiction, or for supplying its supposed defect. Parties wishing to marry, went to establish a domicile elsewhere to escape danger ; and many were kept from the sacraments, even at Easter, from fear of receiving them in virtue of doubtful faculties conferred by him.†

At length, when the pressure of "the Regent's" government was removed, these suppressed murmurs broke out into open remonstrances, and calls for redress. In May, 1844, all the clergy of the Archipresbytery of Uceda addressed a firm and yet most temperate memorial, to the

* *Pensamiento de la Nacion*, p. 582.

† Memorial of the clergy of Madrid. *Pensamiento*, p. 408. See p. 310.
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Dean and Chapter of Toledo, expressive of their feelings of doubt and uneasiness, and begging that the matter might be referred to the Holy See for final decision. In the following month the *Ayuntamiento* or corporation of Humanes respectfully addressed the queen on the same subject, seeing that, their parish priest being dead, and the administrator who had succeeded him being very infirm, no priest could be found to undertake the spiritual care of the place, under so doubtful a jurisdiction. In the same month, all the clergy of the district of Guadalajara signed a similar petition to have the matter referred to the decision of the Sovereign Pontiff. In July the entire body of the clergy of Madrid presented a petition to the same effect to the dean and chapter. These and many other similar remonstrances had at length their effect. Gonfaloguer resigned his situation in November last, and left the chapter at liberty to make new and canonical arrangements.

Nor must it be thought that this had been merely a conflict of words or opinions. The usurped power of the vicar was, as in other instances, supported by violence, and by the persecution of every worthy ecclesiastic whose duty brought him into conflict with his assumed jurisdiction. As late as April last year, Gonfaloguer's vicar at Alcázar, D. Mariano de la Peña wrote to Father Pantoja at Villacanas, desiring him to accept additional faculties, to absolve from the reserved case of not having complied with the paschal duty of communion, faculties derived directly from the bishop or his substitute: to communicate the same to another religious already, like himself, in possession of ordinary (legitimate) faculties, and to order three other priests not furnished with these, to present themselves within three days at his office, and take out permission to preach and hear confessions. To this the worthy priest replied, that having called together the ex-religious mentioned, they one and all declined either making use of the extraordinary, or taking out the ordinary, faculties offered to them, because either must depend for their validity on the lawfulness of the power which delegates them. Now this they considered in the present case doubtful: and every one knows that it is not lawful to employ such doubtful authority in the administration of the sacraments. In other respects, he observes for himself, that though seventy years of age, almost blind, afflicted with a

troublesome habitual cattarrh, and other grievous infirmities, he is willing to labour all day, as he has done till now, in the confessional.

Here is a clear case in which the delicacy of conscientious feelings ought surely to have been respected. If a person of upright character, so far esteemed by the opposite party (if we may use the term) as to be called forward by it to receive new and important trusts, declines from scruples which do him honour, and show only how worthy he is of confidence, his motives and conduct ought to entitle him to regard. But instead of this, on the 4th of May, an officer is sent to the houses of all these priests, and of two others who have acted similarly, to seize, examine, register, and seal up all their papers and correspondence, and oblige them to present themselves before the vicar in three days, with all their ecclesiastical faculties and licenses. This they are compelled to do, and though they are treated with courtesy, they are obliged to deliver up these faculties, and so in reality to go back with the censure of suspension put upon them, though they are permitted to use their faculties till Gonfalquer shall have further decided. Thus are seven respectable ecclesiastics wantonly treated like conspirators or suspected thieves, have their houses ransacked, their papers examined, are marched off to a distance, and return degraded and punished, as far as lies in their oppressor's power.*

We hope we have not tired our readers by our lengthened statements respecting the condition of the Episcopacy, or its substituted authorities, in Spain. We have sought rather to condense than to enlarge; but we trust we have produced enough to show how highly respectable and venerable a body the true episcopacy of Spain lately was, and, so far as it survives the revolutionary deluge, yet is, and how much we may hope from its restoration to

* *Pensam.* p. 233. Even local governments imitated the anti-religious course of their masters. In October, 1840, the *Junta gubernativa*, (or Governing Committee,) of Xeres de la Frontera, deposed several parish priests, and named their successors, with no other formality than a note to the following effect: "Governing Committee. This Committee, in its meeting of to-day, has agreed to suspend you from being Rector, ad interim, for _____, and has named in your place the Rev. _____, to whom you will immediately deliver your charge, acknowledging the receipt of this order, and certifying its execution. Your's, &c., Xeres, Oct. 20th, 1840. M. Sanchez Silva, F. C. Ruiz." A little sheet, "Reflexiones, &c." by F. P. D. [Francisco Palomino Dominguez, Curate of St. Michael's,] showed briefly how the appointed successor would be an intruder, and schismatical, and his acts null. But we may naturally ask, "Quid Domini facient audent cum talia fures?"

vigour and activity, by the filling up of its vacancies, the restoration to it of decent means at least, and the support and direction of the Holy See. In fact as far as we know of proposed nominations for vacant sees, they seem to promise most favourable prospects for the Church of Spain. Among old nominations which have remained suspended by the revolution, but which we hope to see renewed, (having had means of forming a judgment about them, whether from personal acquaintance or from trustworthy reports), are those of D. Juan Cholvis, Archpriest of Malaga, Elect of Almeria, and D. Antonio Lao, Abbot of the Collegiate of Our Saviour, at Granada, Elect of Segorbe. The present Administrator of the Archdiocese of Seville, is spoken of as proposed for the afflicted church of Malaga (Ortigosa being set aside), and he, no doubt, will heal its sores, and console its afflictions, by the prudent and zealous sway of which he has already given proof; while as successor to the saintly bishop of Minorca is named Sr. Cascallano, dignitary of the cathedral of Cordova, eminent as a preacher, distinguished for his learning and no less for his virtues, and one whose affable manners and amiable character will not fail to win the hearts of his clergy and flock. Of these supposed nominations we have but just heard, and we earnestly pray they may prove true.

But we trust that the facts which we have brought together, will likewise help to demonstrate that the people are not indifferent either to the virtues of their true pastors, or to the dangers arising from false ones. They have seen the difference between a bishop duly appointed, and selected by a Catholic government with confirmation from the chief pastor of the church, and the false shepherds, chosen for political subserviency and lax maxims, to fill their places, and to afflict their flocks.* They know the importance of a true mission—they know too the sacredness of the episcopal character. When the Bishop of the Canary Islands visited the celebrated tobacco manufactory at Seville, and entered the immense room in

* Even the author of the "Revelations of Spain," marks the great difference between the old and the constitutional clergy of Spain. "I speak," he writes, "of the class of zealous clergymen, who, though often ignorant to the last degree, are wedded to the altar, and weaned from the world: not of the constitutional clergy, who are for the most part mere politicians, and place-hunters, and have few of the virtues, and none of the enthusiasm which adorn the clerical character." Vol. i. p. 353.

which a thousand women are engaged in cigar-making, the entire place was in commotion and disorder. All rushed towards him to kiss his episcopal ring and receive his benediction ; nor was it easy to restore order. And we have ourselves witnessed similar scenes, both in smaller provincial towns, and in larger cities. We have seen a bishop, though a stranger, so soon as recognized, surrounded by a crowd which it required some gentle violence to penetrate—the churches, which he visited at chance-hours, filled as if by magic in an instant, and even the very street, if he went on foot from one to another, literally blocked up, by the people who left their shops and their work to show their respect. Beads held out to be blessed, indulgences requested, blessings and prayers implored, expressions and tokens of affectionate respect lavished on every side, nay more, tearful eyes and the question again and again asked—“When shall *we* have a bishop ? Why will not you stay with *us*?”—these were proofs which we have again and again had, that the Spanish people—yes the people, the poor, the ignorant, the simple-hearted, believing people of Spain,—know the full value of true and legitimate church government, have truly felt its loss, and will willingly obey their lawful bishops, when it shall please the Almighty to restore them.

Nor must we close this portion of our subject, without saying a few words on another motive which they have to love them. It has been fashionable to speak of the enormous wealth of the Spanish bishoprics. But few have taken the trouble to enquire or to report what has been done, yea and what has not been done with that wealth, exaggerated as it has been. We have had some instances before us in the foregoing pages. But if a traveller would note down, over the whole Peninsula, every great work either of magnificence or of public utility (not that the first does not contain the second) which is due to the unassisted generosity of bishops, he would form a list that would not easily be rivalled here, by works executed by parliamentary grants, from the taxes of the people. Ask who built and endowed the sumptuous hospital, or orphan-house ? and you will be told, such a bishop ; who constructed the aqueduct which supplies the city, before unwholesomely provided, with water ? and you will be answered such another bishop ; who founded the college for the education of the laity, or the seminary for the

training of ecclesiastics? and it is still a bishop. Look at those magnificent chapels in the cathedrals of Malaga, Cordova, or Granada, and any other place, which must have given work and perhaps inspiration to artists, have brought out from the neighbouring Sierra its marbles and precious stones, hidden almost till then, and form national monuments of good taste and genius! A bishop in every instance. And it is still easier to enumerate the uses to which episcopal revenues in Spain have not been, and are not, applied. They are not employed in enriching families, or setting them up in the world: the family of a Catholic bishop is the poor. Nor will the wealth of the bishops be discovered in their houses. For the traveller will be strangely disappointed, who expects to find magnificence in the episcopal palaces of Spain. The remark of a minister of state, lately visiting the vast palace at Seville, was most correct: "I expected to see a palace, but I find a place more like a barrack." Long corridors with plain white-washed cells for the dwelling of officials and attendants, a large library kept up for the public, (to which the present archbishop has added his own collection), a chapel, the archiepiscopal offices, and one or two large halls for state occasions, occupy the bulk of the building. The only apartments occupied by the Cardinal himself, consist of a narrow short gallery, from the end of which a small cabinet is partitioned off by a glass door, and contains a plain bureau and a few chairs, with a bed room parallel, borrowing its light entirely, through two doors, from the gallery and cabinet. A country curate's rooms in England, could not well be simpler in character and furniture. And the same we can say of other such residences.

II. In what we have written about the episcopal bench (to use an English phrase) of Spain, we have had more than one occasion to speak of the clergy, and to give examples of their courage and zeal. We find it more difficult to enter upon definite statements respecting this highly respectable body, because we find it impossible to individualize, as we could do in speaking of the bishops. The number of these is limited, and a certain number of examples may permit us to draw more general conclusions. But the same could not be so well done in regard to the vast body of the clergy; nor would it be right to bring forward individuals, whose station does not, from its public character, warrant our making free with their names.

We will, therefore, content ourselves with speaking of classes ; but still we hope to allege sufficient to vindicate the character of the Spanish priesthood from many foolish and wicked charges, and to show how much there is to hope from it, if things shall be restored to their proper condition.

In every country it is natural to expect that the more choice portion of the ecclesiastical body will be found in situations of trust, and to a certain degree, of repose. The scholar, and the man of ability and good address for business, will be drawn naturally upwards to the seat of ecclesiastical government, and where the prebendal stall is not a sinecure, but entails a burthensome daily duty, which requires residence, it will be the most obvious provision for those whom the Bishop or the Chapter considers likely to be a valuable assistant or adviser. It is, therefore, to the cities and to their chapters, that we may reasonably look for the more learned portion of the clergy. It is far from our minds to make this an exclusive assertion ; on the contrary, we shall find, in cities particularly, many clergy highly distinguished for scholarship and ecclesiastical learning in all its branches, belonging to the parochial body, or having other occupations. In the University of Seville, and we doubt not in many others, there are professors holding parishes, and one of these is at present the Rector of that university. Without, therefore, meaning to draw such a line of separation between the different classes of clergy as our preamble might imply, we are ready to assert, that the ecclesiastics who compose the capitular bodies in Spain, or are otherwise connected with its episcopal functions and government, will be found equal to those of any other country in character and acquirements. This, certainly, is the result of our own observation in no inconsiderable number of cathedral towns, where it has been our good fortune to make acquaintance with the capitular clergy.

After the zeal of the Bishops, it is to that, and moreover to the good taste and generosity, of its chapters and dignitaries, that Spain owes its most splendid works ; and, as far as we can judge, the noble spirit, which formerly was allied to comparative wealth, has not degenerated in these days of poverty and oppression. We may, we think, best illustrate this assertion, by entering more at length on what has been done, in past and in present

times, by one of these bodies, the chapter of the magnificent cathedral of Seville.

When this city was conquered from the Moors, by the great St. Ferdinand, his first care was naturally to provide in it for the worship of God. A magnificent mosque, erected on the site of an ancient Christian church, was consequently turned into a cathedral, and consecrated in 1248. But, though by degrees it became extremely rich, it was found quite unequal to the desires and feelings of the people; and it had suffered also much, in course of time, from earthquakes and other accidents. On the 8th of July, 1401, the whole clergy of the church met in chapter, and shortly agreed that, as the cathedral threatened ruin, "Let another be built, such and so good as that there shall be none equal to it; and that due regard be had to the greatness and authority of Seville and of its church, as is reasonable; and if for this work the funds of the fabric be not sufficient, all said that there shall be taken from their income so much as shall suffice, for that they will give it for the service of God. And they ordered this to be signed by two prebendaries."* We are told that the decree of the chapter for the building of this cathedral is still read in the capitular register, in these strong quaint words: "Fagamos una Iglesia tal, que los venideros post nos nos tengan por locos;" that is, "Let us build such a church, that those who come after us may take us to have been mad." In two years the work was commenced, and continued without interruption till 1506; and how? By a prolonged course of unwearying sacrifice, which probably has no parallel. The canons and other clergy of the church retired into a small house, near the cathedral, lived in community on the most economical terms, and gave up the whole of their income to the new building. When it is considered that they were not religious, and that there was no tie upon them to live as such, and that they could have none of that peculiar feeling which binds such to what is their home, and moreover that this mode of life was continued through several generations, for a hundred and five years, without objection or relaxation, and without the prospect, to most, of ever enjoying the fruit of their sacrifices—we must own, that

* *Sevilla pintoresca*, Sev. 1844. p. 91. An interesting work in course of publication.

there was a generous spirit in that race of men, worthy of the best times of the Church, and most honourable to their order. In 1511 three great pillars gave way, and fell with the roof in the middle of the night ; but in four hours the people had removed all the ruins, the Chapter recommenced its labours, and by 1519 this sumptuous temple was completed.

And in truth, it may well have passed into a proverb in Spain, as a thing that is marvellous. "I do not hesitate," says one of the authors before us, "to characterise the cathedral of Seville as the most noble temple in Christendom. The effect produced on entering, is absolutely overpowering. The mind is astonished and overawed by the solemn and sombre sublimity of the interior. No creation of mere human art, with which I am acquainted, can rival the cathedral of Seville in the instantaneous and overwhelming sense of awe which it produces. Its vast size, obscurely discovered by the dim and holy light which is poured in through its richly stained windows, its lofty and enormously massy clustered columns, the prodigious elevation of its vaulted roof, the sombre richness of its ornaments, and the solemn silence which reigns throughout its vast extent, which seems increased rather than interrupted by the echo of some peasant's step hastening to his favourite shrine, and which we listen to as it falls faint and more faintly on the ear, until it is lost in the far distance—all exercise a singularly subduing and solemnizing power. The effect is powerfully devotional."*

To this description of the effect of this magnificent Church upon the senses and feelings, we are ready to bear full witness. No pointed building in England, France or Belgium, has ever produced on our minds so solemn an impression. Its loftiness and vast area, owing to its consisting of five wide aisles, besides lateral chapels of great dimensions, no doubt contribute to this effect.†

* Journal of a Clergyman, p. 46.

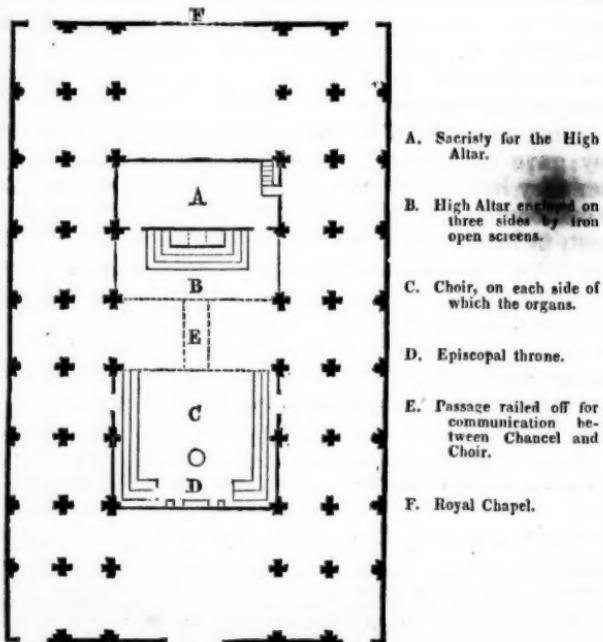
+ The author just quoted has given us the dimensions of St. Peter's, St. Paul's, and Seville cathedral. We will add to them those of three of our old cathedrals.

St. Peter's.	St. Paul's.	York.	Lincoln.	Salisbury.	Seville.
Feet.	Feet.	Feet.	Feet.	Feet.	Feet.
Length, ...	673.	510.	492.	482.	449.
Breadth, ...	280.	120.	96.	80.	90.
Height of nave, 146.	100.	99.	80.	81.	134.

It will be seen from this table, that while our old churches have the advantage in length, they do not come near Seville in width and height. In the former

But splendid as was the building thus erected by the generous zeal of the Chapter, not less so have been its appurtenances, respecting which we must speak, not so much on account of their value and splendour, as of the credit which the faithful preservation of them reflects on the present clergy of the Church. Although we have spoken of the wholesale plunder of churches, which has taken place in Spain, whether under the French, or under liberal domination, we must make an exception in favour of this richest and most sumptuous minster. Not that the will was wanting to pounce upon its treasury, but that promptness, tact, and firmness on the part of its clergy have succeeded in thoroughly foiling

dimension it is only five, and in the latter twelve, feet below St. Peter's. Further, it must be observed that from the position of the choir, at Seville, there is an uninterrupted view, from end to end, along the double aisles on either side, and the whole width is at the same time visible. We insert a ground-plan made from a few notes and memory. It must be observed, that besides the side aisles is a row of large and splendid chapels on either side, which are wholly omitted in the plan, as are the sacristy, chapter-house, &c.



every attempt of irreligious rapacity. And yet that clergy have shown themselves ready to make sacrifices, even in this part, for the public benefit. During the war of invasion they voluntarily gave up much plate to the state, so as to reduce, for instance, the number of silver lamps in one chapel (the *Antigua*^{*}) from 72 to 48. But notwithstanding these losses, the altars and treasury of Seville cathedral still show what Catholic churches used to be in the middle ages, when men kept poor houses, that they might have rich sanctuaries, and the altar possessed what the side-board has now usurped.

The principle on which this munificence was based, is also here clearly manifested. It is not for show, nor to gratify vanity, nor to impose upon beholders, as people would have us think, but simply a natural manifestation of honour, and a rendering to God service, with the most precious of His gifts. When the treasuries of churches have been plundered, we have heard but little regret sometimes expressed, on the ground that their wealth was uselessly hoarded up, and kept from being publicly beneficial. But why is not the same reasoning applied to the family plate and jewels of the great, or to the regalia of the crown? They are of no more benefit to the public than those of Loreto were: to purchase them, indeed, there were large sums thrown into circulation, and when made they gave encouragement to art and to industry. And after they have thus given their equivalent to the public, no one complains, if they remain for centuries in the iron chest, to be produced from time to time, to grace a festival day. Nay, it will be said, that such thrifless accumulations *are* useful to society, by keeping up social distinctions, and sustaining those high family feelings which are among the guarantees of a nation's honour. And surely the treasures of the church have been originally paid for, like those of the Tower, and have served to inspire art and skill, in many, from St. Eligius down to Benvenuto Cellini or Juan de Arfe.[†] And after this, what ground is there to complain if they are kept up with care? For, if the preser-

* So called from a most ancient painting of our Lady, on the wall, supposed to have been part of the old Gothic church: i. e., the church built by the Goths anterior to the Saracen occupation. It was incorporated in the mosque, and so preserved. The whole altar, credences, and furniture, including many massive candlesticks, are silver. It has a large sacristy of its own, richly provided with gold plate, jewels, &c. There is great devotion there on the part of the people.

† One of the artists in the sixteenth century, who worked for the cathedral

vation of such treasures is considered becoming the house of a noble or royal person, and seems to add somewhat, in the estimation of other ranks, to their dignity, it seems but natural that the majesty of God's house and service should be adequately enhanced by what excites those feelings; nay, the contrary would be at variance with an instinct of nature. God Himself in His law would have only gold around His sanctuary; the heathens even in distress, would have golden vessels for sacrifice (*pateris libamus et auro.*) The Christians, from the earliest antiquity had the same feeling, and acted upon it. We should have deemed it superfluous to write all this, were we not as yet constantly assailed by the old cry of "*Ut quid perditio haec?* Wherefore this waste?" whenever they see an approach to the magnificence of old times. Judas was the first to speak the words; and he has had his school, through the succession of such men as Peter the cruel,* Harry VIII. Napoleon and Mendizabal.

But to return; so far are the treasures of the Cathedral of Seville (which is but a type of what others have been), from being intended for show, that we may really say that they produce but little effect comparatively; nay, that the most precious are hardly, if ever, seen. The altars, it is true, are brilliant with massive silver ornaments, colossal busts, gigantic candlesticks, huge lecterns—every thing which in other churches might be of wood or copper; but the gold and the precious stones are in great part hidden, because appropriated chiefly to the immediate contact and service of the most adorable Eucharist. Thus on the high altar, there is a well-proportioned, but yet enormous silver tabernacle; but, then, within this is another never seen, forming a temple of purest gold, and in this again, is a very large ciborium of the same precious metal, but covered with diamonds and other jewels. There is a pyx of beautiful workmanship, representing a dove, within which is a vessel

plate. He made the magnificent silver *custodia*, or shrine, for the blessed Sacrament on Corpus Christi. It is an exquisite piece of plate, eighteen palms high. Merino and Bart. de Morel contributed pieces of unrivalled workmanship to this treasury. Both lived in the same century.

* At the east end of Seville cathedral, occupying the place of Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey, is the royal chapel, which has a chapter and daily office of its own. The high altar with the shrine of St. Ferdinand over it, is valued at £10,000. It is all of massive silver, elaborately wrought. Peter the Cruel seized on the former treasures of the chapel, and gave a receipt for them, taking them, as he says in it, for their better custody. The paper yet remains there, but it is unnecessary to add, the plate has never been returned.

for the Blessed Eucharist, all of pure gold, which is never used except to carry the viaticum to the archbishop. Again, the golden key, only used to lock up the Blessed Sacrament in the sepulchre on Holy Thursday, is studded with magnificent brilliants. The chalices are all of the same material, and in such numbers, that a different one is used on each principal festival, and never else ; for every thing is regulated by strict rule. Thuribles, reliquaries, and all else immediately pertaining to the solemn sacrifice of the New Law, are of the same substance, and of the most beautiful workmanship.*

If we have dwelt thus upon the wealth of this Cathedral, the far greater part of which, as well as the splendid buildings in which it is kept, rich with paintings of the first merit,† are due to the good taste and generosity of its chapter, it is not merely to enhance these good qualities in those who have passed away, but also to do justice to the present members of it, to whose wariness and intrepidity their preservation is due. For it must not be supposed, that the covetousness of late Chancellors of the Exchequer, including the Jewish one so often alluded to, overlooked the wealth, valued we have heard, at a million sterling, yet preserved in this church. When the French over-ran Andalucia, these riches were carried to Cadiz, which alone

* Among other beautiful objects, we must notice a *pax*, in the form of a small triptych, of gold most brilliantly enamelled, and otherwise richly ornamented, of the fourteenth or fifteenth century. There is another beautiful *pax*, of silver gilt, of the same period, preserved among the few remnants of the treasury of the cathedral of Malaga. As we are on this subject, we will not omit mention of two of perhaps the most splendid pieces of silversmith's work in existence, which have likewise escaped all the ravages of the late times. The one is the *custodia* for Corpus Christi, the other a processional cross, both of silver, in the cathedral of Cordova. They are both of the most delicate and finished Gothic work. The *custodia* rises to the height of seven or eight feet from an octagonal base, covered with beautiful reliefs, and ornamented with scroll-work, to a point, the intermediate portion being composed of exquisitely wrought pinnacles and traceries, with gilt images. Both are of the fifteenth century. Their beauty has saved them when all else has been carried off.

+ Over the altar in the sacristy, at which the reliquaries, with other more sacred plate, are kept, is a picture of the Descent from the Cross, painted by Pedro de Campaña, in 1548. It is one of the most beautiful paintings we have ever beheld. It was formerly the altar-piece of the parish church of Santa Cruz, close to which was Murillo's house. This great painter used to pass hours before the picture, and when asked what he was looking so long at, replied : "I am waiting to see them get down our Lord," so natural is the action of the figures, though in a severe style. In his will he directs his body to be buried before that painting. This was done, but Soult pulled down the church, and Murillo's ashes are without a tomb, and in the street. Yet Soult was the great admirer of Murillo ! The Dean Cepero has now what he considers Murillo's house, and in it the most splendid collection of paintings in Seville. Among them are several beautiful works of that master, and a crucifixion by ALONZO CANO, which we consider unrivalled.

escaped the power of the invaders. When the Carlist general Gomez made his foray into the same province, the government ordered the same precaution to be taken. The chapter objected, considering that there was sufficient security in the feelings of the people. "We have only to place these sacred and precious things in public," said the present dean, then mayordomo of the church, "and they will make themselves respected." However, this was not listened to, and the contents of the treasury were packed up in thirty large cases and sent to Cadiz, accompanied by two faithful servants of the cathedral, one of whom never left them day or night. All returned safe. But now came another danger. The government sent orders for the delivery of the treasures to its commissioners, but they were not heeded. Note followed note, commands, threats, were sent in succession; but still to no purpose. The chapter refused to give up the sacred deposit committed to their custody. But at length the orders were so imperative, and the threats so urgent, that the next step would have been a forcible attempt to seize them—a hazardous one in such a place. In these straits, the Dean had recourse to a proposal, which foiled the rapacity of the exchequer. "They shall be delivered up quietly," he said, "but with due honours. These treasures consist of either reliquaries or sacred vessels, solemnly consecrated to divine worship. They shall, consequently, to the last, be treated with the reverence due to them. The chapter, therefore, in solemn procession, in their copes, and preceded by their cross, shall bear them through the streets to the town-hall, and so give them up." This would have been more than the people of Seville could have stood: and the offer was not accepted, nor have they been further molested.

The city, the fine arts, and religion, owe a debt of gratitude to the ecclesiastics, who have thus parried successfully every blow to rob the Church of what was an honour to the three; and have left us, consequently, a sample of what our fathers' piety could do for the worship of God. But as we have chosen this cathedral as an example of what sacrifices* and what efforts the capitular clergy are

* It is generally supposed that the benefices in Spain were enormously rich: but they will not stand comparison with English cathedral endowments. The forty canons had annually 40,000 reals, or £400. twenty prebendaries £300, and twenty-one minor canons £200. each.

ready to make for their mother-church, we will continue to say something more, as of them, though applicable to all the class, respecting the services of the Church. The cathedral service of Spain must formerly have been magnificent. The words in every one's mouth, when speaking on the subject, is: "It is not a shadow of what it was." The chapter, properly so called, of Seville, consisted of ninety-two persons: and the whole body of clergy and assistants attached to the church, including the choir, amounted to two hundred and thirty-five. And as every thing employed in the functions was of a most magnificent description,* the processions, which took place every festival, must, on the more solemn occasions, when winding through the stately aisles to the sound of the sublime church-chaunt, have been a most impressive and overpowering sight. To this we must add, that there are yet preserved in that cathedral, and in other Spanish churches, uses and ornaments, that have disappeared elsewhere, or which are elsewhere considered as revivals.†

But if the services of the Church must have been formerly splendid, it must be acknowledged that they are now

* In the sacristy of the cathedral are ninety-two white, and ninety-two red copes of a suit for these processions before Tierce. The orphreys of those for the dignitaries, are embroidered with figures, as beautifully executed as those of the old times, and the canopies over them are still Gothic, though the work is modern. We had many opportunities of seeing that even this, as every other branch of sacred decorative art, is perfectly preserved in Spain, far beyond any other country.

+ Thus the deacon and subdeacon yet wear the appareled alb, and also the collar as apparel of the amice, which is placed over the head while the other sacred vestments are put on, and then is thrown back over the chasuble, as seen in the plates of Mr. Pugin's Glossary. The alb worn on Good-Friday is truly magnificent; as the priest takes off his chasuble for the adoration of the cross, his alb, besides the usual appurts gorgeously embroidered, has one on the breast with a beautiful image of our Saviour, and one on the back with the figure of our Lady. On the Sundays and ferias of Lent and Advent, the ministers wear *planeta plicata* instead of the dalmatics, and they are made of the old ample form ending in a point, and coming very low down on the arm. So that on entering into a Gothic church where Mass is being sung, and seeing all these ancient forms of sacred vestments in use, one can easily transport oneself back to ancient times. It must be observed also, that in the cathedrals, the inferior ministers, thurifers, acolythes, and others, in considerable numbers, wear dalmatics with appurts and collars, or copes.

In Spain the Gospel and Epistle are always sung from *ambones* or pulpits at the entrance of the choir, or outside the screen where there is one. We were struck with one rite, which seems to be of great antiquity. At the beginning of Lent, a white curtain is stretched before and across the sanctuary, so that the people in the body of the church are completely debarred from having any view of what is done at the altar. The curtain is drawn aside three times, for the Gospel, for the elevation, and for the *Oratio super populum*. On Holy Wednesday, at the words in the Passion, "et velum templi scissum est," it is torn open in two parts. The usual veils over the pictures, &c. are not removed till Holy Saturday.

more edifying, as a proof of the spirit of attachment to duty which they display, in those who still continue to perform them. The funds of the fabric and of the chapter have been seized or sold; the pensions substituted in their place are not only small, but most inadequately paid, the arrears being generally of years. The consequences are, that there is not actually provision for the ordinary services of the Church; still less for the more magnificent functions, such as those of Holy Week, Corpus Christi, or the Conception. This Lent, the Government issued an order for an advance to be made on the allowance to the churches and cathedrals, in order to meet the expense of oil and wax, &c., necessary for the offices of Holy Week: which, in reality, was only equivalent to an order for such an amount of arrears to be paid up. It is, therefore, entirely owing to the zeal of the chapters, supported by the charity of the faithful, that even the daily office is performed. Lamentable, indeed, is the sight of half-a-dozen canons, sprinkled over the triple range of stalls in the choir of Seville or Cordova; but still there they are, day after day, taking care that the fire of perpetual worship shall not be extinguished upon God's altar. The choristers, generally old men, but attached to the house of God, in which they have been trained from infancy, continue to perform gratuitously their laborious duties; and never for a single day has the solemn chaunting of the entire office, with High Mass, been interrupted. And nowhere have we heard the Gregorian chaunt in deeper and fuller tone than in the cathedrals of Spain.

Speaking, however, of Seville, we must make one exception. There has been one day, and one alone, on which a low Mass only was celebrated at the high altar as the conventional Mass, and that was on the memorable 21st of July, 1843. We must say a few words upon this epoch, because it certainly has been in many respects misrepresented. It will be somewhat of a digression, but we have already given warning to our readers of our discursive intentions. When that almost spontaneous movement against Espartero, which ended in his exile, took place throughout Spain, Seville was of the common mind; but the expression of its feelings was repressed for a time by military violence: and on the twelfth of May of that year the city was declared under military government. However, on the 18th, the civil authorities, unable any longer

to repress the popular feelings, in which they themselves partook, met in council, and having summoned, to aid them in their deliberations, some of the most respected characters in the city, entered into communications with the military commander, the result of which was, what is now pretty well understood in England, a *pronunciamiento*, a fraternization between the troops and the people, and the flight of the commanding officer. A junta or commission was formed, in which the Canon D. Manuel Cepero, since appointed Dean of the cathedral, acted a conspicuous part. The result was, that General Van Halen proceeded from Granada to beleaguer the open city. On the 17th of July, General Hezeta, now the excellent *Gefe politico* of Seville, who was posted with a staff on the summit of that beautiful tower, the Giralda, with an excellent English telescope, announced the descent of the besieging army from the heights of Alcalá de los panaderos towards the city: and the next day Van Halen took up his position, and began to erect his batteries at the Cruz del Campo, a small group of houses within short range of the place.

In the mean time, the people had made active preparations for their defence, and had erected batteries, set up guns, and fortified the gates. There were 5848 armed men to defend these works. On the 8th of the month, the enthusiasm of the people had been aroused by an imposing ceremony. The authorities of Granada had excited much popular feeling by displaying the banner of "the Catholic Kings"—that banner which Ferdinand and Isabella waved triumphantly over the city of the Moors. Seville possessed, in its cathedral, the more valuable standard which St. Ferdinand bore when he conquered the city. This was borne in solemn procession; and the people swore before it, to defend their walls against the enemies of religion and the throne.

On the 20th the batteries opened. The second shell passed clean over the town, several others fell in the middle, but the greater part fell short. The damage done, therefore, was not great.* But, in that first day, there were fired upon the city 119 shells. The next day was the memorable one of the siege. For eighteen hours the batteries were never silent, and hardly ever was the air free

* *El Pronunciamiento y Sitio de Sevilla*, Sev. 1843. p. 31.

from some missile. Three hundred and fifty-seven shells, and six hundred cannon balls were launched upon the city.* On the next morning Espartero arrived; there was some relaxation of activity on the part of the besiegers. On the 24th, seventy-eight shells were thrown in, besides balls; and the bombardment continued for a few days more, till on the 28th the enemy retired, pursued by the liberating army. During the siege there were thrown into the city 618 shells, besides balls.

Now, when we consider that the entire transaction, on the part of Espartero and his general Van Halen, was a most wanton act of uncalled-for and barbarous cruelty, of cruelty towards the thousands of defenceless inhabitants, and barbarous towards the monuments of art with which the city is filled—that even if they had taken Seville, it could not have averted the fate which their panic-like supineness had brought upon them—that, at any rate, the way to take the city, or, if taken, to make it a *point d'appuie* for a stand against the entire kingdom, was not to bombard it, and exasperate its inhabitants to madness by the reckless ruin inflicted on them—and when we consider, further, that these men have been courted, feasted, honoured in England, as patriots and defenders of their country, we are filled with ineffable disgust, and feel such marks of respect to such men, as a national stain.† What a pity that, in the banquet to Espartero, among the decorations of the hall, the words, “Seville,” and “July 21st, 1843,” were not conspicuously emblazoned.

We have heard the partizans of Espartero say, in his defence, that his object was only to frighten the Sevillans, that care was taken that no real damage should be done—but particular care was taken to avoid, in taking aim, the Cathedral and the Giralda. But really both excuses are intolerably false. As to the first, can any motive, short of the hard necessities of war, justify such play as that of sending six hundred shells, and more than that number of

* *Alzamiento y defensa de Sevilla.* Ib. p. 47.

† “There is one Homeric epithet of Mars, to which Espartero may assert his right among his countrymen—the only one which they are willing to accord him—that of ‘wall-battering,’ the bombarder of cities. Barcelona and Seville will live in the memory of Spaniards, as long as his defeat at Ayacucho in Peru: and whatever his absolute right, the recklessness of those attacks upon life and property, and the indifference to the preservation of the noblest monuments of Spain, will be indelibly graven in their minds.” *Revelations of Spain*, vol. i. p. 14. The author, however, wishes to apologize for Espartero’s conduct.

balls, into a city with 80,000 inhabitants, where you cannot see their effect? Twenty lives were actually sacrificed, and many houses reduced to a pile of ruins. The terror caused both in families* and in the numerous communities of religious women may easily be imagined. The nuns of eleven convents left their houses, and sought refuge in the cathedral, or in distant quarters of the city, so that as many as 130 of them were crowded in the convent of St. Clare. We will give the history of one, the Augustinian convent of San Leandro, more interesting, perhaps, to our readers, from the circumstance of the superior, Mrs. Collins, and another nun, (Mrs. Ridgway,) being English; we heard their own account of what befel them. During the siege, *thirteen* shells fell and exploded in their convent, one in the dormitory, one in the refectory, &c. But in the evening of the eventful 21st, while the community were fortunately in choir, a shell fell on the superior's bed, and set it on fire. A lay-sister happened to see it, and called in assistance. The fire was promptly extinguished, after doing some damage; but the good religious were too terrified to remain any longer in the house, and accordingly going out, sought refuge for the night in the church of San Ildefonso, immediately opposite to their house. They were placed in the choir; but had not been there long, when a shell broke into the church, and burst upon the altar. Once more they went forth in the night—the first time that any of them had left the walls of their convent, some after more than forty years' inclosure, ignorant whither they should go, while the air resounded with the cannonade, and missiles were flying over their heads; till some charitable persons led them to the Lonja or Archives

* We will record one case of a providential escape, in a family previously known to us, who related it to us on the spot. Señor R—, a rich merchant, occupies an excellent house beside the church of San Isidoro. Having been kept in a state of alarm by the bombardment, he proposed to his lady that they should cross the river to Triana, in order to have one night's quiet sleep. This was agreed to, and they accordingly left with their children, leaving a son-in-law, who wished to remain in charge of the house and much valuable property. That very night, a shell entered through the wall of the highest floor, fell through this, and exploded in the chamber which Mrs. R— would have occupied, and shattered in pieces the bed in which she would have slept. It destroyed all the furniture, and the windows and doors of the neighbouring rooms, and broke down the corner of the wall. Some phenomena of a singular nature occurred, reminding one of the mysterious action of the electric fluid. Thus a bottle half full, standing on the upper shelf of an adjoining small room, was found standing unbroken beside the window opposite. An English gentleman who had left by the preceding steamer—the last opportunity—had been sleeping in the room which the shell first entered.

of the Indies, a strong building, where a committee was sitting. In the porticoes of this they passed the night, and the next day were sent over to the suburb of Triana, by the Canon Cepero, one of the governing committee. Again, in the Beaterio (a religious community) of the Holy Trinity, in which, besides the nuns, are seventy-five children under their care, a shell fell in the court, the ordinary residence during the summer months.

We may easily, therefore, imagine the consternation into which the city was cast by this wanton aggression. And here, it must be owned, that the chapter did their duty nobly. We do not speak of the more daring acts of enthusiasm performed by one of its members already mentioned, Don Manuel Lopez Cepero, who took the lead in all the arrangements for the declaration, and the defence of the city, and was the very soul of the movement, by infusing into it a strong religious feeling;* but of the conduct of the clergy as a body. First, they threw open the gates of the cathedral to all who sought refuge in it, and it was soon filled. Many thousands of persons, including religious communities, took up their abode in it, as a place of security, from its strength and from its sacredness. Not indeed that there can be any credit attached to the assertion that Van Halen designedly spared that magnificent monument; for those who watched on the Giralda (and he knew that there the look-out for his movements was kept) have assured us that clearly many shells were aimed at that tower and the church which it covered; some fell short, some passed over, and several fell on either side; but, thank God, not one touched the sacred edifice. We have seen the places where shells fell on each side; one in the court of the Lonja on the south, and only separated from the cathedral by a street; another in the episcopal palace on the north, and almost in contact with it. However the people felt every confidence in the protection of God's house, and it was freely tendered to them. The Blessed Sacrament was removed, and the different chapels were assigned to different communities; while the vast area was divided by curtains, and allotted to families who had there sought shelter. And be it observed, to the credit

* *Discurso improvisado*, &c. Sev. 1843. His sermons filled the people with enthusiasm. The good bishop of the Canary Islands was indefatigable in his attention to the distressed, visiting the wounded at great risk of his own life. *El pronunc.* p. 39.

of the population, that while multitudes had left for neighbouring towns and villages, and many were thus crowded in this and other churches—for most were filled—not a single act of plunder or theft came before the police then or after.*

But while thus the house of God was thrown open to every poor sufferer, the chapter never once interrupted its offices. In the midst of that multitude, (the choir and altar alone being left free) every canonical hour from matins to complin was fully chaunted, and high mass sung, except, as we have before observed, on the 21st of July, when such was the confusion and terror caused, on every side, by the incessant cannonade, that the service was shortened, by the substitution of a low Mass! The solemn bell tolled, amidst the cannon's roar, at every accustomed hour (and the punctuality here observed is admirable), and the canons hastened through the desolate streets to the crowded cathedral, to intone the usual song of praise. Once indeed, before, it had given proofs of the same calm intrepidity. In 1751, on the 1st of November, the celebrated earthquake shook the church so violently, that all felt alarmed. The divine office was being performed there at the time: the canons accordingly left the church, but only to assemble round the cross in the great square, and there finish the appointed service. In commemoration of this, a portion of the office is sung on the same spot, every All Saints' day. Happy climate, in which this can be done!

This peaceful attention to the service of God's house, through poverty, through persecution, through revolutions, through the horrors of a siege, is certainly a characteristic highly creditable to those who have paid it; and to our minds speaks most strongly in their favour. Nor have they failed to show a most disinterested generosity in keeping up the beauty and magnificence of their sanctuary. A considerable legacy was left them about two years' ago for the church. Instead of applying it in any way to their own benefit, they employed it in renewing the vestments, which (being of a blue colour, by special privilege) can only be used on the 8th of December, and which are truly gorgeous, having cost them 14,000 dollars. What we have said of this cathedral, we wish to extend to every other with which we have had an opportunity of being acquaint-

* *Discurso, &c.* p. 22.

ed. In every one the daily service has been uninterrupted ; though in some the number of prebendaries has been so reduced, and the church so impoverished, as to admit of only a recited, instead of a chaunted, office, at least in part. In almost all, we have met with individuals who have suffered banishment for their conscientious resistance to the usurpations and oppressions of government. In all, without exception, we have found persons of most highly estimable character, whose great ecclesiastical learning we have admired, whose patience and meek bearing under the humiliations of their body, and whose many virtues we have been edified with ; and on whose kindness and easily-won and estimable friendship we look as a valuable acquisition ; and among whom we feel sure that we have left many builders up of the walls of Israel, and restorers of its temple, whenever the Lord of Hosts shall return to visit His long-afflicted inheritance.

We must now say a few words on the general class of the clergy in Spain : and we will try to condense our remarks as much as possible. That in a class so numerous, and brought up under such different circumstances, there will be great variety, as to learning, talent, and virtue, is at once to be admitted. This has no doubt been the case since the very beginning of the Church. And yet it may not be amiss to look a little more closely into some of the charges based upon this variety. The charge of ignorance is the most common one brought against the Spanish clergy. A passage quoted above from the author of the "Revelations," insinuates it ; and that most unscrupulous of travellers, Borrow, gives us one or two ensamples to prove it, which are really beyond endurance. We will, therefore, notice them merely as specimens. At Cordova he meets at the hotel with an aged country priest, who is reciting his breviary. He makes friends with him, and as usual puts into his mouth a conversation, which he takes care, as on every similar occasion, shall be pretty indicative of imbecility. And in the course of it, he makes the poor old man speak of St. Paul's First Epistle to Pope Sixtus !* which he wisely conjectures to mean the Epistle to the Romans. Now, when a man tells untruths, he should at least make them probable—*se non è vero sia ben trovato*, should be his rule. But the Gospel distributor of

* Bible in Spain, c. xviii, p. 104. (Colon. and Home Library).

Spain is above such prejudices; and he never seems to trouble himself about gilding with probabilities the pills which he compounds for his morbid admirers. The evangelical swallow, he knew, was spacious enough for any thing anti-popish; and he gives it as mercilessly wholesale a supply as Morison did his patients. Any one who knows what the breviary is, knows also that it is mainly made up of Scripture; and contains considerable portions of every book, and of none more in proportion, than of the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans. It is an absolute impossibility that *any* priest in Spain, or elsewhere, could have been ignorant of this book, or could have imagined one of the title given by Borrow. This answer will apply as well to another more startling instance—startling by its boldness. He travels from Madrid to Seville with a friar, on his way to the Philippine islands as a missionary. The rest of his description is as follows: “He had been *professor of philosophy*, he told me, in one of the convents (I think it was San Thomas) of Madrid, before their suppression; but *appeared grossly ignorant of the Scriptures, which he confounded with the works of Virgil.*”* The friars missionary in the Philippine islands are Dominicans, as we believe was the house or college of St. Thomas at Madrid. A professor of philosophy in a Dominican convent must have taken his degree, after severe examination on the works of St. Thomas of Aquin: and it is *his* philosophy that he has to expound. We appeal to the learned reader whether a student and an expounder of the works of that father, can have been ignorant, in the manner which Borrow describes, of the sacred Scriptures. There is not a page of that saint’s writings which would not prove the impossibility of such a fact. The very story confutes itself to any one acquainted with them. But Mr. Borrow was not writing for the learned, but for the gullible readers of evangelical magazines. There are three long interviews with different people in his work, which we have the best authority, coming directly from the parties named, to declare untrue from beginning to end—mere, pure fictions, and even directly at variance with what was really said.

When an author writes of the ignorance of persons belonging to a class different from his own, it is probable

* Bible in Spain, c. xlviii. p. 275. (Colon. and Home Library.)

that he judges by a standard drawn from his own knowledge. It is not probable that Borrow or any other lay-traveller, would be able to enter into much theological conversation, or to sound the depths of ascetic learning in a catholic priest, with whom he might converse. He might find him exceedingly ill-informed upon politics, or trade, or even profane literature, and pronounce him an ignorant man—and he might be quite wrong. For if his mind was well furnished with that learning which is truly useful for his calling, though unfurnished with other acquirements, he is entitled to the praise of such learning as is most proper for him. But let us reverse the case. A Spanish priest comes over to this country, after having gone through the ordinary course of studies exacted from every one in Spain, before he can be a priest—*three years'* study of philosophy, and *seven years'* of theology. Such is the course which we found followed in the seminary of Cordova, and in the university of Seville; and such, we were assured, was the course every where enjoined, and even required by the government. Now this course comprises *scripture*, moral and dogmatical theology, and ecclesiastical and canon law. It would be impossible, after such a study, in which scripture is quoted at every turn, (not to speak of the direct treatises upon it that form part of catholic theology,) to be ignorant in the way described by Mr. Borrow. Well—to return—a Spanish ecclesiastic, who has so studied, visits one of our universities, and wishes to become acquainted with some of the lights of the Anglican church—peradventure aspires to an interview with one of its bishops, that so on his return he may enlighten his countrymen respecting this learned clergy, who taunt *his* order with gross ignorance. He will not certainly attack his lordship upon *Aeschylus* or the Pindaric measures; he will not ask him whether he considers Porson or Bentley the greater scholar, nor consult him on the niceties of Greek particles; but in his innocent simplicity he will imagine that the way to test the learning of an ecclesiastic is to talk on those matters which he (good soul!) had been taught to think must have formed the great staple of his education and subsequent study. Will he return to his country with the impression that the ecclesiastical body of the Church of England is a learned body, as *he* understands learning? that her country curates go forth from the university, well read in the rules for directing of con-

sciences, and resolving of doubts and difficulties in the way of salvation? that her rectors have studied and possess the decisions of councils, even such as their own church calls œcumenical? that her prebendaries give themselves up to deeper mystical lore, and spend their leisure hours in those sublimer studies which in his own country unlettered men like St. Peter of Alcantara, and women like St. Teresa, have cultivated, for leading souls more favoured of God, to high perfection? and in fine that her bishops have at their fingers' ends the whole mass of doctrinal lore, can turn over to every decree of the church, and lay down the law clearly and convincingly on every new controversy, and be an oracle in every difficulty, and a sure guide in every want of conscience? But if he came to the contrary conclusion, and you condemn him for it, and call it absurd to consider a clergy ignorant whose bishops have edited Greek plays, or whose clergy publish lectures on geology; we ask you in the name of justice to allow *him* too to be judged by his own standard, and let the ecclesiastical knowledge of a catholic clergyman be the test of his learning. On this score the average of Spain will do more than compete with that of England.

But turning to other qualities, we may introduce the little we intend to say, by allowing Mr. Borrow to make some compensation for the injustices we have accused him of. As the following is about the only instance in his work, in which there is so much as a good-natured or charitable thing said about the clergy of Spain, we must look upon it as the more valuable admission. He is describing a visit to the curate or parish priest of a small country village:

"A woman directed us to a cottage somewhat superior in appearance to those contiguous. It had a small portico, which, if I remember well, was overgrown with a vine. We knocked loud and long at the door, but received no answer; the voice of man was silent, and not even a dog barked. The truth was, that the old curate was taking his siesta, and so were his whole family, which consisted of one ancient female and a cat. The good man was at last disturbed by our noise and vociferation, for we were hungry, and consequently impatient. Leaping from his couch, he came running to the door in great hurry and confusion, and perceiving us, he made many apologies for being asleep at a period when, he said, he ought to have been on the look out for his invited guest. He embraced me very affectionately, and conducted me into his

parlour, an apartment of tolerable size, hung round with shelves, which were crowded with books. At one end there was a kind of table or desk covered with black leather, with a large easy chair, into which he pushed me, as I, with the true eagerness of a bibliomaniac, was about to inspect his shelves ; saying with considerable vehemence, that there was nothing there worthy of the attention of an Englishman, for that his whole stock consisted of breviaries and dry Catholic treatises of divinity.”—pp. 118, 119.

After giving an account of the good priests’ ready hospitality, and regret at not being as well provided for his guests as he could have wished, the narrative continues as follows :

“ So, after everything was prepared and arranged to our satisfaction, we sat down to dine on the bacon and eggs, in a small room, not the one to which he had ushered us at first, but on the other side of the door-way. The good curate, though he ate nothing, having taken his meal long before, sat at the head of the table, and the repast was enlivened by his chat. * * * * I had till then considered him a plain uninformed old man, almost simple, and as incapable of much emotion as a tortoise within its shell ; but he had become at once inspired : his eyes were replete with a bright fire, and every muscle of his face was quivering. The little silk skull cap which he wore, according to the custom of the Catholic clergy, moved up and down with his agitation ; and I soon saw that I was in the presence of one of those remarkable men, who so frequently spring up in the bosom of the Romish church, and who to a childlike simplicity, unite immense energy and power of mind—equally adapted to guide a scanty flock of ignorant rustics in some obscure village in Italy or Spain, as to convert millions of heathens on the shores of Japan, China, or Paraguay.

“ He was a thin spare man of about sixty-five, and was dressed in a black cloak of very coarse materials ; nor were his other garments of superior quality. This plainness, however, in appearance of his outward man, was by no means the result of poverty ; quite the contrary. The benefice was a very plentiful one, and placed at his disposal annually a sum of at least 800 dollars, of which the eighth part was more than sufficient to defray the expenses of his house and himself ; the rest was devoted entirely to the purest acts of charity. He fed the hungry wanderer, and despatched him singing on his way, with meat in his wallet, and a peseta in his purse ; and his parishioners when in need of money, had only to repair to his study and were sure of an immediate supply. He was, indeed, the banker of the village, and what he lent he neither expected nor wished to be returned. Though under the necessity of making frequent journeys to Salamanca, he kept no mule, but con-

tented himself with an ass, borrowed from the neighbouring miller. ‘I once kept a mule,’ said he, ‘but some years since, it was removed without my permission by a traveller whom I had housed for the night; for in that alcove, I keep two clean beds for the use of the wayfaring, and I shall be very much pleased, if yourself and friend will occupy them, and tarry with me till the morning.’”—pp. 119, 120.

There is another author to whom we refer with pleasure on this subject, one with whose motives for visiting Spain we have nothing to do, for we have no political feelings to express, but whom we have read with pleasure, because he every where does justice to the Spanish character and people, and looks more at their great and noble qualities, than at their faults—too many of them the fatal growth of modern events and present circumstances. Of Espartero, he is an admirer, and evidently a friend; and on this score even we are not disposed to quarrel. For we have nothing to say about the Duke of Victory as a general, or a good companion at arms; but as an oppressor of God’s Church, and the promoter of anti-religious schemes, as the author of the wicked attempt to drive Spain into schism, we consider him an enemy to his country, as well as to a higher kingdom. But with the author of the work in question—*Scenes and Adventures in Spain, from 1835 to 1840*, we wish to be on good terms, because, as we have said, he looks with kindness on a people, whose frank and cordial hospitality, whose unvarying courtesy from high to low, whose bold and generous daring, and whose essentially religious character it is impossible not to admire and love, where narrow national prejudices or religious bigotry have not warped the feelings. In this author we every where find the clergy of every class, particularly the parochial clergy, the *curas* (though we think he sometimes extends the application of the term) kindly and respectfully spoken of, sometimes as learned men, at others as liberal, always as kind-hearted, hospitable, charitable.* And there is a tone of kindness in all this that sits

* See vol. i. pp. 51, 64, 129, 328. vol. ii. 82. In the first of these passages, we have an interesting view of the conduct of the clergy, during the hottest of the civil war. “I was lodged at the house of a *Cura* or clergyman. There were ten *Curas* in this small place, five of whom were Carlists, and five of Constitutional principles. My worthy host happened to be of the latter persuasion. Nothing could exceed the kindness of the old gentleman: he came and sat by me, as did his nephew, a very superior young man.....‘How do you get on,’ (our author asked) ‘with the Carlist *Curas*? ‘Oh! we never meddle with their politics nor

well on the soldier, though we do not see what business he had there.

We might dilate further on this subject, had we space, by citing works written by the clergy, which would amply show that there is no want of theological learning among them. Indeed, much of the matter which we have had occasion to treat of, in speaking on the episcopacy, will apply to this part of our subject. But since the want of biblical knowledge is what such writers, as have hitherto guided the public mind in England, mostly impute to the Spanish clergy, we will only say, and every traveller will bear us out in it, that the sermons delivered by them to the people contain as many texts of Scripture, and allusions to its history, and applications of it, as any which will be heard in the pulpits of the Church of England. And we have noted another thing, that those preachers are most popular there, and have the most crowded audiences, who are most distinguished by strong sense and deliver solid doctrines. We have seen a cathedral full to listen to a sermon, and we have afterwards heard every one, man and woman, speak of it in terms of highest commendation; yet we noticed not in it one flowery phrase, one flight of rhetoric, nay, not even one appeal to the passions; but it was one of the most precise, clear, and striking expositions of a great point of moral doctrine (the danger of relapse after forgiveness) which we have ever heard. And from beginning to end, it was thoroughly scriptural. We have before us a confutation, by a parish priest, of Mr. Hartwell Horne's "Romanism the enemy to the Bible," and some Rev. Mr. Nevins's "Thoughts on Popery,"* which is entirely based upon scripture authorities.

III. We must now proceed to another class partly forming a portion of the clergy, partly depending upon its fate —the communities, suppressed and existing, of religious orders. The government of 1835, a *moderado* government too, in one fell swoop extinguished the whole conventional body, dispersed the monks and friars, forbade the

they with ours. As the numbers are equally divided, each party forms its own little council of state, and we leave our politics at the church door.' 'I wish such were more generally the case in my country,' said I.' In p. 82 of the second volume, will be found an example of equal kindness and hospitality from a Carlist *Cura*, on whom the author was billeted at Onate.

* *Demostracion en que se manifiesta que la Fe y Religion de los protestantes no es la de la Biblia Por D. F. P. Dominguez.* Cadiz, 1841.

nuns to receive novices, (with the exception of the sisters of St. Vincent of Paul), seized all the revenues of both, under the name of national property, and assigned a pension to each member, which has been hardly ever paid at all, as we shall see. The proceedings here were not, as with us under Henry VIII., the result of a pretended process, whereby they were adjudged to suppression, as living in a state of relaxation and wickedness. Modern governments go not round about in that fashion—they seek not to cloak religious spoilation—they first declare ecclesiastical, to be national, property, that is, their own, and then take it.

We will here gladly introduce the account of the suppression of the religious orders, by an eye-witness, whose very remarks will show that he is not prejudiced in favour of this order of men. It is the author of the "Scenes and Reminiscences."

"Eighteen months after these melancholy and disgraceful events," (the massacre by the mob of eighteen Jesuits and sixty friars), "the monasteries were abolished, the buildings and spaces of ground they occupied became national property, and Madrid has undoubtedly been greatly improved and embellished, by the opening of new and commodious streets and thoroughfares, where heretofore ungainly masses of building and blank walls encumbered the most frequented quarters of the capital. Certain convents still continued to be tenanted by such nuns of the several religious orders, as preferred to adhere to a life of seclusion.

"While admitting that the above changes have, in most respects, been beneficial, one cannot look with indifference upon the melting away of ancient institutions, nor withhold our respect for certain associations connected with them. Learning, arts, and sciences, could never have arrived at their present approximation to maturity, had they not been cradled in the monasteries. It is well that intelligence should have become invigorated and sharpened by the open air of the great world: the close cells of the monasteries were no doubt deleterious as society developed itself; let us only bear in mind, that in its infancy science was nurtured in the monastic institutions, whose venerable cloisters have been paced by many a learned, wise, and virtuous recluse, the result of whose meditations and labours has paved the way to those discoveries of which the present generation is justly proud.

"As to the amount of real practical virtue, the greater prevalence of Christian graces, the true spirit of Christian charity, it is after all doubtful, perhaps, whether if an authentic comparative statement could be obtained, the balance would be in our favour. Religious differences and the animosities growing out of them, are

but too rife in this our own country, and are producing deplorable scenes, which if they shall be permitted to continue will, it is to be feared, strike to the very root of society.

"With regard to morals, it is only necessary to read the public journals and the official reports, to convince us that we have a frightful sum on the wrong side of the account; to say nothing of the heaps of crime daily accumulating, which are never exposed to the light of day.

"When visiting or describing countries where monastic institutions exist, we are all too apt to exclaim, 'What a number of mendicants! How deplorable to see the Convent gates beset by lazy beings, who prefer to drag on a squalid existence, sustained by the soup and alms doled out to them by the monks, to earning an honest livelihood by the labour of their own hands! It were a good work to suppress the monasteries, if only to put an end to this evil.'

"This is all very well, as far as it goes; it is indeed good for man to work for his support. But are *we* exempt from the ills attendant upon idleness? Is not society here more seriously impaired by thousands who contrive to fasten themselves upon it, by means quite at variance with active honesty, than it ever was by Lazars on convent steps?

"Let us then endeavour to amend ourselves, and to be just and charitable in speaking of our neighbours."—pp. 249—252.

The consequence of these violent proceedings with regard to the men, was that thousands of individuals, totally unfit for the change, were thrown upon the world, men too in many instances worthy of a very different fate. We will once more appeal to our authorities. The author of the "Revelations of Spain" writes as follows:

"The exclaustrado member of one of the closed religious houses, is the most melancholy character in modern Spain. Thrown upon a world with whose ways he has no familiarity, extruded from his cloister, as the name implies, he has no consolation unless he be enthusiastically devout, and passionately wedded to the religious observances which formed at once the business and pastime of his previous existence. He is entirely unfitted for the ordinary pursuits of life; and the pension allotted him by the government as compensation for the subsistence which he before enjoyed, is both inadequately small, and paid with an irregularity, which reduces it to the level of casual alms. Many of these unfortunate men are at times compelled to go out at dusk and beg in the streets; while a few who are fortunate enough to possess some literary aptitude, find occupation in schools as assistants, and fewer still as domines or masters.

"The robbery practised upon these poor outcasts, is the worst

part of the financial bankruptcy of Spain. In no portion of the Peninsula is a single religious house for men left standing—an event of itself, in which there is nothing to deplore ; but when the foundations were stripped of their splendid possessions, surely a sufficient subsistence for this generation should have been provided. The convents of nuns have, in many instances, been left standing, but their inmates reduced, for the most part, to compulsory poverty ; and on the national holidays, rations are doled out to them and to the jails."—*Revelations of Spain*, vol. i. pp. 343, 344.

Again, take the following descriptions of individuals of this class :

"One of the most interesting old men I have ever met was an *exclaustrado*, who charmed us all at Seville, and whose convent had been one of the wealthiest in Spain. He was a learned Dominican, polished in his manners, an Hidalgo of 'blue blood,' as the people express it when they mean to describe a very noble family : and the effect of one of the most benevolent faces in the world, was wonderfully heightened by hair of a snowy whiteness. His stated allowance from the government was about £20. a-year, and he received less than £10. I shall not easily forget Fray Fernando de la Sacra Familia."—*Revelations of Spain*, p. 345.

"In an old arm chair, near the kitchen fire at my quarters, sat a stout placid looking man dressed in rusty black ; he was brother to the *patron*, and was an *exclaustrado*, that is, an uncloistered friar, who, upon the abolition of the monasteries, had repaired to the fraternal roof. His age was about fifty-five ; the pension of five reals—about a shilling—a day, awarded by the government to each friar, had not been paid him : yet he made no complaint. He adhered to the rules of his order, as far as a non-residence in a monastery would permit, and he assured me that, if he had his life to pass over again, and could choose for himself, he would become a Franciscan friar ; he appeared to be a simple minded, contemplative man, and I regarded him with great respect, on account of his voluntary adherence to his vows."—*Scenes and Adventures*, p. 314.

And who, we will boldly ask, would refuse to honour such a man ? Yes, that holy Franciscan of Seville, who is ridiculed by the thoughtless youth, because under the winter's rain, or summer's scorching sun, he carries the hat, forced upon him by his change of dress, in his hand, and goes bare-headed in obedience to his rule, is to us an object of sincere veneration, a proof that the religious houses were not peopled by men without vocation, or the spirit of those holy institutes. But in every part of Spain we meet with the survivors of that destructive deluge,

though thrown upon a new, and to them almost unknown coast, seeking to cultivate the barren soil, which, thanks to private charity, has not in every instance proved ungrateful. They will be found preaching with zeal and energy, hearing confessions, serving as valuable assistants to the parochial clergy, and when all fails, received as chaplains into private families. For here, too, the charity of the faithful has shown itself noble; and in many families will be found the exile from his cloistered home, treated with all the consideration of a member of the household. In Portugal, where the storm has been even more furious and more unsparing than in Spain, we were told of one noble lady, who though in other respects of *liberal* politics, kept, clothed, and supported no fewer than fourteen uncloistered religious. Among the most learned of the clergy, are the professors and superiors of the suppressed orders, men to whose abilities and acquirements all bear testimony. And it has gone to our hearts, when conversing with one of these respectable, but broken-hearted men, to see the tears gush into his eyes, and hear him turn off the conversation, because, as he said in broken accents, he could not bear to think of his dear monastery, and of the happy years he had spent in it. A gentleman living near the market-place of a large town, informed us that he had often seen, early in the morning before people were about, some poor old ex-religious creep out in a tattered cloak, and buy a couple of small fish, hardly a farthing's worth, for his daily sustenance. For, as has been before observed, the miserable pension allotted to them, is hardly ever paid; and more than once we have been asked for alms in the street by them.

But the fate of the nuns has been still more cruel; their virtue has been more severely tried; and the charity of the faithful has been more conspicuously manifested in their behalf. We have said that they were forbidden to receive novices, and that their possessions were seized; but, moreover, it was ordered, that so soon as the number of a community was reduced to twelve, these should be incorporated with some other house. And often this has been done, without waiting for such a diminution. Hence, it is not uncommon to find in one house, two, or even three, different orders, following in every respect different rules and plans of life, and having each its respective superior. Poor things! people in the world, if they care

about such a matter, will not comprehend its hardship. They will not understand what it is to have chosen, in the warmth of youthful love, the standard under which they were to live and die—to have admired with ardour the holy founder of the order to which they have been drawn by grace—to have knitted a sacred family bond, with a mother in the spiritual life, with sisters of a holy kindred—to have passed years of tranquil joy on the same spot; till every wall reflects some happy recollection back to thought, every altar and image in the cloister is associated in the mind with some grace received, some blessed inspiration—to have become as a part of that choir in which they have sung the praises of God, and think nothing on earth so heavenly as their own sanctuary; nay, even to cling to the very grave in which sisters in faith and love have been laid to sleep, and look forward with peace to its repose; and then to be rudely torn from all that has thus become dear to their affections, and be carried away, and thrust in where *they* must feel as intruders, among another community of different rule and habit, where there is not one recollection, one association with their past life, where the little appliances of daily and hourly devotion are not at hand, and the feelings have to begin anew to form and adapt themselves, in that age when they have but little pliancy, and in a land not their own:—no, perhaps few, who have not witnessed it, will enter into the severity of this trial. But, thank God, there was virtue, in the holy religious women of Spain, enough to endure it with silent resignation. Again and again have we seen such communities living together in cordial unity, calling one another by the name of sisters, the old community doing their utmost to accommodate the new comers, and render their banishment light. Where there are two choirs and two dormitories, a winter and a summer one, the division was easy, though inconvenient, (?) at every change of season. In other cases, the suffering must have been much greater.

But let us consider the mode in which this cruel measure was carried into execution. Their property, as we have observed, was all seized. Now, there is a marked difference between the property of male communities and that belonging to convents; and it is that every one entering any of the latter, brings with her her portion or dowry, and invests it in the house for her maintenance. Suppose

a father with two daughters, whom he portions equally; the one marries, and takes her dowry into her husband's family—the other enters a convent, and pays in her portion, on condition of being supported in it for life. The law of the land recognizes the existence of these communities, and considers the investment as sacred as any other. Surely, no plea of justice can be raised for an *ex-post-facto* law, which declares *this* investment not only unlawful in future, but retrospectively null; and seizes upon the property so placed. It would be quite as unjust to declare all joint-stock investments, and all annuities already paid for, national property, carry off the capital, and in it the premiums sunk, and leave the poor annuitants in beggary. This is precisely what has been done. If the state did not choose to admit the validity of religious vows, even after made, but wished to consider nuns only as other female members of the population, then they ought to have entered at once into as full possession as they of all right to what, in the eye of the law, must be still their own property. But this it would not permit. One or two instances will show the iniquity thus practised.

In the convent of the Holy Ghost, at Cadiz, we saw a person—we cannot call her a nun, though clothed in the habit, and observing the religious rule—who was just on the point of being professed, when the decree of suppression was issued. Preparatory to it, her dowry was paid in, as the zealous Father Lasso assured us—he himself had counted it down, “ounce upon ounce,” in good gold pieces. This was seized, as convent property; and, at the same time, the community was forbidden to receive her profession. They will not let her be a nun, but they have plundered her of her only means of living in the world, to which, however, she has never felt a wish to return. And so for ten long years has she borne the heavy, though sweet, yoke of the religious life, without the consolation of being incorporated in her community. This, it will be admitted, is a hard case, but the following is harder. A lady, a rich heiress at Madrid, entered a religious house. After two years she became blind, and otherwise afflicted with bad health. In that state the convent property was all sold, and with it her estates, which, had she chosen to remain in the world, she might have lavished on any vanity, and no one would have interfered; and thus was she left to misery and starvation—literally, to starvation,

so far as the government could inflict it. It is true that they settled a pension upon each nun—and what a pension, and how insidiously contrived! For the allowance is of four reals (8d.) per day, if they remain in their convents; but of *five*, (10.) if they should quit it! Thus was an enticement held out to these poor souls, to leave their religious life, and return to the world: thus did a Catholic government, as it called itself, offer a premium for the violation of solemn vows! Nor were there stronger efforts wanted, in some places at least, to draw away from their holy engagements and secluded life, these consecrated virgins of God. In Cadiz, for instance, the political chief went in person, surrounded by his officers, to the convent, and having made the doors be opened, harangued the nuns, telling that the day of freedom was come, and that he was there to lead them from their confinement, and that they need not fear their friends or any one else, as he and the government would protect them. He thought, no doubt, like many of his kind, that these good nuns were all captives there against their wills, and longed to be again enjoying the world. But the event showed how mistaken he was: they listened with amazement and disgust at his raving, as it appeared to them: but none followed him. Still the irreligious views of government were sufficiently manifested by these proceedings, which proved that they cared not for engagements, which the Catholic Church holds most sacred.

But if the solid virtue of the Spanish religious women was able to stand the first rude trial, or rather if there was not much in the impious proposals and spoliation of their civil rulers, to entice them away from their austere calling, they were soon made to endure another and a far heavier burthen, which could not but put them severely to the test; and it was the penury and misery to which we have alluded. The pension to the nuns has hardly ever been paid; it has always been left in arrears, until some miserable instalment is made, enough, perhaps, to cool public charity, but not to relieve the deep distress of the patient sufferers. For instance, in this last winter, 1844—45, the religious received one quarter's payment on account of 1837! such being the arrears. In one large convent, we were informed, that, in the whole of last year, the payments made had amounted to *nine* dollars, not £2. The consequence has been, that, by degrees, many con-

vents have been reduced to absolute penury. We were shown the refectory and cloisters, bare of every ornament, picture after picture having been sold for a trifle to the rapacious broker, to purchase bread. Yes! dry bread often, and nothing more. Yet the local authorities were offended, when the Dean Cepero, at Seville, had an alms-box placed outside a convent wall, with the inscription: *Pan para estas religiosas*—“Bread for these nuns.” It seemed to them, forsooth, a reproach on *them*, for not paying these poor creatures their miserable stipend, and letting them starve! But we must add another grievance. While these poor creatures are thus, after being plundered, left in misery, they are (in many instances, at least) compelled to pay all taxes and local imposts.—Such, for example, is the case with the Beaterio of the B. Trinity, in Seville, where formerly 200 poor children used to be educated, but where now there are not more than seventy-five. The property of this house consisted chiefly of money lent by it to commissioners, to build or repair churches, who were authorized to give, as security for interest, tithes received by them. But, by the abolition of all tithes (without any compensation whatever to persons having a beneficial interest in them), this was all lost, or rather made over to the holders of titheable property. Yet, as we have said, the whole of the state and local exactions are demanded from them. And we must say, that here, as in all similar establishments in Spain, which we have visited, the appearance of everything indicated, in spite of poverty, the utmost order, neatness, and cheerfulness. The children seemed all well employed and happy; and are taught every species of useful and ornamental work, as well as the usual branches of female education, music included, in a most satisfactory manner. And this puts us in mind of one of the most splendid establishments for female education, perhaps, in the world, “the College,” as it is called, for female children at Cordova. As a building, it is far the most spacious, airy, and solid edifice for the purpose, which we have ever seen; the very attics being superior to the principal floor of many colleges. But, alas! though not under the direction of religious, its funds have come under the spacious definition of “national property,” and have been confiscated; and instead of a hundred pupils, which it would well contain, a dozen or so are all that occupy its magnificent halls: but

these few, we must add, seem as happy as children can be, and receive a good and efficient education.

But to return. This hard and unceasing trial, this daily struggle against poverty, and in so many cases the painful removal from their own house, and the hourly inconvenience of being in a strange one, the increasing infirmities of old age and sickness, aggravated by want and grief, without the cheerful support and nursing care of a younger family of novices or newly professed sisters, the sorrowful prospect too of seeing no succession, no hope of perpetuity for the house and order which has been the object of tenderest affection, and the feeling, on the contrary, that in them expires and drops piecemeal into the tomb, the community which perhaps a saint founded many hundred years ago, and with it the holy traditions, and the devotions of ages, these and many other afflictions heaped upon the heads of thousands of unoffending women, who had shrunk early from the world to escape its anxieties, might have been enough to wear down their spirit, and drive many of them from their house of sorrow, to homes where they would have been welcome. But while in us who contemplate this treatment, it cannot fail to excite a feeling of execration against revolutions or maxims which can suggest it; while we who are but calm spectators are tempted to wonder (in the terms of mild reproof addressed of old by a martyred virgin to her judge), whether they were born of woman who could thus treat her in her holiest form, far different has the effect been upon those, who had long extinguished resentment and anger within their breast. We have visited upwards of twenty communities in various places, and have conversed with them frequently: and we have seen them in different moods: we have found some sinking more than others under the depression of their condition, more sickly in body, more discouraged in spirits; we have seen others, more buoyant and hopeful, possessing all that habitual brightness and joyful glee, which every one acquainted with religious communities knows to be their peculiar feature, as cheerful as if they were not in deep distress, which we knew them to be. But in no case has a murmur escaped, or a harsh word, from any lip. The chalice has been drunk, though bitter, with mild resignation: "It is the adorable will of God," "May the will of God be done," such were the expressions which we invariably

heard. The tear indeed, could not be repressed, but it was soon wiped away with some such words as these: and confidence in God, and hope in the intercession of His blessed Mother, came ever as a sunbeam to restore serenity and joy. For Spain was the earnest thought and fervent prayer—for “poor afflicted Spain,” as they would call it, for its speedy restoration to the full communion of the apostolic see, towards which their attachment was unbounded, and for wisdom to its rulers, to re-establish religion on its proper footing. They could not believe that God would abandon a country which had sent so many glorious intercessors into His presence. Nor must we omit the interest felt, and expressed, for our own country, their anxious inquiries about the truth of a great religious movement in England, and the joy manifested at hearing about our own convents here, and at learning that here, at least, they were not persecuted and distressed.

With such principles and feelings, we cannot wonder that the offer of emancipation was like a dead letter, and that all the suffering inflicted has not been able to break up the religious communities of Spain, but on the contrary has been as a fiery crucible, to show their sterling virtue and increase its purity and brightness. Instances of nuns who have left the religious life to return to the world we could not hear one of; not a scandal have the enemies of religion been able to get hold of, to justify their attempts. We heard of three or four, who driven from their own homes, and finding their communities broken up, have retired to their families, or into *Beaterios*, where they have continued to lead secluded and edifying lives. But it would be difficult to allege more: and this surely is but little, especially considering the great numbers subjected to the trial.

It will be seen by what we have written, that we think it speaks well of the religion of Spain, and augurs better for its future hopes, to possess within it so well tried a body of religious women, whose virtue and prayers cannot fail to bring down many blessings on the country which has given them to the Church, and who, though hidden, are a leaven that will not fail to act on all society. The day will come, when the native historian will dwell with pride on the heroic fortitude, the untiring patience, the unrelaxing piety and saintly bearing of the religious

women of Spain: when the petty glories of revolutionary statesmen will have faded away, when the Esparteros and Olozagas will be looked upon as experimentalists with a nation's welfare, and the destroyers or disturbers of its holiest institutions, the victims of their revolutionary policy, those whom it dealt with, as objects whose most sacred feelings were not worth regarding, and whose gradual extinction by affliction or starvation was not an element worth calculation, will form an additional ray in the national glory, and be justly held up to reverence, as a boast and honour of their country.

Nor will there be less praise due to the people, who have generously sympathized with them, and stood between them and the cruel dealings of those in power. For as in former subjects of which we have treated, so in this, we must not omit the hopeful evidences of religiousness, which the people have afforded, in the feelings which they have exhibited, in regard to this oppressed class. Had it not been for that charity, which in Spain seems inexhaustible, death would long ago have reduced the estimate in the yearly budget for the nuns' support to zero. But no sooner was the lamentable destitution known of these holy women, who by their patience and piety had won the esteem and compassion of all, than in every city societies of ladies were formed, to collect alms for their maintenance. Nobles of the first class were to be seen at the church-doors soliciting the charity of the faithful on their behalf, private and secret benefactions were added, as well as fixed monthly subscriptions, and thus, and thus alone, has a miserable pittance been secured for the religious, and their daily bread at least supplied. A faithful account of the administration of these funds has been always published.

For example, the accounts of the society at Madrid, where the Queen-Mother takes the lead in this, as in every other work of charity, give the following results:

On hand at the end of March last, (about)	£.338
Collected in the month of April,	305
	—
	643
Expenditure,	275
	—
Balance,	£.368
	—

The details are of course given, but our object is to show

how considerable a sum is collected for this object alone; as taking the subscription of April to represent an average collection, we have £3,600 per annum contributed in Madrid alone.* In Barcelona, the city of all others which we believe is considered in England as most under the dominion of liberal and revolutionary principles, and perhaps as on that account less religious (though most unjustly), the report of last year's subscription is no less creditable. The Duchess of Gor, the president of the Association there, presented it in last March; and she observes that so much approved of has the plan of the society at Barcelona been, that applications from Valencia, Santander, Granada, Zaragoza, and other cities, have been made for copies of its rules. She speaks in high terms of the zealous efforts made by the provisional government that took up the reins which fell from Espartero's hand, as well as by the present one, to make good the just demands of the poor religious; but observes that the exhaustion of the public treasury has rendered, as yet, all their attempts abortive. In the mean time the society had collected and applied to the relief of the nuns of Barcelona, in the past year, the sum of £2,600.† In Seville there are twenty convents, containing 486 nuns, all dependent upon the charity of the faithful, communicated in great measure through this society.† The same, in fact, may be said of every city and town. In Malaga, this branch of charity has been most zealously cultivated; but in the month of January it was announced, that, the Government having begun to pay the pensions to the nuns, the society would discontinue its assignments except in favour of the sick and disabled, who might require additional assistance. And this, we believe, was by the wish of the religious themselves. But we must not omit honourable mention of the conduct of the political chief there, Sr. Ordóñez, a young man indeed, but one of whom every rank and class, rich and poor, clergy and laity, speak not only with respect but with affection. On behalf of the nuns he has been indefatigable; and often did we hear them gratefully

* *El Católico*, 26 May, this year. This is an excellent daily paper.

+ *Pensamiento*, tom. i. p. 90.

‡ Among the contributors last year to the funds for the nuns in this city, we observe the name of the Count Mellerio of Milan, whose noble charities at home, are by no means sufficient to satisfy his piety.

speak his praise. His plan was an excellent one for securing a supply of food for them. It was this: all fines imposed by the police-tribunals he had paid in bread, and sometimes in other food; the person fined was directed to what convent he should take the quantity exacted from him, and was obliged to produce a receipt from it, as well as a certificate of its good quality; otherwise it was paid over again. He informed us that by these means, 10,000 loaves had been given to the nuns last year; and that on one day the Capuchin nuns had seventy pouuds of bread. In Granada also the authorities have behaved most kindly to the religious, since the change of government. There were, and are yet, no fewer than nineteen communities of them: several had been expelled from their houses; but they have all been restored, and even in one case, where the house had been destroyed, another one was provided them.

All that we have said reflects credit on the people of Spain, as well as upon its religious—it proves the sterling virtue of the one, and the just feeling and appreciation of it in the other. But could we hope that our words would ever be heard by that people itself, or by its rulers, we would not be content to stop here, with barren commendations of the spirit of faith and charity, which has been called forth by the cruel oppression practised in their name. For, disguise it as we may, it is by the *will* of the Spanish people, wrongfully represented by those in power, that the cruelty and oppression have been practised. There is, therefore, a further duty, that of reparation. It is not enough to let those holy communities sink with greater comfort into the grave; but it is a duty to snatch them thence, and place them again upon their proper ground, to restore to them what has been unjustly (as all but a mere fraction of fanatics will agree) torn from them, give back to them vitality and perpetuity, allow them once more to open their gates to those who seek refuge and security from the world's perils, and let there be in that country, so fearfully distracted by political violence, some sheltered spots of peace, where holier thoughts and purer breathings may make atonement for the rankness of earth's villainies, and which may, in time of need, avert calamities and stay uplifted vengeance.

We will not disguise our sentiments: but every reflection and every observation, which we have made or can make,

has brought us to a further conclusion, that never was there a more ill-timed measure than the suppression of the religious orders of men, as well as of women, and that it is of absolute necessity to the honour and welfare of the country that they be restored. We do not say how far limitations might be introduced, or checks imposed upon rash professions: * this is matter in which the wisdom of the holy see would show itself as elsewhere. But every thing leads us to the conviction, that it will one day be a melancholy thought for Spain, that in one hour, she overthrew the work of ages, annihilated the creations of some of her best and greatest children, and renounced the glory of having given them birth. For whatever else the present generation may choose to pride itself, on whatever ground they may please to base the national honour (and no country can produce more), whether on the conquests of her two Ferdinands, or the discovery and possession of a new world, or on the splendour of her arts; we will venture to say that none of these are more justly matter of boast, than to have given birth to so many men, who by the combination of extraordinary genius with extraordinary virtue, have influenced the destinies of all the world in its highest interests, and turn the eyes of Christianity, with admiration and gratitude, towards their country. At a time when the rest of Europe was convulsed with religious throes, that gave birth to the hydra-creeds of modern times, while Britain and Germany were producing and fostering such living calamities as Knox and Cranmer, Luther and Munster, Spain was richer in great and holy characters than almost any part of the world had ever been before, or has been since; she produced in little more than one generation, St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, St. John of God, St. John of the Cross, St. Peter of Alcantara, St. Joseph Calasanctius, St. Francis Borgia, St. Thomas of Villanueva, and St. Teresa; not to speak of such persons as Cardinal Ximenes, John D'Avila, Marina d'Escobar, and a host of others eminent for piety, learning, and ability. Suffice it to say, that in the hall of the Bishop of Valencia's palace, which yet remains, there were once assem-

* We were informed by persons most favourably inclined to the religious orders, that they were injured by the too easy admission of new novices, after the Duke d'Angoulême's occupation, when they were restored after having been suppressed. Anxiety to fill up the wanting numbers, might easily induce over great facility in this respect.

bled together in the time of its bishop, St. Thomas of Villanueva, no fewer than seven persons, who were all afterwards canonized by the Church.

If a parallel were instituted between Columbus and St. Francis Xavier, it would be hard, even for an admirer of mere natural qualities, to give preference to the former; and they who consider spiritual and eternal advantages as far superior to the carnal and temporal, would not hesitate as to the result. The energy, the perseverance, the tact, the self-devotion, the courage, the merging of every selfish feeling in enthusiasm for one grand object; these great moral qualities are fully as great in the saint as in the discoverer, while we have still in reserve a multitude of higher and nobler gifts, which will bear comparison with nothing else. And surely there was no man of that age, and hardly of any other, who displayed so wonderful a power of influencing and directing others, and combining the elements of many varied characters, than he who communicated to St. Francis the energy of will and action necessary for his purpose; the chivalrous soldier of Christ, the *Hidalgo* of the Cross. St. Ignatius, surely is a character of whom any nation might be proud, whether considered personally, or in his influence on the world, as a noble specimen of rare and sublime qualities long concealed, but of a sudden developed and brought instantaneously to full maturity, under the influence of Grace, like "the winged flower" from its chrysalis; where the valiant soldier and ambitious knight sickens in prison, only to come forth the greatest master of the spiritual life, the general of a religious army, whose lines soon extend from Peru to Japan—the founder of a most wonderful school of every sacred science,* and the educator of hundreds of martyrs to glorify the Church. Again, as a specimen of the most noble active charity, who can fail to revere the memory of St. John of God? The traveller, who visits Granada, thinks at once of nothing but the Alhambra, and rushes with enthusiasm to scale its steep ascent, and spend hours and days in admiring its fragrant gardens and groves, its noble halls, and its delicate adornments. And they deserve certainly the most enthusiastic admiration,

* Spain must come in for her share of praise for the great theological learning soon displayed in the order founded by St. Ignatius. Such names as Suarez, Sanchez, Vasquez, Maldonatus, Villalpandus, and a host of other writers, are not easily to be surpassed by any other country.

and no one, we are sure, can have felt this more than ourselves, as none have had better opportunity, from the peculiar courtesy shown us, of seeing all to every advantage. But in that noble and most beautiful city, our interest was claimed by other objects, beyond the remnants of Moorish skill and power: by that series of recollections, preserved by monuments, of the charitable zeal of him to whom all Europe owes the existence of hospitals such as they now exist. There we could visit, and did, the cell, now a chapel, in which John of God was confined as a madman, in what was then, and yet is, the public asylum; so strange and new did his conduct appear to his fellow-townsmen, on behalf of the poor! and the heavy log of wood, which according to the usage of the times was attached to him, hangs over the altar of the church. There is the magnificent hospital, now part of the same house, built by the "Catholic kings," from the windows of which he threw the beds of the sick (whom he had borne unscathed one by one in his arms) in the midst of a raging fire: there the splendid new hospital which he himself served till near his dying day, and within its church the truly gorgeous chapel in which he lies enshrined.* But the place of his death is still more interesting. When so ill that he could scarcely stand, he continued to creep from bed to bed, attending and nursing his sick; and when invited by the Count de las Pisas to retire to his house for a few days, to remain quiet and regain his strength, it required the command of the bishop to induce him to accept it. There he was visited by that holy prelate, who found only one uneasiness on his mind, the debts, trifling in amount, which he had contracted not for himself, but for the poor. The good bishop took all these upon himself, and John received the rites of the church with rapturous devotion. He was left alone, and when next visited, was found dead, kneeling in the middle of the room, with his crucifix clasped fast in his hands, erect as if still in prayer: to the admiration of the crowds, who for three hours were admitted to see so consoling a spectacle. And there is the room in that hospitable house yet preserved for the devotion of the faithful, with the spot hallowed by so

* The shrine itself is of silver, and was redeemed by the zealous chapter from General Sebastiani. The silver columns and dome which canopied it, were, however, carried off by the French, and are now of wood.

saintly a death carefully railed off: and near the house is the little church, the bell of which spontaneously tolling announced that death. Had the city of Granada erected in its square a monument to him, instead of the vile, heathenish desecration called by that name (made up we were told of the fragments of marble altars), which commemorates the victims of their own wicked passions in late revolutions, it would have shown itself better able to appreciate what gives moral grandeur to a nation. But we must not impute to the whole what was the work of the turbulent few.

Yet continuing, but for one moment longer, our remarks on the same subject, we cannot pass over in silence that class of contemplatives, whose greatest names are in the list which we have given, whose writings form the very keys and guiding-lines into the deep and intricate recesses of ascetical and mystical theology. No nation on earth can show any thing superior or more wonderful; and Spain may defy the world to produce a woman equal in intellect, in energy, in elevation of thought and solidity of judgment to the incomparable St. Teresa: that union of a powerfully masculine mind with the tenderest female heart.

We have, in the names above enumerated, the founders of no less than four great religious orders, as well as the reformer of another, equivalent to a new one.* And what is further striking must be that none in the Church have preserved the spirit in which they were founded more permanently and fully, than every one of these.†

* St. Peter of Alcantara, whose order, as has been observed in the text, was still in the fervour of its penitential spirit when suppressed. In Portugal this was strikingly the case. Every traveller in that country is sure to visit the celebrated "Cork Convent," so called from its cells (it being mostly cut out of the rock) being lined with cork, to keep out the damp. The convent is situated in a wild district, between Cintra and Collares, and is almost buried in the side of a wooded rock. It can hardly have been surpassed in poverty and rudeness by any thing in the deserts of Egypt. Some of the cells are 4 feet by $\frac{3}{4}$, others a little longer, but none exceed six feet in length. The doors are little more than three feet high. The refectory is about nine feet in length, having in the centre a long rough stone, two feet high, for its table, with stone seats round. Every other part is on the same scale of dimensions and poverty. When the convents were all suppressed in Portugal, this house was filled with fervent religious, who had not any property to tempt, or excuse, the cupidity of the government: yet they were turned adrift on the world without mercy. They surely, might have been left to end their days in peace, in their quiet nook. The same is to be said of Arabida, on the other side of the Tagus, where St. Peter of Alcantara himself lived, and in which a no less penitential spirit prevailed when the religious orders were suppressed.

† The Teresians, or discolsed Carmelites have ever been, and yet are, among the most edifying orders in the Church. The author of the "Revelations of

Now, on the other hand, what has the government of Spain done, and what has its people permitted, but the annulling of the work, the wonderful work of these greatest among national ornaments, declaring that what has continued as its results for three hundred years, ought to be considered rather a national blemish, of which they are ashamed and glad to be at length rid ; that those religious orders which civilized for them the vast continent of America, and made Paraguay a terestrial paradise, built, endowed, and served in every city magnificent hospitals, erected every where colleges and schools for gratuitous education of the poor, and every where imprinted on the country its strongest religious features, have been but nuisances, which an enlightened age must sweep away ! Surely when Spain is once more fully awakened from the dream, in which the cup of revolutionary intoxication as yet partly keeps her, she will feel both pain and shame, at the work of destruction which she has recklessly committed, and seek to repair its damage. She will once more boast of the great names which she has given to the church's calendar, cherish the memory of her holy children, and not allow the monuments of their glory to perish. She will recall to mind too, that the most glorious monarchs in her annals have been the most zealous likewise in founding religious houses and erecting temples to the living God ; such as James the Conqueror, Alonzo the Wise, St. Ferdinand of Castile, and his namesake, with Isabella: while only under such monarchs as Peter the Cruel, the foe of God and man, do we find recorded such deeds as have been acted of late, in the plundering and suppression of holy institutions.

And to have acted as she has done, at the very moment when, in the rest of Europe, the delusion of ages was passing away, like the morning mist before the sun ! To be suppressing her religious orders, wrecking their houses, and oppressing their members, just when England was beginning to wish that *she* could undo the work of that destruction, which took place 300 years ago ! What a contrast ! Henry VIII. and his impious ministers were destroying the monastic institutes, and ruining our match-

Spain," gives it as a proverbial phrase ; " I would not believe it, even if it were told me by discalced or barefoot friars." Vol. 2. p. 348. We were much struck by several convents of nuns of this order in Spain.

less abbeys, nearly at the time when Spain was erecting new conventional edifices, and purifying and promoting that very state. And now that we have had the miserable experience of three centuries to enlighten us, we curse the deed, and the day when it was done ; and visit and kiss the stones of our ruined sanctuaries, and mourn over the loss of those who tenanted them, and make weak but sincere efforts to restore them. And that not only *we*, who have therein lost a noble inheritance, but those who would rival us, and who have, beyond our sorrow, the remorse that their fathers, in their blindness, perpetrated the work of destruction. Yes, protestant England is sighing, through its most virtuous children, for the restoration of monastic life ; and Catholic Spain, at the very time, thinks she is making progress, and showing herself enlightened, in destroying it—waits to do it, till they who have done it before, are grieved and ashamed ! But other examples, too, ought to have deterred them. Every other state, which has walked in the footsteps of England, in this unhappy work of destruction, has shown marks of repentance. Austria, which, under Joseph II., abolished the religious orders, has begun to restore them. The Jesuits have been re-established in Gallicia and Lombardy, the order of St. John of God is most flourishing, as are that of St. Joseph Calasancius and others; and the same is to be said of Tuscany, where the Capuchins and other orders are permitted. The King of Bavaria has readmitted the Jesuits, and has founded Benedictine houses. France itself permits Christian brothers, Sulpicians, Lazarists, and the Benedictines of Solesmes ; not to speak of religious women, communities of which have been freely permitted : so that no country in Europe has given so many new orders of them to the Church, in our times, as democratic France.

And whence arises this reaction, wherever the spirit, which has just passed over Spain, has agitated the nations ? Without wishing to question the religious motives which have prompted it no doubt in part, we may safely say that it has been produced by a feeling of absolute necessity. The wants and claims of a catholic population are so urgent and so incessant, that it requires many to satisfy them. The service of the confessional is itself work for many ; every sick and dying person must be assisted at home ; hospitals, prisons, the galleys, the workhouses,

must be constantly attended; then there is all the work of education, and moreover the extraordinary labour of spiritual retreats, missions, and the many demands of private devotion, such as suffrages for the dead, and more particular acts of prayer and piety. All these are more or less necessary for the edification and spiritual wants of a catholic people; they are its daily food, and if it be denied, they must languish and perish. The attempt to make a people moral, by making them philosophers, is a dream long ago vanished; and it must be by the strong morality of religion, by virtue, in other words, that they must be kept in the right path. Now to meet all these demands a mere parochial clergy is not sufficient; it requires an army to be engaged in the good work, persons who can prepare in retirement for great public efforts, who have not *all* to think of, but can divide labour, and who can act powerfully because not always engaged: whose very seclusion, moreover, from the world, whose mortified lives and very habit invest them with a character of peculiar holiness, and give additional weight to their words. This want will soon be felt in Spain, or rather is beginning to be felt. The suppression of the *Escolapios*, the order of St. Joseph Calasanctius for education, was soon felt, and remonstrances poured in to the government in its favour from all sides and all classes, without regard to party-spirit; the result of which has been a law proposed by the government to the Cortes, at the beginning of this year,* for its restoration. This has been passed; so that the government has already taken its first retrograde step in this matter. In like manner, it would have been fatal to have suppressed the religious orders in the Philippine islands, and accordingly an exception has been made in their favour there. For the entire population of natives is under the direction of religious orders, chiefly Dominicans. But how is the supply of missionaries to be kept up, if the parent country which alone can furnish them, is forbidden to train them? We believe, too, that in Biscay, some religious orders, at least, still exist, their protection being secured, as one of the *fueros*, by the convention of Bergara.* And if it is probable, that before long, the necessity which has impelled other governments to the restora-

* *Pensamiento*, vol. ii. p. 136.

* *Independencia*, &c. by the Bishop of Canary, pp. 353.

tion of these religious corporations, will be felt in Spain, and if there are symptoms already manifesting themselves of its arriving, is it not wiser to pause and reconsider the matter soon, before those who have early learnt, and well understand, the rules and principles of that state, pass away, and leave none behind to connect and attach a new generation to the traditions of the past? before too the very edifices which it has cost so much to erect, and which are so well suited to their purpose, have become utter ruins?

And here, too, we must ask (and oh! that we had weight or influence enough to make our question find an echo in Spain), can anything be more lamentable than the accumulation of ruins which encumber the fairest cities there, in consequence of the sale, and either destruction or dilapidation, of conventional buildings? It gives to streets and public squares the appearance of a place tumbling down in decay, or just delivered from a siege. Buildings, which have cost vast sums, are either thrown down in part for their materials, or allowed to crumble away. We have seen, in this condition, magnificent edifices, and beautiful specimens of art. The houses of the Carthusians (*Cartujas*), near large towns, and those of the Hieronymites, are grand national monuments, falling gradually to decay. The *Cartuja*, near Xeres, is, both in plan and in detail, a magnificent edifice; its cloisters, its carved choir, its church, are splendid, but it is abandoned to neglect, and must soon perish. But, even in the heart of towns, one may see part of a convent that has been thrown down, perhaps by the municipality, with the intention of opening a square, but nothing further has been done than making a heap of ruins; or the gable of a church has been half pulled down, and the gilded roof is opened to day, as if enemies and not friends dwelt round about. The destruction of real national property, in works of antiquity and the arts, has been great and irreparable; and there is no means of saving what remains, without restoring it to its right purposes, and to its rightful owners. Nothing but a religious community dwelling in them, can preserve such buildings from ruin.

It is true that many have been converted to other uses—barracks, police offices, drawing academies, &c.; and some good may be supposed to have been got out of them. But we remember having occasion to visit a public officer

in such a building at Lisbon, and being struck with his remark : “ This building was a convent ; the consequence is that it is totally unfit for its present purposes. More money has been expended in patching up and changing it into a most uncomfortable public office, than would have built a new and most commodious range of buildings for that purpose. *We are beginning to find out that a convent is only good for a convent.*” And so it is, and every day will increase the regret at what has been done. “ Some years ago,” writes a Spanish author, “ the traveller, on approaching Granada, saw opening before him, in the midst of gardens and high-roofed houses, the domes of churches, and the crosses planted on the summits of the belfries. These pious monuments showed, from a distance, the character of the old state of society ; they were raised by men living in a period when the religious sentiment prevailed. A time has come, in which ancient institutions have suffered shipwreck ; and in which, as in a whirlwind, sumptuous works have been razed to the ground ; and the slow labour of ages has been undervalued, and the marvellous embodyings of art have disappeared. It is afflicting to view, reduced to ruins, by command or consent of the authorities, most solid edifices and beautiful churches ; and on seeing the perseverance with which their demolition is being completed, one is tempted to ask : Is this an age of enlightenment and education, or have the hosts of Genseric risen again from the dust? ”

But it is not only by the destruction which has taken place that the arts will suffer, nor yet only, in addition, by the quantity of plunder that has been easily carried off, in consequence ; but there will be felt, no doubt, that lack of encouragement, which only stable corporations can give, that have no private interests to consult. It has been thought, perhaps, that an advantage will be gained by collecting together, in one place, works of art, which before were scattered : by making museums out of the spoils of churches. But, on this point, all that we have seen makes us of Dr. Southey’s opinion, when he writes :

“ The pictures of the old masters suffer much, when removed from the places for which they (and in which many of them) were painted. It may happen that one which has been conveyed from a

* *El libro del Viajero en Granada, por D. M. Lafuente Alcántara* Granada, 1843, p. 245. The author, no doubt, alludes to the destruction of the Carmelite convent of the martyrs, placed in one of the most magnificent situations conceivable.

Spanish palace or monastery to the collection of Marshal Soult, or any other Plunder-Master-General in Napoleon's armies, and have passed from thence—honestly as regards the purchaser—to the hands of an English owner, may be hung at the same elevation as in its proper place, and in the same light. Still, it loses much. The accompaniments are all of a different character ; the air and odour of the place are different. There is not here the locality that consecrated it—no longer the *religio loci*. Wealth cannot purchase these ; power may violate and destroy, but it cannot transplant them. The picture, in its new situation, is seen with a different feeling, by those who have any true feeling for such things.”*

No one who visits the collections thus made but must feel the change, and that violence has been done to the artist and his work. The guide or show-man tells you eagerly where they came from, and under what circumstances they were painted. He and you both feel that there is an advantage and a charm in knowing these things, but the spell and illusion are gone. In one room in the new Seville gallery, a convent with its church, most ill-adapted for the purpose, is a room containing eighteen paintings by Murillo, most of them, if not all, brought from the Capuchin convent. The Capuchins were poor begging friars, they had nothing to give for fine pictures, and yet they had a collection fit for an Emperor. Such has been the power of these religious bodies over the arts, and how? One of these pictures may tell the reason—the gem of the collection. Murillo was fond of the good Capuchins, and loved to go and spend a few days in spiritual retirement with them. On these occasions he was lodged in the infirmary, probably the only comfortable room in the house. Once as he was leaving, after taking his frugal meal, the good old lay-brother who waited on him, begged him to paint a Madonna for his infirmary, as he had none. “With great pleasure,” answered Murillo, “but I have nothing to paint it on.” “Would this do?” asked the old friar, showing him his napkin which he was just taking from the table. “Why not?” good-naturedly answered the painter. The square napkin was stretched out, and Murillo soon produced on it his charming *Nuestra Señora de la Servilleta*, the Madonna of the napkin, so called from this incident. He would not have done this for a nobleman, who had feasted him sumptuously ; but he would do it for the humble lay-brother. And now, who

* The Doctor. Vol. iii. p. 38.

would not have gone to any distance to see this beautiful picture, where its legend accompanied it, in the room in which he sat, and talked the matter over with his friend—where we could see the noble artist smiling over his work of art, and the venerable simple-hearted old man with his fine long white beard, watching eagerly each beautiful feature as brought out by one master-touch, and alternately expressing his amazement and delight: then his triumph at seeing his coarse napkin transformed into a painting worth half the convent, and so sweet and lovely withal, and to be hung there in his room for ever! Alas! for ever—no! till some rude hand guided by a cold heart, should pluck it down from its native spot, and hang it on the wall of a museum, where it had no tale to tell, no associations to give it grace; but where it figures among trophies of the same power which a Vandal could exhibit. For who among those plunderers could have exercised that poor lay-brother's power over the thought and pencil of genius?

We fear we may have wearied our readers by leading them over so desultory a track, but we must beg their indulgence still further. We have endeavoured to show the evils which will be felt from the wholesale measure of suppression and destruction which has taken place. But we shall be met by an objection, applied to all orders of the clergy. We are told by all that have taken the late government's views of church property, that the great distress of the nation rendered the seizure of all such property a measure of absolute state necessity. Hence no sooner was the royal decree of the eighth of August of last year issued, which suspended the sale of church property, and ordered the income of what was unsold, to be applied to the support of the clergy and the nuns, than remonstrances were made on all sides, chiefly from foreigners, and they were loudly echoed in our papers, as though an act of injustice was thereby committed against that only claimant who must not be overlooked, the public creditor.* No matter who had been robbed and left to starve at home, the millionaire stock-jobber of London or Paris

* A strong remonstrance on this subject was addressed by several foreign capitalists to Sr. Mon, Minister of France, dated Paris, Sept. 2, 1844, in which they proposed to take into their hands all the unsold property as security for a new advance of 225 millions of reals. This would have finished the work of spoliation most completely.

must not be touched. We have no objection to this; but we believe there never was a more thorough delusion, than the idea that the ecclesiastical property has been, or is the slightest security to any one.

The sales have been ruinous to the state. The author of the "Scenes and Adventures," and other travellers intimate, that there has been no difficulty in finding purchasers for the property, when put up to sale. But he is speaking of Madrid, where, of course, land and buildings must be valuable, and where there will be abundance of capitalists ready to buy. In the provinces this has not been the case. The quiet religious population of the country, and of smaller towns, have shrunk from annexing to their possessions the fruit of sacrilegious robbery; and property has had to be advertised again and again, before it could be sold. The very conditions on which it has been disposed of, shows that purchasers were often scarce. Every facility for paying is given: and the price obtained is purely nominal. In the first place, the purchaser has eight years to pay in, by instalments, fixed at very easy rates. Secondly, he does not pay in money, but in government paper. Now, this is so completely depreciated, so as to be worth in the market only eighteen per cent. Such was its value, when we were informed by persons engaged in business, and accustomed to buy it up. If, therefore, a person has a fancy to purchase a convent, or piece of land belonging to one, and he bids for it, and has it knocked down to him for £1000., he need not be dismayed at the large sum he has to raise. He goes into the stock exchange, and there, for £180., he buys a thousand pounds' worth of government paper; and as he even has eight years to pay it in, he will only have to give at the rate of £22. 10s. per annum, for that period: not two-and-a-half per cent interest for eight years! It will be difficult not to get the purchase money out of the property itself in the time, without raising, or disbursing it. We were informed by a magistrate of a large provincial town, one of its Alcaldes, that there was a portion of convent land so completely intersecting his own, that he rented it from the nuns. When the property was to be sold, he would have been the natural purchaser; but he shrank from such a contamination, and preferred continuing in the character of a tenant to the new purchaser. As the price paid at the auction was publicly known, and his own rent was a

fixed sum, he could easily make his calculation, which was that the rent paid by him had liquidated the purchase-money in the eight years: leaving the purchaser, moreover, 6,000 reals, or £60. in pocket. A friend of ours purchased an old building, formerly a college, but long since in ruins, at a nominal value of £12,000.; but, in reality, in government paper, for £2000., with eight years to pay in.

Such have been the sales effected; and yet, as we have observed, they have not been brisk.* Foreigners, chiefly South-Americans, and persons not of great repute for principles, have been the chief purchasers. We must, however, make honourable exceptions. We are acquainted with an excellent family, at Xeres, for instance, who were in the same position, in regard to a small piece of convent land, as the Alcalde alluded to above. Some not very friendly person bid for this, in hopes of afterwards forcing them to buy it from him to his advantage, to escape annoyance. But they outbid him, and bought it, but only with the intention of restoring it again to its rightful owners, when security returns; and, in the meantime, they continue to pay their rent as before. They also assured us, that the purchase-money was repaid in a few years. The country residence of a bishop was bought by a worthy nobleman; but we were assured by one of his family, with the design of giving it back to the bishop in better times. We shall not be surprised to hear of many such restitutions, whether from calculation and forethought, or from repentance.

The ruinous character of these sales, will further appear from considering their result. After seizing the church property, both regular and secular, and abolishing all tithes,† by which many respectable families, who had their property secured and invested in these, were utterly ruined,

* "If there had been any general eagerness to buy church property, would one estate, one field have remained unsold within twenty-four hours of the publication of the decree? Would so many years have passed over and only a few have been sold, of estates, the produce of which, in a few months, would have enabled the immoral speculator to pay the price without a farthing capital? Would so many decrees, circulars, and instructions have been necessary, to encourage men, greedy of others' goods, to purchase?" *Impugnacion critica.* By R. P. Fr. Magin Ferrer, Barcelona, 1844. vol. i. p. 19.

+ The property of the regulars was confiscated in 1835, that of the secular clergy in 1840. Tithes were abolished, under Mendizabal in 1837. He tried to restore them in the following year, as did Count Ofalia; but it was too late.

for no provision was made for them, government were driven to the necessity of providing funds for the maintenance of the clergy. To effect this, a tax for the *Culto y Clero* was granted, which a nobleman, of highly religious character, and large possessions, assured us was equal to ten per cent on all property; and yet the clergy and religious are hardly ever paid—partly because the tax is not properly levied, and partly because its funds go to other purposes. Now the following calculations will show what a bad speculation the governments of Spain have made, in the sale of church property.

The calculation of the Minister of Finance, in his budget this year, put the annual sum necessary for the endowment of the clergy, at about £1,653,329, to meet which he is obliged to have recourse to most precarious means. Now let us see the value of property sold, and of that yet available.

There have been sold, since 1835,			
properties belonging to the re-			
gular clergy.....	76,734	estimated at	£28,772,938
Ditto, since 1840, belonging to			
the secular clergy.....	69,539	,,	£8,072,740
Total sold	146,273	,,	£36,845,678

This property, at five per cent, would give an annual income of £1,842,283, more by £189,956 than the government requires; and at three per cent, would yield £1,105,370, which would leave a deficit of only £547,959.

But then there remain yet unsold many estates of the secular clergy, which the law has restored to them, the annual income of which the Minister of Finance rates at £489,583. This added to the lower sum given as income, would have given the government nearly enough to pay all the clergy regularly, and support religion decently at least.* The most inexplicable part of this proceeding is, that between the entrance into power of the present government and the decree of suspension of sales, a period of fourteen months, 44,452 properties belonging to the secular clergy, and 12,216 belonging to regulars, in all 56,668, were sold or adjudged! that is 19,365 more belong-

* These data are extracted from the speeches of Sr. Egaña in the Cortes, Jan. 11th and 25th of this year. *Pensam.* vol. ii. pp. 52. 88. &c.

ing to the seculars, than had been sold in eight previous years.

But ruinous as these sales have been, they have been of not even the small use anticipated—the only way in which they could give security to the public creditor. It was understood that the paper bought up for them and paid into the treasury would have been destroyed, and thus so much public debt be extinguished. This, however, has not been the case, the same quantity of paper, and consequently of debt, has been kept in circulation.

We must, before we conclude this subject, say a word about the feelings of the people respecting it. No sooner had more moderate counsels begun to prevail, than remonstrances poured in to the Queen, on the propriety and justice of restoring to the clergy, such property as still remained unalienated. On the 12th of April, 1844, a most beautiful memorial was presented to this effect, by the principal and most respectable inhabitants of Vich in Catalonia.* On the second of May, the flourishing port of Alicante presented a powerful address in favour of their parish priests, who they observe now have to beg from their parishioners that charity which formerly they used so freely to dispense; and they indignantly denounce the paltry stipend allotted them by the government, £34. per annum. “The wages of a porter in a second-rate public office, are the assignment of a curate, of a minister of Jesus Christ, employed day and night to feed His flock.” Such is their language on behalf of what they call “a meritorious, laborious, respectable, and so unjustly neglected class of men.”† On the 14th, the constitutional municipality of Barcelona, sent in a most energetic remonstrance against the further sale of ecclesiastical property, chiefly in reference to notices of sale of several precious monuments of history and the arts; and this was backed by a scientific memorial from the academy of the city.‡ But the same city had previously on the 30th of April, addressed the throne directly against the further sale, and in favour of the restitution, of remaining church property. Had we room we would gladly give extracts from this energetic memorial, from a city so much misrepresented in regard to

* Pensam. vol. i. p. 248.

† P. 264.

‡ P. 285.

religion; it would show how the *people* of Spain speak of their clergy. And gladly also would we quote the addresses on the same subject, of Mataró in the same month, and of the authorities and people of Santiago in June following.* All and many others would give us abundant evidence of the feelings of the great cities towards the Church.

IV. It is time that we say a few words respecting the last but greatest class, on which the prospects of religion must mainly depend—the population of Spain. The first thing that every traveller, at least with few exceptions, is sure to inculcate is, that the country is in a state of backwardness bordering on barbarity. The roads, the inns, the modes of traffic, their robbers, banditti, assassinations and such matters, are abundant sources of illustration. Certainly some of them are strange enough to an English traveller, though they would not have been to our fathers a very small number of generations back, when it was a week's journey from York to London, and Hounslow, on the outskirts of London was as dangerous a pass as any in Spain. And really we may doubt whether, had our country been, ever since we were born, the scene of successive wars, first of invasion, then domestic, we should have improved as we have done, in material comforts. But in judging others we may be easily mistaken in another way.

We constantly make for ourselves false standards of civilization, drawn from our own wants and customs; and fancy that whatever comes not up to them is rude and barbarous. We hardly ever take into calculation that almost all our comforts and luxuries, which have to us become indispensable, have reference to climate, and would be the reverse of what we call them, if this were changed. If we look round one of our rooms, we shall see that from this springs the perfection of all it contains—the fireplace with its necessaries and accessories of polished marble and polished metal, and smaller ornaments—the curtained window, the canopied bed, the carpeted floor, the well-closing door, the warm-coloured walls, and then the easy chair for long cold evenings, and the many appurtenances of a snug and sheltered retirement from the keen cutting

* P. 374. See also p. 500 the memorial from the provincial deputation of Oviedo.

air. Our luxury is in warmth: suppose it to lie in cold—and how would the absence of most of these things become not only a luxury but a necessity. The marble floor, the cool white wall, the open court-yard, the breezy portico, the sparkling fountain become comforts: and the ground-floor of a Seville house is a more enviable residence than the most splendid apartment of a northern palace. No where will this appear more striking than in the royal residence of Cintra, where immense halls, with tiled floors and almost void of furniture, built by the Moors, appear to an English eye as over-plain and bare, and still are most perfectly suited to the wants of royalty in such a climate. And as to the poor, when on the 7th of January, we saw the children at eight or nine in the morning, with little more clothing than what they had left their beds in, playing and basking in the sun of Andalucia, reflected from the snow-white walls of their cottages, and every door (one being invariably opposite the other) and window thrown open to admit the genial glow, we could not help thinking that *there* was a luxury which no money could purchase, but which yet was the poor man's as much as the rich one's; and when, looking into the humble dwellings of a country village at that season, we saw the ceilings hung with clustering bunches of grapes, a winter provision saved from the vintage, we could not but feel that men may be more happy, even in worldly enjoyments, than those whose implements and furniture are of better manufacture, and of greater expense. But even in these respects we may easily come to wrong conclusions. Traveller after traveller stands amazed at, and describes most alarmingly, the first appearance of a Spanish cart. And certainly a primitive machine it is, and "most sadly musical." But travellers go on, upon the principle of *ex pede Herculem*, to induce and deduce by force of said cart, that the Spaniards are in an uncivilized degraded state, and so they will reason upon their plough or their carriage. Now in truth, all these things are no more rude there than they have been in countries where, however, we draw no such conclusions; the plough of Rome, the wain of Greece, or the chariot of Etruria, were as clumsy and as imperfect as those of Spain. And how do we know this? why of the first we judge from a description in verse, such as all our machine improvements in the textorial art does not enable us to weave; the second perhaps, from marble

chiselled more skilfully and more delicately, than all our upholstery artists can presume even to copy ; the third from paintings in the tombs of a country town, the glowing colours of which, after being shut up more than two thousand years, all our chemical science cannot imitate. These rudenesses then were compatible with much refinement, taste, and skill. And even in Spain it would be unjust to pronounce, as many do most rashly, upon the state of the people from such observation. That country, while such objects have been in that condition, has produced artists like Murillo, Velasques, Ribera, Alonzo Cano, and a thousand others, and sculptors like Montanez, Torrijano, and very many more, not to speak of the men who have directed, built, and adorned with taste as well as sumptuousness the countless cathedrals, minsters, and churches that cover the land. Surely a people is not uncultivated that can produce such works.

But there are other qualities beyond these, far more valuable to a people situated as Spain is, just emerging from a succession of political convulsions, in which religion has been awfully shaken. We have seen how all external and material props have been withdrawn from it, while the late government did all in its power to put the country into a state of schism, short of the last step. The effects must have been dreadful, even with all the advantages of a zealous clergy, without a people in whom faith was solidly implanted. Now, this we will boldly assert, that the Spanish people, in the mass, are truly and heartily a Catholic, a believing, a religious people. And first, let us quote, according to our practice, an unsuspected witness : even at the risk of alluding, thereby, to facts already noticed :

" But religion is so deeply rooted in the national character, that the most furious political storms, which prostrate everything else, blow over this, and leave it unscathed. It is only among the educated male population, that any lack of fervour is witnessed. When these become absorbed in the maze of politics, all other considerations, but intrigue and faction, are lost sight of, and forgotten ; but their mothers, sisters, and daughters, young boys, and old men, have abated little of the fervour of other times, or, at least, are as determined church-goers as their ancestors.

" During the siege of Seville, last summer, mass was celebrated to the sound of the bombs in all the churches daily ; and in front of the mattresses, where tender and trembling votaries reposed on the cathedral floor, during the night, in the belief

that the sacredness of the renowned Giralda was a sufficient pledge of safety, the host was regularly consecrated. While the cannon was booming in the immediate vicinity, every one of the eighty priests, who are set apart to the service of this mighty house, said Mass, or otherwise ministered to a congregation of thousands ; and in Barcelona, where the Patulea, after seizing all the property in the city, rifled the churches of their silver and other valuable images, the moment the siege was over, the altars of a hundred churches blazed as if their worship had never been suspended."—*Revelations of Spain*, pp. 340, 341.

We will deal with facts as we have done throughout.—But, first, we will make an acknowledgement. There can be no doubt that religion must have suffered, and has severely, by late events. Where churches have been left for years without bishops, and parishes but ill provided with priests, where the more extraordinary efforts made from time, to rouse the sluggish and alarm the sinner, have been interrupted by the loss of the religious orders—where, consequently, abuses must have crept in, and there has been none to correct them, where even wolves have been sent to rule flocks, and only those have been favoured who corrupted the faith, it would have been indeed beyond belief, that great detriment should not have accrued to both faith and morals in the people. But, beyond this, we must consider that the government has done all in its power to shake the foundations of both. The people of Spain, till lately accustomed to see their clergy treated with so much consideration, have been taught to see them suspended, banished, imprisoned, and even massacred with impunity—they have heard the Pope, whose very name inspired reverence, spoken of in public decrees as an usurper, whose very concessions and indulgences the nation repudiated—they have seen the laws of the Church abrogated by the state, their churches turned into workshops, or military stores. Is it wonderful that all these unusual violations of religious feelings, rendered now familiar to the people, should have weakened their principles on other and more important points? The chief magistrate of a large and flourishing provincial town, observed to us, that the abolition of tithes, because they were only enjoined by the commandments of the Church, had naturally affected the observance of the Sunday and of holidays, because these were enforced (as to their specific obligations) by the same ecclesiastical authority. And, in

fact, one is pained by seeing in cities the increased neglect of those holy observances, though not by any means to the extent in which it offends one in France ; and it must be added, that the civil authorities are interfering to put down the profanation.*

But, notwithstanding all that we may have to deplore, we are confident when we say, that, however the tree may have been lopped, and its glories broken down, the root is there safe and sound : faith exists, and will soon be awakened again. Much that we have already written will prove this—the respect shown to the episcopacy, the interest taken in religious communities, and in the question of ecclesiastical property, and many other topics which we have had occasion to allude to, give evidence of lively faith in the people. Indeed, persons of all classes, who have had the best opportunity of knowing the country population, have assured us that the faith has suffered little or nothing in it. If the Spanish peasantry have been justly charged with such gross ignorance, as every traveller speaks of, then may we say, that this has been in part their safeguard. We put the case hypothetically, because we are rather at a loss to reconcile the accusation with what we sometimes read in these writers. Thus Mr. Borrow finds peasants every where ready, not only to accept, but to pay for his Testaments, whether Spanish or Gipsy. Take, for instance, his account of his principal business-like excursion of Bible-hawking into the Sagra, a rural district. His man, Lopez, goes forth with a donkey-load of books, and soon returns with empty panniers. “ Eight poor harvest men buy them ;” it frequently occurred that the poor labourers in the neighbourhood “ offered goods for Testaments,” and so forth.† All this does not seem to accord with the usual charge of such gross ignorance. But, at any rate, if the ignorance exist, it has been one effectual bar to the mischief attempted to be done, by the dissemination of infidel works among the people.

For this we have the authority of Balmes, than whom none is better acquainted with religious Spain. “ The

* The author of the “ Revelations” complains, we believe not unjustly, of great irreverence shown in processions in Lent and Holy Week. This was owing to young men who joined in them, with any thing but good feelings. This year we know, that in some places at least, as in Seville, they were intended to be discontinued, on this very account. (Revel. vol. i. p. 377.) This does not at all apply to the procession of Corpus Christi.

† P. 253.

cities of second order," he writes, "with very rare exceptions, the towns, villages, and hamlets have felt little of the infection; for this simple reason; that it is spread chiefly by books, and there, there are no readers. Add to this the many and powerful influences opposed to these ideas of innovation, calculated to neutralize the effect of the conversation of persons gone astray, and we may infer, that an immense majority have been preserved from the evil." He then proceeds to show that no talent, no wit, no good writing has been displayed in Spain against religion, to taint much even larger cities, and that in fact, "infidelity has no scientific existence in Spain."*

Where the Word of God is preached, its power is yet unbounded; and no sooner shall the bishops, restored to authority, send forth missionaires to revive the faith of slumberers, than all Spain will rise to Catholic fervour, like a host at the sound of the morning trumpet. The administrator of Seville has been, during the last winter, employing apostolic men in this work, and assured us that the accounts were most satisfactory and consoling; so that he had forwarded the letters to the Cardinal Archbishop. Indeed we afterwards met the principal missionary engaged in the work, Father Sanlucar, an ex-capuchin, and he informed us that nothing could exceed the fervour of the people, who flocked in crowds from villages for miles around, and showed the greatest devotion. In one place three thousand *general* confessions were made; and if we remember right, twenty priests were engaged all day in the sacred tribunal.

We shall not easily forget an interview with a poor peasant of the name of Diego Patricio Lopez (not certainly Mr. Borrow's man), who was introduced to us by a priest at a country town in the south of Spain. He was like most of the Spanish peasantry, a fine stout fellow, with a manly independant bearing, which betrays neither awkward restraint nor insolent forwardness, before persons of what society reckons a higher class. He was accompanied by another person of his own rank: both were clad in the substantial but plain costume of the Spanish countryman. For bare-footed or ragged indigence we hardly recollect to have ever seen there. We found him quite a biblical scholar in his way; and his delight and great em-

* *Pensamiento*, to. i. p. 67.

ployment was, instructing and interesting poor labourers, like himself, in the history and sentiments of Holy Scriptures. He had once procured a copy of Father Scio's version, and read it with delight—but it had belonged to some religious house before the first suppression, and on its being restored, he felt it is duty to make restitution of the book, though he had bought it. He had since been supplied with a copy from a nobleman's library. Not only does he recite to the people histories of the Bible as they occur; but he combines together into a sort of legend all that relates to any given subject. Urgent business prevented us from listening to one of these—his favourite one. And how his eyes brightened, and how eloquent his tongue seemed when he told us the subject. Beginning with Genesis and going through the whole of Scripture, he had woven together every type, and prophecy, and promise of the Blessed Virgin. No: the Bible had not protestantized him, nor acted on him otherwise than subordinately to faith; it had warmed and kindled to enthusiasm the feelings of his early religious impressions. More than this: he had composed prayers and novenas for his own class, for whom more learned and elaborate compositions were not suited, and upon looking through one of these, we found it from beginning to end made up of scriptural passages, illustrations, and allusions, adapted, with happy instinct, to the condition and wants of those for whom he wrote, and to whom he read them. Or rather we must say, for whom he dictated them. For he amusingly told us, how, having been urged to put down in writing what he had only delivered orally, he sat down, pen in hand, and tried to give expression to the thoughts which filled his mind. But he could not get on at all, and gave up in despair. Then he was advised to dictate, and did so. As soon as he was warmed a little by his subject, he would walk about the room, and pour forth in ready language, his fervent thoughts, as quick as the pen of the writer could set them down. But the honest peasant had a document addressed to him by the bishop of the diocese, which he produced. Some readers will surmise that it was probably a summons to answer for his presumption in studying and reading the Word of God, or a threat of inquisitorial proceedings, if he persevered. However it was neither. It was only a grant of forty days' Indulgence to him every time he recited his scripture histories and

prayers to the poor, and the same to all who devoutly, and with due dispositions, listened to them !

The author of the "Scenes and Adventures," gives the following interesting description of a mass celebrated in the open air, during the war. It may serve to illustrate the religious feelings of the people :

"On a space of ground, bordered by olive groves and luxuriant vineyards, the bold mountain outline—on which, here and there, perhaps, might be seen the enemy's videttes and *guerrillas*, forming a magnificent frame-work to the picture :—on such a spot would be seen the troops assembling ; each battalion marching out of the town or village, with its full military band playing, and forming on the appointed ground. In the centre, a table, covered with the best adornment that could be procured, served for an altar, on which a military chaplain had arranged the sacred vessels and missals. Then were seen the peasant women, arriving in haste to attend mass, or seating themselves quietly on the ground, waiting for the commencement of the service, to which they, as well as their male relatives and companions, would pay the most devout attention.

"It was a solemn and a touching spectacle, when the priest, clothed in his vestments, elevated the host in the air, amid the clangour of the military music ; the soldiers presenting arms, groups of officers bending the knee ; the peasants, men and women, devoutly kneeling, and crossing themselves ; and the sun shedding a gorgeous lustre over the whole."—Vol. ii., page 146.

But it is just that we say a few words of the inhabitants of towns. For it is against them that charges of irreligion are most likely to be made. And no doubt the evil consequences of the late calamitous times, are more deplorably experienced among them than in the country. Yet even on their behalf we have much to say, chiefly from observation. One thing which cannot but strike an enquirer into the state of religious matters in Spain is, to see the churches kept up as they are, after every means of support have been taken away. The houses of the regulars have been seized, their inmates driven out, and either their funds or the alms collected by them, if mendicant friars, totally withdrawn. What is to become of a church, left without either priest or income ? Any where else the obvious end would have been ruin ; and the same might have been anticipated respecting the churches of nuns, all whose property has been carried off. But in Spain it has not been so. In a few instances the churches have been sold, as is the case with the beautiful church of St. Philip Neri

at Granada, now a carpenter's shop. Generally, however, this has not been the case ; the church has been left standing, but in the destitute condition above described. And yet *not one* could we hear of that had been closed. In Xeres, for instance, there were about thirty churches of regulars and nuns, thus thrown all at once upon the generosity or charity of the faithful ; and yet every one of them remains open to public worship. This is equally the case at Cadiz, Seville, Ecija, Malaga, and every other place. And not only so, but every function, which used to be carried on in these churches, has been continued with equal or superior splendour. Nay, we were assured that there were more *novenas*, and other functions given and defrayed by private devotion, than there used to be. Noble and respectable families have taken altars under their protection and care, and the ladies of the house may be seen providing abundantly and themselves applying, whatever is necessary, for not merely decent but splendid appearance. Never were the chapels and altars so well kept as at present. Again, when the churches were plundered, not a little of their treasures was saved, by their being either claimed and taken possession of by the families of their founders, or by being carried off and concealed in the houses of the rich. Much has been brought out again, but much is yet hidden. We were told so by noblemen and gentlemen who yet retain them. We were somewhat amused one day, when looking at a beautiful image of Our Lady, such as can be seen only in Spain, where carving has been carried to a perfection unattained elsewhere ; and being told by one of our clerical conductors, to observe that all the ornaments about it are of base metal, whereas once they were all silver ; another at our side whispered, "but they are all safe, they are concealed and will be brought out again." Nor are the faithful slow in restoring what has been lost. In that same church we were shown a splendid gold chalice just left by will to it, and in other places we saw similar proofs of liberality.

Another strong evidence of piety and faith will be found in the fact, that never has the perpetual exposition and adoration of the B. Eucharist, in the forty hours' prayer, been interrupted. It is kept up, not only in every large town, but also in those of second-rate importance, such as contain not more than 20,000 inhabitants. Yet it is only by the charity of the people that the expenses of this wor-

ship can be defrayed. And we bear willing testimony to the devout behaviour of the many, who, at all hours, visit the church in which it takes place. And these not only the aged, or "of the devout female sex," but young men, who will make it a part of their daily duties to call there. We were assured by a magistrate of the highest respectability, that "he could give evidence of a great improvement in public morals, that many now went regularly to church, and to their religious duties, who formerly never attended them; that education was improved; and that, strange to say, the reaction in favour of religion, which was manifest, was due to the generation brought up, in 1820—25, when Volney was put into the hands of youth." And this we had amply confirmed to us by others present, who have had excellent opportunities of knowing. As a trifling, but significant proof of religious generosity in the people, we will mention what was told us by a friend, a resident of Xeres. In the public square, where the poor people assemble, there is a small oratory, corresponding to the altar end of a church. It merely contains a picture of the *Ecce Homo*, within a gate of open work: before which the poor people kneel, and will often cast in an alms, towards the support of the chapel. A sum exceeding an *ochavo*, or a couple of *quartos*, a farthing, is rarely thrown in at a time; yet, at the end of the year, the sum collected has reached 1,500 dollars!

We have had occasion, more than once, to express our dissent from the prevalent opinion respecting the religious condition of Barcelona. Our own more favourable view of it is formed on what we have heard and on what we have read. Persons, foreigners who have been there lately, have assured us that nowhere have they witnessed more decorum and piety at processions and public functions than there. And we have before us an account of the festivals and functions celebrated in thanksgiving for the delivery of the city, in March, 1843, which prove the charitable zeal of the people, when in great distress—for these functions were most numerous and most splendid, so as to make the expression quoted above, that "the altars blazed," most literal.* Malaga is another city similarly ill-spoken of: but we are sure no less unjustly; for we have had strong testimony in its favour from those who must know it well.

* *Sociedad*, tom. i. p. 157. The number of wax lights used on the altars of the churches, amounted in a few days to 7653.

Such facts, as we have here thrown together, are strongly illustrative of the existence of real faith among the people. But they are also indirect proof of that charity, which we consider a not less healthy, and a more strongly marked, characteristic of the nation. We were much struck with the observation of a French merchant, who evidently knew Spain well, made in our hearing, at a *table d'hôte*, that the Spaniards, have no idea of luxury, but are all most temperate and simple in their habits; so that, even in Madrid, with the exception of such few as had travelled into other countries, and learnt their usages, not even the nobles indulged in anything approaching to luxury. "A rich tradesman," he added, "would laugh at you, if you talked to him of keeping his carriage; but ask him for an alms, and he will think nothing of giving you 100, 500, or 1000 dollars."

The natural consequence of this ready charity is, that the condition of the poor is very different from that of the same class in our country. Let it be remembered, that it is to a country impoverished by wars and revolutions, for many years past, that the following passage refers:

"Let this astonish you, sagacious statesmen—let this fact confound the more polished world's wisdom: there is no poor-law here, no compulsory relief; the rural society is very barbarous; agriculture is no more advanced than it was a century after the Flood; industry there is little, occupation, trifling, energy, none; the soil is but scratched, manures little used, irrigation, which is, in truth, indispensable, but slightly resorted to—and yet distress there is almost none. Throughout the length and breadth of the Peninsula, the beggars have as pleasant faces as the best-clad members of the community. I challenge contradiction as to the fact, that there is no genuine distress. Twice, within this century, has foreign invasion violated the Spanish soil; and cruelly, of late years, has it been torn by the burning ploughshare of civil war. Every road and pass is haunted by robbers; and society is little advanced from its elementary state. How comes it that there are not poor here, rotting in the ditches, as there were in England, when it was thinly peopled, before the Elizabethan law; and as there are to-day in Ireland? The duty of charity is deeply felt here; but is it not deeply felt in England? Will the Spanish peasant divide his crust, and the English peasant refuse to share it? Surely, this cannot be. Or is the difference entirely owing to the thinness of the Spanish population? Whatever the cause, it may make men sceptical as to the benefit of excessively refined societies and complicated political systems.

" You may sojourn long enough in a Spanish town before you will meet with any of those evidences of downright misery, which so soon strike the eye at home ; and which abound even in London, in the vicinity of its most splendid squares. There may be rags and filth enough, but there is not the squalor of suffering, or the gaunt aspect of famine. No one starves in this country ; few are in positive distress. Those who seek alms, are, for the most part, of the class of jolly beggars : and how thriving is the trade, may be inferred from the independence of its practitioners, from the impudence of their imploring demands, and the obstinate sturdiness of their persistency. The beggar, having no property of his own, is king and lord of all the properties in the country. His rounds are as regular as those of the land-agent or tax-collector. In no part of the country have I seen uncomfortable poverty ; or heard of an individual going without a passable meal. The contrast between this half-barbarous state, and that of refined societies, is most striking. We are excessively advanced, but we are likewise excessively peopled. Hence, in spite of all our exertions, and our unexampled energies, we have our thousands starving by the side of luxurious wealth ; and glide from the prosperity of one year to the relapse and ruin of another."—*Revelations of Spain*, pp. 231, 232, vol. ii.

The charitable establishments of Spain show, in every way, how different is the spirit which regulates them from that witnessed amongst us. The striking difference consists in the light in which the poor are viewed in the two countries. It is clear that in England, the workhouse is not considered by them as a friendly asylum, but as something little better than a gaol ; and it is as clear that the overseers, or administrators of *Unions* are little disposed to look on their inmates as their children or friends. But in Spain the feeling of kindness to the poor and sick is the genuine fruit of charity. A few examples will illustrate this : and we will be partly guided in our choice, by the author last quoted, who tells us that, " in the towns there are charitable institutions where all that are really indigent are provided ; local and conventional benevolence leave little to be desired in this respect : and the Hospicio at Cadiz and the Caridad at Seville, are perfect models of similar institutions." (p. 234). To this assertion we heartily subscribe ; and both institutions mentioned will be of use to explain our meaning.

" The humble brotherhood of the Charity of our Lord Jesus Christ " has, at the gates of Seville, an hospital for the poor, known by the name of the Caridad, or Charity.

The brotherhood was established above a century ago, by a pious nobleman, for the purpose of supporting and serving an hospital for the relief exclusively of bed-ridden persons, and aged priests. In the spacious halls below are upwards of a hundred beds, and always a hundred patients: so soon as one is so far cured that he can leave his bed, he is sent home, or delivered to the care of other institutions. Sisters of Charity attend the sick with that tender assiduity which is their characteristic: but at whatever hour you go there, you are pretty sure to find the president, Count Cantillana there, looking personally to the wants of the sick. The beds and halls are beautifully clean; there is an altar in each ward, where Mass is regularly said, and we may observe in general, that this is the rule in every hospital that we have visited. Upstairs are now (the funds being greatly impoverished) twelve *Venerables*, or aged and infirm priests, who are always so called in the institution, who have comfortable apartments, and every thing to console and soothe their declining years. Moreover, there is an outer hall opening on the street, with door unbarred all night, to which any poor wayfarer or beggar has access, as to his own home, and finds there "bed, light, and supper" prepared by the gentle hands of the Sisters. And it is creditable to all parties to state (both from what we heard on the spot, and what is given in the last annual report), that while there is no limit to the power of demand, or to the charity granted, the number of applicants for it, is limited to twenty-five or thirty per night. This in a population of 80,000, and in a great thoroughfare! To some of these poor people it is a regular home. In the course of last year, the confraternity forwarded and assisted on their journeys 165 poor people, gave ecclesiastical burial to seventy (the number of deaths in the house having been forty-three) carried in sedan chairs or on biers, 162 poor to the hospitals, and distributed clothes and alms to others. The quantity and quality of provisions consumed shows that there is no stinting of the poor, as besides 17,398 large loaves of beautiful bread, there was abundance of meat, every fruit and vegetable, chocolate, cakes, wine, &c. And with all these nobler cares of charity, the fine arts are admirably mixed. The chapel of the hospital, and even its sacristy, forms a museum of painting, not easily to be rivalled. On either side of the former, is a large picture by Murillo, each containing many figures, of nearly natural

size, on one side Moses striking the rock, on the other our Lord multiplying the loaves—the hungry fed and the thirsty refreshed. These are perhaps nearly the master-pieces of this splendid artist, whom no one can know without visiting Seville. They were seized by "Plunder-Master-General" Soult, and sent off to Paris, but the English army intercepted and returned them. There is another beautiful painting by the same master, representing St. John of God tottering under the burthen of a sick man whom he is carrying, and supported by an angel. So true it is that the noblest productions of art are due to the Christian virtues, and that Catholic piety is essentially allied to good taste. But what we wish chiefly to notice, in this institution, as indicative of its spirit, is, that of all these things, pictures, hospital, income, the poor are the owners, the confraternity styling itself only their servants and administrators. Hence, in their report they say: "We have rendered funeral honours to our brothers, and to our masters and lords the poor," (*nuestros amos y senores los pobres*) and by this title they are always called there.

The other establishment mentioned, the *Hospicio* at Cadiz, is on a more extensive scale, and owes its present magnificence and excellent administration to the late Count O'Reilly, whose name speaks at once his country. In December last, there were maintained in it the following persons:

Aged,	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Men, ... 106,} \\ \text{Women, 161,} \end{array} \right\}$	267.—Children,	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Boys, 249,} \\ \text{Girls, 122,} \end{array} \right\}$	371.
Insane,	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Men, ... 35,} \\ \text{Women, 14,} \end{array} \right\}$	49.—Married couples,	12—24.	
		Confined,	1.—Total,	712.

All these are lodged, clothed, and fed. The accommodations are excellent, the food of the best, and the clothing substantial and all made in the house. The boys have a large school, and work at various trades; the girls upstairs are all engaged in weaving, spinning, and needle-work; the married couples (old people) live in separate apartments round a court planted with trees, and have one or two of the younger children under their care; and as for the old people above, they really seem as happy as kindness can make the last stage of this wearisome pilgrimage. Their dormitories are most spacious, with

kitchens attached, so that they need not go down stairs; and we found poor old women in many parts sitting on the matted floor in groups saying their prayers together. The one to which we stopped to listen consisted of the repetition of the trisagion, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabbaoth." Never did we see poverty and age more invested with honour, cheerfulness, and comfort. Besides this house there is another of a poorer and more compulsory nature at the Capuchin convent, containing 200 inmates, chiefly orphans and loose characters taken up from the streets. But even here there reigned cleanliness, good order, and the greatest kindness. These and other establishments of the sort, are administered by a committee of gentlemen (and the same is to be said of other towns), who give their time and personal attention to the interests of the poor. In Cadiz there are moreover two large hospitals—one for men,* formerly under the brothers of St. John of God, (alas! why were *they* suppressed?) and one for women, which is truly splendid and admirably kept. The attendants are not nuns, neither are they paid nurses. They are "voluntary infirmarians, who in the house wear a particular head-dress, but take no vows, and can leave whenever they please, but it is certainly observed by all, that their charity has no bounds, and that they die in the service of the sick. This is the result of doing it not for interest, nor merely by office; and the same used to be the case with the religious of St. John of God."[†]

The ladies turn their attention to the beautiful hospitals known by the name of *Cuna* or *Espositos*, into which infants are sent by parents unable or unwilling to support them, with the right of claiming them again. These houses, corresponding to genuine Foundling Hospitals are (so far as we have seen them) under the care of Sisters of Charity. Many of the children are given out to nurse, but are obliged to be brought to head-quarters every month to be carefully inspected. No mother could show more tender and affectionate care of her child, than these excellent religious do of these little forlorn ones, who pay them back in equal feelings. Every thing too is as clean, as elegant,

* We found five or six English sailors among the sick, and they bore testimony to the kindness and attention which they received.

+ *Paseo historico-artistico por Cadiz.* Ib. 1843. p. 77.

about the infants as it could be in the most respectable or wealthy family. In the *Cuna* at Cadiz there are 600 children, in that of Seville about 900.*

We might say much more on the subject of charity in Spain, but shall content ourselves with observing, that the exercise of this virtue seems never to have been interrupted, and hardly checked during the late troubles and distress. It has rather increased than diminished; and we found in small towns even new institutions springing up, dependent entirely upon charity, such as orphanages, gratuitous schools, and houses for the aged.

Religion cannot be lost, nor any thing like it, in a country where charity, allied to faith, is still so living and so active; where the worship of God is generously supported, where the poor of Christ are bountifully fed, and His little ones tenderly cared for. Had we space enough, we would gladly enter into some other peculiarities of the national character, scarcely less fraught with hopefulness for religion, than those which we have specified. The temperance, for instance, of the people, their kind-heartedness and hospitality, and many other traits are worthy of notice. But we may at once refer our readers to every work on Spain, even by the most discontented travellers. There is not one who does not express his fondness for the people, and his regret at leaving them.† And we should be indeed most ungrateful, were we not to add our warmest testimony to any thing and every thing that has been said in their praise. Yes: one thing we will add, that whereas it has been the fashion of such travellers to draw a broad line of distinction between the people and the higher classes, as to the amiable points of character, our own observation and experience lead us to cancel it. From high and low, rich and poor, we have never met any thing but kindness, cordiality, and that peculiar frankness which puts you at once at home in a Spaniard's house, and makes you feel authorized, after an hour's acquaintance, be it noble hidalgo or high-born dame, to know and address

* The sum applied to this one charity in Seville, amounted last year, according to its report before us, to upwards of £3000.

† While nearly at the close of our article we have perused a new work on "Spain, visited in 1840 and 1841." It is anonymous like several others. We have found many of the usual misunderstandings, and some clear (though doubtless unintentional) misstatements, regarding ecclesiastical matters. But its tone is kindly as to the people. This will make us forgive much.

them by their christian names ; a familiarity not easily reached in our cold climate.

And this puts us in mind of many amiable points in the Spanish character ; but of none more than of the ease of managing the people by kind and generous treatment. Offer the peasant money, and he turns away, often in indignation—treat him like a gentleman, by offering him a cigar, and he will do anything for you. The political chief of Malaga, of whom we have before spoken with praise, gave us a strong instance of the sensibility of the people to such conduct. “ It is a great advantage,” said he, “ to know and address every one by his Christian name,” as he does. Not long ago, he knew that at night there was a gathering of six or eight and twenty desperate characters, armed with pistols and knives—and murderous weapons they were, for we saw them, and can vouch it—in a low gambling-house, in the outskirts of the city. He accordingly proceeded there, alone and unarmed, wrapped in his cloak, and gained admittance. There he was, a slender, defenceless youth, in the midst of the gang of desperadoes, in a retired spot, at midnight. He went up to the table, round which they were drinking. They were abashed by his presence ; and in a tone of firm, but gentle command, he said : “ Bring out all your arms, and place them on the table.” He was obeyed. “ Now,” he said, addressing one of them by his Christian name, “ you take them all up to my office, and then join the rest. All of you walk quietly to prison, where I will meet you. You know I am acting the part of your friend.” They understood him. The punishment might have been six years’ presidio ; and he might have surrounded the house, and seized them. They saw that he had foreborne to act so, and wished to spare them. Not one was wanting at the prison door. He confined them for three days, imposed a heavy fine of bread for the nuns ; and freed them on their promise never to go to that house again. “ Not one,” he added, in giving us this account, “ not one has broken his word.” And justly popular is he among his fellow-citizens, because of his firm but kindly rule. His father was so before him. When General Sebastian had possession of Malaga, he boldly requested him to see that his troops committed no outrage. “ You,” he added, “ have, it is true, 20,000 bayonets under your command ; but I have

only to speak a word, and 100,000 men will start up at my bidding." The name of this family is Ordonez.

We trust that the present government is striving, by measures of peace, to cultivate the fine and generous qualities of the Spanish people. Certain it is, that in every part, commerce and trade, those sure barometers of public security, are quietly arising: and that a new spirit of enterprise is manifesting itself in every sort of industry. Merchants of high mark assured us that there had not been for years such a feeling of confidence and assurance as now; so that capital, long locked up, was beginning to flow out again, and give impulse to business. Every book before us, treating of Spain in 1840 and 1841, or of preceding years, has many pages taken up with accounts of robbers, the insecurity of the roads, and the terrors and perils of the writers. We have now traversed those very roads, considered the most dangerous, not only without risk, but without even a feeling of apprehension. At every stage we met small patrols of active road-police, on horse and foot, lately established by the government, who have cleared the roads, and keep them perfectly free. The robbery of a diligence is now never heard of. A similar police has been established in the towns, and it was by this means, that just as we were entering Spain, Navarro (the *Abd-el Kader* of Spain, as he has been called*), the worst of the race of robbers, was captured by them, and met with his merited fate.† In every part of the country improvements of magnitude are going forwards—bridges, roads, canals, and many other public works. The political chiefs or principal civil magistrates of provinces, seem to have been carefully selected for their good sense, knowledge of business, and moral principles and conduct.

The government has moreover begun the great work of reconciling Spain with the Holy See. God grant that it may have done so, on no narrow basis; but that it may have resolved to treat on great, and generous, and Catholic principles. It was our intention to have laid before our readers the great question now agitating Spain, re-

* "Revelations of Spain," vol. i. p. 389.

† Navarro ventured with some of his followers into the town of Lucena; going through the square late at night, he was challenged by the municipal patrol; and being elated with drink, he answered his real name. He was pursued, when turning round he fired, and killed one of the police. The others returned the fire, and broke one of his legs. He was thus taken, and next day executed on the scene of one of his atrocities.

garding the extent of restoration of Church property. And it was further our desire to justify what we have said of the schismatical tendencies of the late government. But we forbear, partly because we have already transgressed the bounds of all discretion in the length of this article, and more still because the questions involved in both matters have become delicately perplexed by the state of the negotiations between Rome and Spain. We feel that in the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff the great interests of religion are safe, that not a tittle will be surrendered of what justice or prudence demands, while no harshness or unnecessary severity will be exercised. In the good intentions of government we are wishful to confide. The names of several who form it inspire hope. The destitution to which the clergy is abandoned pains our feelings, in common with every other catholic's; but we will trust that its removal will soon give evidence to the world of the sincerity of their motives. We may then return to these topics, with lighter hearts and grateful. But, till then, we will invite all, who love the peace of Israel, to earnestly pray for the shortening of the heavy visitation which has fallen on one of the fairest portions of God's inheritance. For ourselves, we have been glad thus to record our hopes; hopes that rest ultimately on those Mercies which fail not. There is too much good preserved, too much evil well-endured, for us not to hope; there is too much faith and too much charity in the people, too much zeal and confessor-like patience in her clergy, too much holiness in her cloistered virgins, too much apostolic firmness in her episcopacy, for us to fear that the Spirit of God has passed away from poor Spain, or that she hath been chastened with other than with the rod of children, the fore-runner ever of a more paternal care.

ART. V.—*Bokhara; its Amir, and its People.* Translated from the Russian of Khanikoff, by the BARON CLEMENT A. DE BODE. London: Madden.

IT is a matter of regret, that a work containing so much valuable information as Bokhara and its People, should, through an oversight of the noble translator, be left com-

paratively useless to the great mass of English readers. In these days, the literary market is so well stocked with interesting travels, that the general reader requires no ordinary courage to wade through a book where hard Russian names of weights and measures meet him at every step, and leave him as ignorant of the extent and commerce of Bokhara, as of the mountains in the moon, unless he has previously studied Clarke's Russian Trader's Assistant, to which the translator considerably refers him. Ordinary readers will scarcely take that trouble, and happily for the world, Russia has not yet acquired such an ascendancy that her avoirdupois and mensuration tables are considered essential to a good education.

Mr. Khanikoff, the author, is a matter-of-fact traveller. He scarcely ever regales us with vivid sketches of scenery, or pictures of the manners and customs of the Bokharians, and even amongst a people, whose strange customs and wild country, would have given other travellers materials for a thousand agreeable adventures, Mr. Khanikoff has not had even one. Still his book is full of details; long catalogues of euphonious Russian and Arabic names break the monotony of its pages, commercial tables attest his industry, but even his really useful information smacks rather of the fireside compilation of the accounts of others, than of what had fallen under his own senses. Perhaps Mr. Khanikoff mistook minuteness of detail, for vivid and faithful colouring; perhaps a long residence among the Russian Tartars had familiarized him too much with the habits of their brother barbarians, to awake his sensibility by the charm of novelty; or, perhaps, he sought not to please the reader, provided he could instruct Russia in the resources of a country which lies on the road to India. The latter is the more probable, if we are to attach any importance to his jackal whine, when he computes the distance from the Russian frontier to the gardens of Samarcand. The whole book is precisely such as would be compiled by a cool-headed agent of a board of trade and a minister of war.

Bokhara, the chief town of the Khanat, is the central point of all the commercial routes between Eastern and Western Asia. Twelve or fifteen thousand camels loaded with merchandize, annually pass through it. It is also a depot for the states lying south of it, before they transport

their merchandize in a northern direction, the steppes which extend to the Russian frontier commencing almost at its gates. These facts, taken in connexion with his observations on the desert barriers of Bokhara on the north, show pretty clearly that Mr. Khanikoff did not travel merely for amusement.

"Notwithstanding the uncertainty of these limits (the frontiers of Bokhara), it will not be denied that the boundaries are well defended, from the fact that an enemy, from whichever side he might come, would have to encounter great impediments before he could reach the cultivated parts of the Khanat. The north-east frontier, the one bounded by Khokand, is the most exposed, because here the cultivated lands of Bokhara and Khokand meet; and therefore, in case of war, this frontier, being the least guarded, would be most exposed to attack. Be this, however, as it may, the security of the frontiers is only relative; for it is very doubtful whether they would prove a sufficient barrier against an army organized according to European tactics, pushed on at the right season, with its movements properly regulated. For Asiatics, an expedition of this nature would be attended with incalculable difficulties, on account of the want of foresight with which they would go to war, as they would infallibly neglect the proper means of maintaining an army, until it penetrated into the cultivated parts of the Khanat."—*p. 8.*

Again, when he speaks of the great commercial capabilities of the Oxus, which flows through Bokhara, and is navigable for more than 1,100 versts, 800 of which are well populated and fertile districts, he complains "that no account has yet been taken of these advantages, and that they probably will remain a dead letter until some European power forcibly infuses activity into the sluggish inhabitants of these shores." The Khanat of Bokhara is partly bounded on the north and east by the Khanat of Khiva, and is not, therefore, too distant an object for the grasp of Russian ambition. Balkh, a tributary of Bokhara, is bounded on the south by Cabul, the late scene of the operations of a British army, so that, perhaps, at some future day, England and Russia may dispute the dominion of central Asia under the walls of Bokhara, or Samarcand.

It is not easy to give the extent of Bokhara in square miles. Like many other countries in central Asia, its boundaries expand or contract according to the strength or weakness of its rulers. The fluctuations have been very great, even within the present century. In 1802,

Johan Murad Bey held under his sway, besides Bokhara Proper, Mavero Innahr, Balk and Hissar Ura-Tube, and Khojend. But long before the death of his son Amir Seid, in 1826, these conquests had passed away, and some parts even of Bokhara Proper, were wrested from his sceptre. The present Amir, Nasr-Ullah, after a long war of succession, recovered and lost and recovered again several of the surrounding states, and had, according to Mr. Khanikoff, made himself master of the whole of Mavero Innahr, on the 26th of April, 1843.

The life of the Amir, of which a sketch is given at the close of the volume, resembles in many points, the life of Mehemet Ali of Egypt. Both won their way to supreme power by a series of bold measures and cautious policy; both succeeded in establishing a strong government on the ruins of old and crazy institutions, and endeavoured to consolidate their power by European tactics and the regular forms of European governments. The Amir had not, like the Egyptian adventurer, to raise himself from low station. He sits on the throne of his fathers; but a disputed succession obliged him to employ all the arts of the usurper. He was the second son of the Amir Seid. He resided for a time at his father's court, and was thence removed to the government of the town and district of Karshi. Resolving to supplant his elder brother Hussein, he endeavoured to gain the affections of the military governors of his province, by giving full liberty to plunder the districts entrusted to their care, and by promising wealth and honours, should he succeed to the throne. He at the same time drew over to his party two of the most influential advisers of his father, on whose death, in 1826, he attempted to seize Bokhara, but was defeated by the adherents of Hussein, who had taken possession of the citadel. Disappointed in his first enterprise, he affected to renounce his rebellious projects, and sent the strongest protestations of affection and submission to his brother. But he still secretly strove to strengthen his party, and to be ready for the first favourable opportunity, which soon presented itself in the sudden death of Hussein, it is supposed by poison, after a short reign of three months. Another competitor now arose in the person of Omar Khan, who took possession of Bokhara, Samarcand, and other strong places. But the Amir having induced the chief authorities of Karshi to send a letter to the

clergy and people of Samarcand, urging his claims to the throne, hastily mustered a small force, and marched in the depth of winter through a desert country covered with snow, to the gates of that city. The governor, notwithstanding the positive orders of Omar, surrendered without opposition, and Nasr-Ullah, seating himself on the blue stone, was proclaimed Amir of Bokhara. Placing Samarcand in the hands of one of his trusty adherents, he marched with a considerable accession of troops against Ketta-Kurghan, which, after a slight show of resistance, followed the example of Samarcand. The neighbouring towns were speedily reduced, and the power of Omar was confined to Kermineh and Bokhara itself. But Kermineh soon adopted the side of the successful Amir, who was thus enabled to concentrate all his forces under the walls of Bokhara. After a siege of forty days, during which the wretched inhabitants suffered the greatest privations, the city was taken, partly by assault, partly by treachery, the governor of one of the gates having previously promised to admit the Amir's forces. Thus, on the 22nd of March, 1826, Nasr-Ullah was acknowledged undisputed ruler of Bokhara and its dependencies.

But the supreme power was really in the hands of the Vizir and the military governors. Under the weak government of his father, and during the disorders of a disputed succession, they had acquired a power which could not be resisted with safety, until the Amir had succeeded by a long course of policy in winning the affections of his subjects. At length, in the year 1837, the Vizir was banished first to Karshi, then to Nür-Ata, and finally recalled to Bokhara and cast into prison. The same fate awaited his father-in-law Ayaz, who was lured to destruction by the honours and apparent reverence offered to him by the Amir, even after the imprisonment of the Vizir. But when the danger was least apprehended, he was suddenly recalled to Bokhara, and cast into the same prison with the Vizir, when both were put to death, in the year 1840. The murder of these men was followed by the destruction of the Sipahis, or military oligarchs, who, like the Mamelukes of Egypt, had been the real governors of the country. Many of them were butchered, others were compelled to fly, and in their place the Amir introduced regular troops, disciplined after the European fashion. In this reform he was assisted by a man who has lately acquired

a terrible notoriety, Abdool Samet, to whom Dr. Wolff imputes the massacre of the British subjects, and other foreigners in Bokhara. Though now one of the most influential men in the Khanat, Abdool was a soldier of fortune. He was born at Tabriz, and in the commencement of the present century, was serving in the Persian army, but being convicted of murder, and sentenced to death, he escaped to India, and entered the service of a Persian refugee, a relation of Fet Ali Shah, who was pensioned by the British government. Abdool soon forfeited his life in India. He was convicted by the supreme court of the murder of his master, and was sentenced to be hanged, but once more escaping from prison, he took refuge in Cabul, and rose rapidly in the favour of Dost Mahomed. But his treachery or ungovernable temper exposed him once more to destruction. He picked a quarrel with Akhbar Khan, the son of the Dost, and during a review of the troops attempted to shoot him, for which he was at once deprived of his ears, and would inevitably have been put to death, if his good fortune had not enabled him to escape from prison, and find protection in Bokhara. This was the man who assisted the Amir to introduce European tactics, and enabled him not only to establish his government firmly at home, but to recover the lost possessions of his father, and become formidable to the neighbouring states.

When we consider the strange fluctuations of fortune exhibited in the preceding short sketch, it is not surprising that travellers should give very different accounts of the extent of Bokhara. Sir Alexander Burnes gives an estimate of the cultivated parts only; Baron Meyendorff states the extent of the whole Khanat at 4,200 square miles, lying between 41° and 37° of North Lat., and 81° and 86° 30' East Long. He allows only 300 square miles for the cultivated part. Mr. Khanikoff allows 500 or 600 square miles for the cultivated parts, occupied by persons in fixed abodes; and states that when he left the country in 1842, the sway of the Khan extended over 5,600 square miles, lying between 80° and 88° of East Long., and 37° and 43° of North Lat.: so that nine-tenths of the Khanat are either unoccupied, or unfit for permanent settlements. The whole territory is girt by well-defined limits on all sides except the West, where a sandy desert separates it from Khiva. On the North it is

bounded by the Bukan mountains, which divide it from the desert of Kizilkum; on the East by the mountains of Shehri Sebz, and a line of hills connecting the chains of the Aktau and Karatau; on the South and South-West by the Oxus, which divides it from Balkh, Ankhoni, Mumanah, part of Persia, and the Khanat of Khiva. The cultivated parts do not lie together, as in the neighbouring Khanats of Khiva and Khokand. The fertile strip along the banks of the Oxus is divided by barren sands from a similar strip along the banks of the Abi-Shehri-Sebz, and another sandy desert and mountains cut off both from the principal tract of fertile land on the banks of the Zer-Affshan, on which the two chief towns Bokhara and Samarcand are built. The mountains on the North, with their different chains, do not exceed 1000 feet in height. The intervening valleys are of a clayey soil, covered with strata of sand, which in some places is moveable, and in others fixed by the saksaul, the tamarisk, and similar shrubs. Water is scarce and bad; there not being more than seven wells on the line from Bokhara in 83°, to the Kizilkum in the 80° of East Long. But the slight depth of the wells and the clayey nature of the soil prove, in Mr. Khanikoff's opinion, that water could be had in much greater abundance if the natives gave themselves the trouble of looking for it.

Aktau and Karatau, the mountains to the east of Khiva, run parallel to the Zer-Affshan; the former at a distance of fifty or sixty versts from the right, the latter at a distance of fifteen versts from the left bank of the river. Branches perpendicular to these main chains, and intersected by narrow valleys or tremendous precipices, run almost to the river. In several places they are covered with perpetual snow. The wildest part of the chain lies eastward; but is also the richest. Copious mines of fine coal and copper ore are being found in the direction east of Servadi.

Bokhara, like Egypt, owes its fertility to its streams. The Zer-Affshan, though inferior to the Oxus in the volume of waters, is still the principal river of the Khanat, on account of the populousness and cultivation of its banks.

"It runs, between the 88° and 82° of East Long., a course of 620 versts; fertilizing an extent of country equal to 16,000 square versts. Its head waters, formed of three principal branches, lie in the Karatau mountains, and are constantly fed by the melting of the eternal

snows in that chain. At first it is hemmed in between rocks, in a very narrow valley, and hence its rapidity is so increased, that from its source, forcing its way by Pinga Kind, through the Aktau and Karatau chains, it foams and turns in eddies like a cataract. Although its valley subsequently widens, its rapidity continues so great until it reaches Samarkand, after having traversed the space of seventy-five versts, that no boat or raft can be floated down the stream. From Samarkand, the right bank of the Zer-Affshan presents an easier slope ; whilst abrupt cliffs, ten versts distant from the bed of the river, form a barrier to the overflowing of its waters on the left. The eye of the traveller is here agreeably relieved by the luxuriant carpet of verdure which is spread over the strip of land between the banks and the natural barrier ; for the natives, taking advantage of their low position, which is favourable for irrigation, sow the fields almost exclusively with rice and janghar. The aspect of the country continues the same down to Katta Kurghan, where the before-mentioned ridges unite with other hillocks, called Katta-Kurghan-tau. From this spot the river widens considerably ; the hills on its left receding in the direction of Kermin, fifteen and thirty versts from the banks, while the Aktan chain is distant from them fifty or sixty versts. Through the greater part of its lower course, the Zer-Affshan assumes the aspect of a river of the steppes ; for the plain of Mehik, that approaches its northern banks, is bounded by the Karpan-tau hills, which are hardly perceptible in the distant horizon. But even here the cultivated strip of land does not forsake its banks ; and it may be truly said, that the river flows along a row of uninterrupted gardens, which spread out thirty and forty versts in breadth, until they attain the heights of Bustan."—page 36.

The Zer-Affshan is shallow and unfit for navigation. Its waters are distributed through one hundred canals over the adjacent low grounds, and are thus exhausted before they reach the Oxus, with which, it would appear, they were once connected. The third river also of the Khanat, the Abi-Shehri-Sebz, is exhausted in like manner after a course of 150 versts in a south-west direction. Mr. Khanikoff adds nothing to what is already known from Sir Alexander Burns on the source and course of the Oxus ; nor has he collected any new evidence as to the time in which it turned its waters from the Caspian to the Aral Sea. But he abandons all hope of the possibility of changing the course once more to the Caspian. His account of the periodical swell of the river differs from that given by Sir A. Burns, who observed that the waters had not attained their highest point on the 17th of June ; whereas, according to the Russian, they increase from the

month of March to the end of May, and abate from June to the end of September.

Bokhara, though in the same latitude as Naples, Philadelphia, &c. has extremes of temperature unknown in those places. The temperature is usually very high from March to November, and is almost insupportable in summer. But the winter is severe. The frosts commence at the close of November, and are followed by snow, which, however, rarely exceeds a foot or a foot and a half in depth, and does not remain long on the ground. Sometimes the Oxus is frozen for two or three weeks, so as to allow a passage to the caravans over the ice. Many causes contribute to make the winter so severe. The inland position of Bokhara, its elevation, 1,200 feet above the level of the sea, the small proportion of cultivated land, the eternal snows of Aktau, Karatau, and Shehri-Sebz, its exposure to the north or north-east winds, which are the most prevalent, and which, being obstructed in their passage to the south by the impenetrable barrier of the Hindu Kush, must absorb the caloric of the Khanat—all contribute to make the winter severe. Rain seldom falls; the atmosphere is usually serene, and the stars are remarkably brilliant. Thunder-storms, as well as earthquakes, are not unfrequent, especially in spring; although the latter are scarcely perceptible. The inhabitants believe that the new year, which they reckon from the vernal equinox, is always ushered in by one of those gentle earthquakes; and, to ascertain the precise moment, they stick a knife in the ground, and when it falls by the agitation of the earth, the new year has commenced.

The climate is not salubrious. There are many local diseases, arising from the combined influence of air and soil. Ophthalmic complaints, either amaurosis, cataract, or the growth of the eye-lashes into the eye, are very common; as well as Mehau, a disease that covers the neck and upper part of the chest with swellings and ulcers; the *Yarra Aughani*, or blotches that come on the faces of almost all the children, and leave deep and indelible traces; intermittent fevers, which, though rarely mortal, are intense, and of long duration, and particularly oppressive to strangers. The *Pies* resemble leprosy. A white speck appears, and gradually extends itself over the whole body; and as the disease is contagious, its victims are obliged to live in a separate quarter of the town, and have their own

mosques, bazaars, baths, and colleges. Besides these distempers there are others equally common:—the *Lapsha*, a total prostration of strength, without any local complaint, and peculiarly fatal to strangers; the *Silibisha*, a constant vomiting, terminating in death; dropsy, consumption, the small pox, and especially the *Rishta*—

“ An illness of which the symptoms are, that some parts of the body swell and fester; the patient often feels acute pains in the bones, a constant inward heat, a parched mouth, and continual thirst. Occasionally, we may even say frequently, to the great relief of the patient, the ulcer bursts, and exposes to view a small flat worm, of a whitish colour, which is cautiously seized by means of two small thongs firmly tied together, and drawn out by little and little. In Bokhara, there are expert persons who can judge from external signs when the worm is near the skin, which they pierce through with a small hook, and draw it out. But one must be very cautious in the operation not to break the worm in two, or leave the head inside, else the worm escapes to another place; and, what is worse, often penetrates deeper into the body, and forms what is called the *hidden rishta*. In the latter case, the worm, on being destroyed in the body, creates inveterate swellings; and, if the sinews are attacked, the feet and arms become contracted and dry up, leaving the patient a cripple for life. The number of these worms is sometimes very considerable. I was told that an inhabitant of Khiva had no less than 120 of such worms at the same time. The natives attribute this illness to the unwholesome quality of the water in their *haúz*, or reservoirs; and, in corroboration of the correctness of this fact, we may add, that persons who drink water out of wells and the running water in canals, are exempt from this complaint. In order to avoid the worm, they recommend to abstain from the *haúz* water in spring; but such as cannot avoid drinking it, either on account of their poverty, or because they live at a distance from the well or running water, must observe the precaution of first boiling their water, as the embryo of the *rishta* is said to be destroyed by the heat.”—page 62.

The population of Bokhara consists of different races, who preserve, after the lapse of ages, their distinctive habits and even physical features, and have scarcely any common bond but political subjection to the same head, and the profession of the Mahometan religion. The aborigines are the Tajiks, who, in the dispersion of the nations, came from the west, and settling on the marshy banks of the Zer-Affshan, founded the city of Bokhara, where their descendants to this day form the chief part of the population. They are known by their white skin, tall stature,

dark hair and eyes. They are represented as uniting in their characters the evils and advantages of civilized life, as well as the ordinary failings of an enslaved people. Courteous and affable to strangers, especially if any interest can be served by politeness ; fawning on their Usbek masters, and yet despising them in their hearts ; they still fondly transmit from sire to son the memory of the golden age of their country before the hordes of the Arab prophet compelled them at the point of the sword to embrace his creed. The Arab invasion took place before the close of the first century of the Hegira. Four times the Tajiks threw off the yoke of Mahomedanism, but they were at last overpowered by armies of the Caliphs. Their descendants are not numerous, except in the city of Bokhara.

But though the Arabs subdued the country, they contented themselves with reaping the profits of the land, and still preserving their nomadic habits ; they encamped in tents near the towns and villages whose civil administration was left in the hands of the Tajiks. After a lapse of five centuries, the Arab power was broken by a successful invasion of the Usbecks, but the descendants of the Arab conquerors are still found in considerable numbers in the northern parts of the Khanat, and in the vicinity of Vardanzi and Samarcand. Their language is a corrupt dialect of the Arabic. Their large black eyes and black hair, their complexion approaching to the same colour, their hospitality and independent bearing, which contrasts so strongly with the servility of the Tajiks, show how slight has been the change produced by climate on their character or physical qualities. Their number, though not great, compared with the whole population, exceeds considerably the number of the Tajiks. The Usbecks reigned without control from the tenth to the twelfth century when sharing the fate of all Asia, Bokhara sunk under the overwhelming power of the Mongul hordes of Genghis Khan. The terrible warrior razed the city to the ground, leaving only the mosques, which he converted into stables, and the citadel standing entire. But the Usbecks, though defeated, did not resign their pretensions on Bokhara. Retiring before the Monguls to the west of the Sir Darya, they encroached by degrees on the territories of the descendants of Genghis, and before the fourteenth century, had acquired such power that Tamerlane was obliged to meet them in the field before he could take quiet possession

of the patrimony of his ancestors. It was then that Bokhara rose to its highest pitch of glory, when Timur gave audience in Samarcand to the ambassadors of suppliant princes from every quarter of the globe.

That city has lost much of its ancient splendour, but it is still the largest city in the Khanat. Its wall, which is in good repair, and has six gates, encloses a space of 2,280,000 square sajenes, but a considerable part of the enclosure is occupied by gardens. On the north, the whole space between the present wall and the banks of the Zer-Affshan—embracing an area of six versts—is strewed with ruins; and on the west, the traces of the old wall are found at a distance of four versts from the present boundary, while the beds of dried canals, and traces of gardens, extend on every side far beyond the present strips of cultivated ground. The city is watered by three streams and by innumerable canals. There are two caravansaries, and three public baths, but the principal ornaments are the relics of former grandeur, which are sadly neglected by the present generation. The citadel of Samarcand is the largest of the Khanat, and here in the palace of the Amir, is the celebrated blue stone, in which every Amir must sit down in order to have his title to the throne universally acknowledged. Here also, is the coffin of Timur, which

"Is placed in a high octagonal edifice, surmounted by an elevated dome. The interior consists of two apartments; of which the first may be said to represent the shrine of the great mosque, in which the sepulchral monument of Timur is raised. The floor is paved with white marble slabs, the walls ornamented with inscriptions from the Koran, and, here and there, the gilding is in good preservation. In the centre of the second apartment, stands on a marble pedestal, surrounded by a grating, also of marble, the monumental stone of Timur, having the form of a four-cornered truncated pyramid, three feet in height, from five to six in length, and set on its narrow end. The colour of the stone is dark green, verging on black; it is well polished. Nadir Shah, on taking possession of Samarcand, had the stone brought before him, in consequence of which it is now split in two. White marble slabs surround it, and it serves for tombstones to the family of Timur. Under the apartments above described there is a vault, which cannot be entered but by crawling on all fours. It contains the coffins of the persons alluded to; and the spot under which each lies buried is marked by a white marble slab, with appropriate inscriptions on it."—page 132.

Besides the Medressehs, or colleges, of which an ac-

count will be given in another place, there are other remarkable monuments in Samarcand, especially the great palace of Timur, which lies to the north of the city. The remains of its ornamented walls, consisting chiefly of pottery wrought in Mosaic, are very splendid, and the whole building seen from the south, with its broad staircase running through the centre, presents a fine specimen of eastern magnificence. It is now viewed as a sacred place, and is frequented by crowds of pilgrims from the surrounding states.

After the death of Timur, the Usbekhs once more endeavoured to recover their power in the Khanat, and gradually extending their acquisitions, they became, at the close of the sixteenth century, masters of the whole of Mavero-Innahr, and continue to this day, the most powerful race in Bokhara, not so much by superior numbers as by the bonds of union and subordination between their different tribes. Mr. Khanikoff gives a long list of their septs or tribes, with several of their sub-divisions. Each sept is under the authority of an elder or bey. The reigning family is of the Manghet or principal sept. The Usbekhs are generally of the middle size; their hair is red or dark auburn, and except that they have larger eyes and are handsomer, they are not unlike the Mongul race. Their dress is a plain flowing robe of coarse silk stuff, or a coat of camel's hair, with shawls of their own manufacture, generally of a red colour, wound round their heads as a turban. Some of them dwell in fixed abodes, and in manners resemble the Tajiks; others live in camps, but are engaged in agriculture, which restricts their wandering propensities; but the greater number is purely nomadic. The life of the latter resembles that of the Russian Kirghizes. Their tents are lined with coarse carpets, dyed red or brick colour. Their food is constantly mutton; baked bread, or even the favourite beverage, fermented milk, being very seldom used. Khanikoff was surprised to find so few horses amongst them. The following is an amusing family picture :

"Their mode of living, which is very uniform, is rendered more so by the difficulty they experience in changing their places of encampment, owing to the scarcity of pasture ground. Their chief occupation consists in breeding flocks. Children, all but naked, are seen driving the sheep round the *aâl*; while the chief sits listlessly in his tent, leaving all the household affairs to the care of the

women, who differ neither in appearance nor dress from the Kirghiz women. In the interior of the aúl, half naked children may be seen romping about, and fighting with dogs; or else amusing themselves with thrumming on a two-stringed lute, and producing the most offensive sounds. One cannot suppress a smile on observing with what importance the elders of the aúls speak of themselves; and on hearing them address each other with the pompous titles of Yuz-Bashi, Mehrem-Bashi, &c.: titles conferred on them, God knows when, or by whom. Their want of curiosity as to what is going on in their own country, exceeds belief. For instance—two days' journey from Samarcand to Karshi, I happened to stop at an aúl, the chief of which was still ignorant that Abdul-Khalik was Vizir in place of Mohammed Sheref-Topchi Bashi, although that change had taken place full eighteen months before."—*p. 82.*

The Usbekhs, though fanatically attached to the Mahometan superstition, are very negligent of its observances. Very few are taught to read or write. They are the most demoralized class in the Khanat. Of thirty or thirty-five culprits executed during Khanikoff's stay, for murder or robbery, the majority were Usbekhs.

The Persian population of Bokhara is considerable, consisting partly of slaves introduced in small parties, but principally of the descendants of 40,000 Persian families, transplanted by Amir Seyid to Samarcand from Mero, when that city fell under his sway. They are known by the regularity of their features and their bushy black hair. Though outwardly professing the Sunni sect, they are Shias at heart, and anxiously look forward, according to Khanikoff, to some conqueror, like Nadir Shah, to overturn the power of the Usbekhs. Still the Persians stand high in the favour of the present Amir, and form the greater part of his regular troops.

The Jews are not numerous. They are found only in the principal cities, where they are confined to certain quarters, beyond which they are not allowed to move. They are oppressed by the most grievous laws. A Mussulman may strike a Jew with impunity within the town, and kill him outside the walls; and to mark the degradation of the unfortunate race, they are obliged to wear a rope around their waist instead of the sash, and cover their heads with small black caps edged with sheepskin. No flowing robe is allowed, nor are they permitted to ride on horse or ass—a most galling prohibition, as the streets of the towns are almost impassable on foot during winter.

There are three tribes of the gipsy race, who, like their brethren in other countries, are reputed fortune-tellers. Some of them reside in the towns, but the greater number are found encamped on the banks of the canals and rivers, especially the Zer-Affshan, where they are allowed to settle, if the ground has not been previously occupied by the Usbecks. Their chief pursuit is horse-dealing. They are ranked as Mahometans in Bokhara; but as their women go unveiled, and their men appear negligent of the usual forms of Mahometan worship, it is believed that they hardly have any religion at all. In addition to these various races, the Kirghiz occupy the northern portions of the Khanat. Their principal wealth is the camel. The present Amir courts their favour, and allows them the fullest protection of the laws, whenever they encamp within his territory. The following closing paragraph has a peculiar significancy, coming, as it does, from a Russian emissary :

" It has been seen by the above, that the population of Bokhara labours under the great disadvantage of being formed of heterogeneous elements, whose mutual interests are always at variance; nor is there much hope of their being ever amalgamated, as long as the state of things remains as it is at present. The only tie which binds them is the Mahomedan religion, and that tie is indispensable ; otherwise the heterogeneous parts of which the population is composed would destroy each other. We have seen, moreover, that the greater portion of the population consists of wandering tribes, inferior to the rest in wealth as in civilization ; and, lastly, in the classification of the different races, we have found several which are directly hostile to the existing government, and to the predominant race."

—p. 92.

Bokhara is divided into circles, named after their chief town, and governed by a chief appointed by the Amir. The rank of town is given to those places only which are walled (if it were only with mud) and which have three mosques, one of which must be able to accommodate the whole population. The smaller villages are under the government of the chief town within whose circle they lie. There are nineteen towns of some note in the Khanat, and some of these, as Bokhara and Samarcand, have several minor districts under their immediate administration.

Bokhara, the chief town, covers a space of 1,564,875 square sajenes, and is girt by a mud wall, with battle-

ments, and eleven gates. But though the walls appear in good preservation, they are perfectly useless as means of defence. They could not resist a volley even of stones. The city has 360 streets or lanes varying from a few paces to twenty-one in breadth. Few are paved, and even those that are, are laid with such large stones, as to impede rather than facilitate the passage. Burns remarked no cemeteries, but according to Khanikoff, there are not less than thirteen attached to the city. The palace of the Amir is the most remarkable edifice, of square form and covering a space of 20,000 square sajenes, (fathoms) is built on a mound five or six sajenes in height.

"On this area are built the houses of the Amir, the Vizir, the Sheik Aval, the Topshi Bashi, the Mirzai Defterdar, as well as of the numerous retinue of the Amir; three mosques, likewise the Ab-Kaneh, with some dark apartments to preserve water for the Amir during the summer heats, but which are more especially appropriated to state prisoners.—Hence, to the right of the entrance, a corridor leads into another prison more dreadful than the first, called Kana-Kaneh—a name which it has received from the swarms of ticks which infest the place, and are reared there on purpose to plague the wretched prisoners. I have been told that, in the absence of the latter, some pounds of raw meat are thrown in to keep the ticks alive. This institution of refined cruelty has probably given rise to the fable of the pit of scorpions, of which I have repeatedly heard accounts given at Orenberg. The zindan, or dungeon, is to the east of the citadel, with two compartments, the upper and the lower dungeon. The former consists of several courts, with cells for prisoners; the latter of a deep pit, at least three fathoms in depth, into which the culprits are let down by ropes; food is lowered to them in the same manner. The sepulchral dampness of the place, in summer as well as in winter, is said to be insupportable, according to the testimony of eye witnesses. Twice a month the prisoners, loaded with irons, are brought out of prison to the *rehistan*, where the Amir gives judgment. Those who are not sentenced, have their heads shaved, and are reconducted to their cells. This is done with the prisoners only who are kept in the first compartment. They generally go barefooted; and, to form even a faint idea of the sufferings of these unhappy wretches, one must have seen them standing barefooted on the snow, the thermometer of Reaumur marking below 15° of the freezing point, waiting for hours together the appearance of the commander of the faithful."—*p. 101.*

There are not less than 360 mosques in the city, and one of them accommodates 10,000 persons. They are all built of stone, but few have any pretensions to architectu-

ral beauty. The private dwellings generally consist of square courts, surrounded by mud houses. The roofs are always flat, the windows without glass and framed in wood or gypsum, generally look into the inner court. Mr. Khanikoff saw nothing in the interior even of the richest houses to strike his fancy, though he admits the alabaster fretwork of the walls to have some merit. The ceiling consists of large beams covered with gold paper, or painted indigo blue, and joined by longitudinal planks firmly fixed together. The houses are generally filthy and unwholesome, the flat roofs affording but a slight protection against the spring rains. The floors are of clay or paved. The houses are very closely crowded, the total being about 2,500, tenanted by a population of between 60,000 or 70,000 souls. Of this number, not less than 9,000 are students. The present Amir, when he gave them a share of the rakat, or tithes, in 1840, found that they exceeded that number. They are distributed in 103 colleges or medressehs, varying in size from 150 apartments to forty or less, but all built on the same plan—two stories high, of which the lecture rooms occupy the lower, and the students the upper. Professors and students are generally endowed, either by private beneficence or the liberality of the state; and one of the colleges, containing sixty rooms, is the foundation of the Empress Catherine of Russia.

"A medresseh is an institution in which the scholars pursue the course of the higher sciences, under the tuition of one, or, at most two professors, who have acquired the right to give lectures. Every establishment of this kind has a fixed number of students, dependent on the extent of the building. Each student purchases the right to inhabit the medresseh, from him whose place he takes. The price varies, according to the emolument received by the student, from two-and-a-half to thirty-five tillas.

"Independently of these, each medresseh has separate apartments, which are spacious and well ornamented: they are called *oglo*, and fetch at times seventy tillas for the right of living in them. The purchaser may live in them to the end of his life, provided he does not marry, because women are not allowed to live there. The scholars prepare themselves for the lecture in their own apartments; and, generally, either meet with one of their comrades in the porch, and discuss the subject of the coming lecture, or read books on it, and then resort to the master. The latter makes one of them read a few sentences of the lecture, and after expressing his own opinion on them, he listens to the observations of the students, who dispute with each other, correcting the speaker, when his

opinion differs from that of the Mudaris. Sometimes visitors, who attend the medresseh out of curiosity, take part in the disputations. After listening to all, the Mudaris sums up his own conclusion, and the lecture is over. Lectures are delivered from sunrise to sunset every day, excepting Fridays and Sundays. The principal defect in the system is, that there is no encouragement for the diligent, nor are the sluggards much noticed, thanks to the loquacious propensities of their more industrious comrades."—*p. 278.*

Mr. Khanikoff gives a long catalogue of the subjects of these lectures, and of the works which the students are ordered to peruse. The works are very numerous, (not less than 137), and fifteen or even twenty years are scarcely sufficient for a complete course. Suppose, then, that there are, according to Khanikoff's computation, between 180 and 200 medressehs in the whole Khanat, and that allowing an average of eighty students to each medresseh, we have 15,000 or 16,000 students on a population of two million and a half, Bokhara would have pretensions to no inconsiderable rank among civilized states. But where are the fruits of all this intellectual exertion? what good has it done to man in his social or political state? 15,000 or 16,000 men dream away their lives in the study of a brutalizing creed, and even the few departments that are not purely religious, serve but to stimulate fanaticism, as they are all connected more or less with Mahometanism. The course of studies consists of three parts—*Shergieh*, the legal or theological—Arabick, the study of the Arabic tongue—*Hikmeh*, the science of worldly wisdom. To the first belong, I. the *Tefsir*, or interpretation of the meaning of the Koran. II. The *Hadis*, or collection of discourses supposed to be addressed to Mahomet by God. III. The *Fickeh*, or laws relating to the body, founded on the Koran, the Hadis, the *Jima*, and *Kias*. By the *Jima* is meant, the interpretations of the Koran in which all agree, either because the interpreters were contemporaries of the false prophet, or lived with his contemporaries, or at least did not live later than 400 years after his death. The *Kias* is the application of the Koran to individual cases not mentioned therein. IV. *Usul-i Fickeh*, explains the method to be observed in commencing the Koran. V. *Ilm-i-Kalom*, or dogmatical metaphysics. VI. *Ilm-i-feroiz*, which explains the right of inheritance. VII. and last of the *Tefsir*—the *Ilm-i-Kiroat*—which explains how

the Koran is to be read, the accents, quantity of words, &c. &c.

The Arabick, or study of the Arabic, comprises the vocabulary, etymology, syntax, laws of versification, harmonious arrangement in prose as well as in verse, of the Arabic tongue. These different branches are divided into six classes, to which is added a seventh, the study of history. The last division, contains Mantik or logic, with numerous commentaries, natural philosophy, metaphysics, and a science which we suppose from Mr. Khanikoff's description, must be what is known in the schools as *general metaphysics*. To these is added a brief treatise on arithmetic. From this enumeration, and the order in which the different studies are pursued, it appears, that the form and substance of Mahometan academical education, have undergone very little change beyond the accession of a few perplexing commentators, to that already numerous troop.

To this abstract we subjoin a description of three Medressehs founded by Tamerlane in Samarcand :

" 1. Ulug-beghi, 2. Shirdar, and 3. Tilla-kori, are placed according to the cardinal points ; the last to the north, the second to the east, and the first to the west. They are divided by two streets, crossing each other at right angles. They consist of square edifices, which formerly had fine high minarets at the corners, now, however, nearly ruined. The porcelain walls are wrought in mosaic, and attract the eye by their variegated colours, not void of taste. Above the entry of the Medresseh-Shirdar, is a well-preserved representation, in mosaic, of two animals, somewhat resembling lions. The inside of the mosques which belong to the medressehs still retain vestiges of their former magnificence ; the lapis lazuli and the gilding of the walls are still very bright in several places; and, what is more remarkable still, is that the gilding, which consists of gilt paper, stuck there since the time of Timur, has not even now lost its brightness. To the north side of these buildings, and near the gate of Shah Zendeh, is the Medresseh-Hanum, built by Timur's wife. That princess, being a daughter of the Emperor of China, brought over with her, from her native country to Usbekistan, artists who ornamented this edifice with exquisitely varnished pottery in mosaic work. It consists of three mosques, with high domes, and is united by a square building, on the east side of which were once brass gates, with inscriptions and carvings; but which Amir-Heider caused to be melted down, in order to coin money therewith. The western cupola has resisted better than the rest the tooth of time; but even here apertures are seen, out of which bricks have fallen. A large marble table, supported on nine feet,

and having the appearance of two desks joined together, is placed under the dome. It faces a high window, out of which, according to tradition, the Khan used to read the Koran, written in large characters, and resting on the pulpit. The chief merit of the marble pulpit at present consists, according to the superstitious belief of the Bokharians, in curing for life, pains in the back bones, provided the patient manages to crawl under it.—*p. 132.*

There are sixteen principal baths in the city of Bokhara; four wooden and five stone, timi, or serais for the sale of cloths, muslins, calico, silks, turbans, sashes, sandals, &c.; and thirty-eight caravanserais, of which twenty-four are of stone, and fourteen of wood. So anxious is Mr. Khanikoff to make known to Russia the resources and statistics of Bokhara, that he not only specifies what is sold in each of the caravanserais, but even tells those that belong to private individuals, and those that are leased out by government. In truth, if the Russian bear were seated to-morrow on the citadel of Bokhara, the Russian custom and revenue officers would have very little enquiry to make, in order to know what was the public property of the fallen government of the Amir. The enumeration of the caravanserais is not a mere work of pleasure, but serves as a sort of commercial table. He is equally minute when he comes to the bazaars; thus, “There are,” he says, “in Bokhara [the town] for the sale of kid boots, three bazaars; for bread, three; for fish, one; for candles, three; for fuel, one; for flour, oats, one; for salt, one; for coals, three; for bez, one; for copper and metallic ware in general, one; for leather, one; for boots, two; for bran, one; for dried fruit, two; for drugs, one; melons and water-melons, two; pomegranates and pears, two; eggs, two; milk, six; coverings for horses, two; knives, two; butter, two; ropes, one; slave bazaar, one;—making, with the principal morning and evening bazaars, a total of nearly fifty within the walls of the city.” Verily, Mr. Khanikoff is the Boswell of travelling.

It is impossible to give even a general notion of his minute and comprehensive view of the industrial resources of the Khanat. They are superior to those of Affghanistan, Khiva, and the surrounding districts, with the exception of Khokand. Of the five or six hundred square miles of cultivated land, one half is under gardens for the culture of fruit trees and vegetables. The returns from these gardens are much greater than from the lands

under pasture or grain. In the centre there is usually a square pond, from which the water is conveyed in channels. Rows of fruit trees line the four great paths, intersecting each other at right angles near the pond; and the mud enclosure of the whole garden is generally flanked with the silver poplar (the only forest tree growing in the Khanat), whose branching heads protect the fruit trees from the severe winds of the north and north-east. The principal fruits are the vine, producing thirteen different sorts of grapes, of all sizes and colours, which are either dried, or made into a syrup, called Shismi, or vinegar; but the wine which they give is generally of an inferior quality, owing to the bad method of making it. The vine tree is covered during winter with earth, which is removed some days after the vernal equinox. The soil, half clay, half sand, must be well manured; and requires to be watered three times in the year—twice before the budding of the vine, and again in the beginning of May, when the ground is completely laid under water for twenty-four or thirty-six hours. The same care is necessary for the pomegranates and figs. The soil of the former must be under water for a whole day every tenth day, or at least every fortnight; and the latter, when its fruit is advancing to maturity, requires that its roots should be under water three days in the week. The pomegranate, like the vine, is bent to the earth during winter, and covered with reeds, which are removed after the vernal equinox. Peaches, apricots, and prunes are also produced in great abundance, but not without the toil of irrigation. Apple trees, of which they have several different kinds, and quinces, which are used as medicine and as condiments, do not require much care—the apples lining the roads or the banks of the canals, and the quince requiring no particular training or soil. Besides these fruits, the soil gives pears, cherries, &c., &c., and the mulberry, from which the natives make wine, and silk, but inferior to the silks of China, and even of Lombardy and France, in colour as well as in softness.

"The education of the worm by the Bokharians offers some peculiarities, and differs in certain respects from the mode used by Europeans. About ten days or a fortnight after the mulberry trees put forth their leaves, the eggs of the silkworm are removed from the place where they have been preserved during winter, and being wrapped in a cloth, are carried on the naked breast, or still oftener, under the armpit. Three or five days are quite suffi-

cient for the little insect to be hatched. They are then placed in a vessel, and fed with leaves gathered from the mulberry; after ten days, the worms, according to the expression of the Bokharians, fall into their first sleep or trance; that is, they take no nourishment for three days running; repeating the same process every ten days, until the time it begins to spin the cocoon. When these are finished, the worm inside is destroyed by exposing the cocoon to the heat of the sun. That done, the Bokharians proceed to reel off the silk threads.—*p. 174.*

The products of the vegetable gardens are, besides the ordinary vegetables of our own gardens, cucumbers, melons, pumpkins. The mode of cultivation for all is similar to our own, except for the two latter. There are ten different sorts of melons; the early, called pagai, of which there are ten species, and the late, or bigai, of which there are six. The soil is prepared with great care, being ploughed over several times, and heavily covered with manure. Three or four melon seeds are then thrown into holes, a pace and a quarter asunder, and channels are dug, through which water is conveyed three times a week as soon as the plants appear over ground. The crops are generally very productive. The same irrigation and rich manure are required for the pumpkins, of which they have nine species, and which also give a good return to the gardener.

Cotton is grown in great quantities. It neither requires a particular soil, nor the troublesome process of irrigation; and as it carries a steady price in the market, and supplies from the seed left after sowing an oil much used in cookery, it is found in every farm and garden. Tobacco is grown only in some parts of the Khanat, especially in the neighbourhood of Katta-Kurgan and Karshi. When cut, it is left to dry in the sun, and then trodden hard into woollen sacks, in which it is carried to market, where it brings a price proportionable to its age. None is purchased for native use, until it has been kept for some years.

The great want of meadow land in the Khanat is supplied by lucerne (*medicogo sativa*). It does not require any particular culture or rich manure. It attains its full growth three times in the course of the same season; and, if the soil be good, it is often cut four or five times during the same summer.

Notwithstanding this great variety of vegetable products, the Bokharians have not, in the opinion of Mr. Khanikoff,

turned the advantages of their clime and soil to its full account.

"Thus (he says) they buy from us sugar at a high rate, when the superabundance of the grape and mulberry is such that they make syrup out of them. In like manner, their caravans transport chiefly raw cotton, and some cotton and silk stuffs, (which latter by an unaccountable remissness of our manufacturers, finds a market with us), whereas the abundance of their grape, and the different varieties of it, would enable them to furnish the whole of Eastern Russia with wines, and the brandy of the grape. Bokhara lies nearly at an equal distance from the Russian marts, as our Trans-Caucasian provinces; but it has this immense advantage, that there is no high belt of mountains to intersect the passage, as that of the great chain of the Caucasus. Casks might easily be made of the many sorts of hard wood which are found there; and as the first caravans leave Bokhara, and cross the steppe before the great heats set in, there would be no impediment to the importation of wine, supposing the Bokharians were only to manufacture light wines; the quality, however, of several species of grape in the Khanat is such, that wine might be produced equal in body to the strongest Madeira and Port, on which the heat of the desert could have no effect."—*p. 175.*

Bokhara has five sorts of grain: wheat, rice, barley, millet, and janghar. The latter, owing to its cheapness, is the principal food of the poor. Rice, which is whiter and smaller than that raised in Europe and Persia, is grown in such quantities on the banks of the Zer-Affshan, as not only to supply the whole Khanat, but to form a principal branch of the export trade to Russia and Meshed. Wheat is a productive crop, and is generally cultivated. Agriculture has the same obstacles to contend with as gardening. The soil being generally dry and saline, and the implements of husbandry very imperfect, the agriculturist is obliged to expend much labour in the culture and irrigation of his lands. Oxen, and sometimes cows, are yoked to the plough, and usually commence their work at midnight, continuing until nine o'clock in the morning, in order to avoid the heat of the day. The manure is carted and spread during the day. Water is then let in over the field, and allowed to rest on it for twenty-four hours. If, when the water is drawn off, any spots be observed to be remarkably saline, they are dug a few feet deep, and filled with lime taken from the crumbling walls of old houses. The water is let in once more, and when it retires, and the

harrow has passed over the field, the seed is committed to the earth.

Notwithstanding the defects of the soil, and of agricultural industry, the returns are very considerable, according to Khanikoff's computation. He estimates the annual returns of the cultivated land at 103 million tillas, of which ninety are from gardening, and thirteen from agriculture. Deducting twenty million tillas for necessary expenses of cultivation, the net landed revenue is eighty-three million, giving a return of fifty-nine per cent for capital embarked in cultivation. But when it is considered that the cultivated land is small in proportion to the population, and that many of the most indispensable articles are imported from distant countries, and at enormous prices, the wealth of the country is only apparent, as it leaves no more than about a shilling for every soul per day.

We must refer the reader to the work itself for the author's industrious account of the different herds of horses, camels, asses, sheep, horned cattle, and poultry, for even that branch is not below Mr. Khanikoff's notice. He gives the price of an egg as faithfully as of a thoroughbred Arabian.

The internal commerce of Bokhara is inconsiderable, and brings but slight profits, the roads to the numerous marts and fairs being generally in wretched order, and so wet in some places in autumn and spring, as to be almost impassable. Government pays little attention to any except the great caravan roads, which intersect the Khanat in several directions, and connect the surrounding states. Along these roads caravanserais are built, and cisterns dug wherever water is scarce. The merchants of all nations enjoy equal privileges, and the exports and imports are left to the choice of the traders themselves. Mussulmen pay two-and-a-half, and all others five per cent.

The foreign trade with Khiva is inconsiderable, requiring no more than from a thousand to fifteen hundred camels. It consists principally of apples, bullocks' hides, and Russian merchandize from the Khivian markets. The caravans travel in winter and spring, in order to avoid the swarms of mosquitoes that infest the reedy banks of the Sir Darya during summer.

The trade with Persia through Meshed employs three

and sometimes four caravans annually. The imports are cotton and silk stuffs from the Persian looms, English chintzes, calico, and muslin, Persian carpets and shawls. The chief exports are cotton, rice, and lambskins, which are highly prized in Persia.

The caravans from Cabul, Herat, and Cashmir, arrive at the same time and bring the same products. The road from Cabul to Bokhara is impassable during winter, from the deep snow on the mountains. The first caravan, which does not leave Cabul before the middle of spring, seldom arrives at Bokhara before the close of the first month of summer; the last arrives in the beginning of autumn. The imports from Herat and Cashmir are principally shawls for home use and the Russian trade. The imports from Cabul are (besides some English merchandize of inferior quality to what arrives from Meshed), indigo, and all the articles of Indian trade, dyes, drugs, and the produce of the Indian looms. Until within the last fifteen years, horses were exclusively used in the Cabul trade, the road being considered impracticable for camels, but from 3,000 to 3,500 camels are now employed on that line. The principal exports are silks in small quantities, cotton, lambskins, and Russian merchandize and gold.

Of the trade with Russia, the greater part is carried on by the direct line over the steppes. But Russian merchandize from the Siberian frontier comes through Kho-kand, Tashkand, &c., and by the same route Bokhara is supplied with tea, porcelain, and the other articles of Chinese trade. The first caravan to Russia leaves Bokhara at the vernal equinox, and crossing the ice on the Sir Darya, proceeds to Troitsk in the government of Orenberg. The second starts a month later, but as the camels are very lean in spring, it proceeds very slowly, not arriving at the Sir before the middle of May. The third and most important caravan leaves Bokhara about the middle of May, and proceeding straight for the Russian frontier, arrives in forty-five or fifty days. On crossing the Sir, this caravan divides into two parties, one of which goes to Orsk by Turgai, while the other, turning to the north-east of the Aral sea, crosses the centre of the Mugajar mountains, and arrives at the line of Novo-Tletsk. The second caravan goes direct to Orenberg.

The caravans from Russia depart between the middle of September and the middle of November. These cara-

vans supply Central Asia with chintz, calicos, muslins, broad cloth, brocades, &c., and also with raw materials, especially hides, iron and cast iron. The chief articles imported to Russia, are cotton, dry fruit, rice, raw and dyed silks, indigo, silk khalats, small caps, silk sashes, shawls, furs, &c. Not less than 5000 or 6000 camels are annually employed in this trade. The import trade to Russia is valued at 3,500,000 or 4,000,000 ducats annually. The exports from Russia have ascended by a gradual and steady progression, from 1,180,600 roubles in 1828, to 3,283,654 roubles in 1840. The export trade has become an object of special attention to the Russian government, and threatens to extend Russian influence over the surrounding states. The following hints to Russian merchants give a picture of the tastes of their customers:

"Manufacturers who work chiefly for the markets of central Asia, must also study more diligently the prevailing tastes of the Asiatics. Thus, for instance, muslin turbans, with gold borders at both ends, as they are manufactured with us, are more sought after than muslins brought from other quarters. The muslins of Glasgow for example, which have birds represented on them, cannot be used by Mussulmen in making their namary, for they represent the figure of a living creature. It was a lucky idea of our Moscow manufacturers, who sent out last year checked turbans; for they not only pleased the Tajiks and the Usbekes, but the Affghans also. Their quick sale shows how advantageous it is to study variety in saleable articles, suited to the wants and caprices of one's customers. We have another instance of the truth of this assertion, and that is, in sending sugar in small loaves, instead of large ones. Asiatics are in the habit of making presents to their friends in sugar, and as it would be reckoned uncivil to send pieces cut from a large loaf, they should either abstain from making presents on account of the expense, or be inconvenienced by laying out a large sum of money."—*p. 219.*

The carriers along the Russian route are principally Kirghiz, who offer their services cheap, and are in general, trustworthy. The caravan gratifies their roaming propensities, and also enables them to visit the shrine of Bogou-ed-din, the famous Bokhara saint.

"He died in 1303; his tomb is a four-cornered monument, about two and a half arshios in height, each face measuring twelve paces in length. A black stone, called by the natives 'Sanghi Murad,' is fixed on one of the sides of the Mausoleum, and those

who visit the shrine reckon it a sacred duty to rub their foreheads against that stone, and to approach with their faces and beards to it. The prevalence of this devout practice can be traced on the tomb, by the external marks which have been left behind. This mausoleum is situated in a corner of a square court, with two mosques on either side, whilst the other two are fenced by walls, separating the tomb of the saint from the tomb of his descendants. The mosque on its south face was erected by the Hakim Kush Beghi; it is not a spacious building, and the interior has ornaments in alabaster. The other mosque is larger and more ancient. Attached to it is a kind of marquee. In a small aisle attached to the building, close to the tomb, are a number of candelabras, some of which are said to be gilt, others of silver; to me, I must confess, they appeared nothing more than simply brass and tin candlesticks, and very much like those of Russian manufacture. A long passage leads out of the cemetery of the descendants of Bogou-ed-din, whose remains are deposited to the right and left, and partitioned by a wall. An immense concourse of beggars and of sick persons, especially such as are sick of the palsy, throng to this spot; all furiously intent on plundering the visitor.* * * * To the right is a large medresseh, in good condition, with a spacious garden, much resorted to in the month of May, during the season of roses. It bears the name of Seili-guli-Surkh. The above-mentioned edifices are surrounded by the dwellings of the Haji, the descendants of Bogou-ed-din, no one else having permission to settle in the precincts."—*p. 121.*

The government and administration of the Khanat, being founded on the Koran, resembles in general those of other Mahometan countries. The Amir is master of the lives and properties of his subjects, who have no legal protection against him, except the prescriptions of the Mahometan law. Governors are set over the towns distant from the capital, and are invested with full power except that of life and death, but they are obliged to inform the Amir of all the more important occurrences within their jurisdiction, and to send in, moreover, weekly accounts of their administration. The governors in time of war call out the military rolls, which are carefully preserved in the government offices, and on them, together with the Amir, devolves the duty of inspecting the forces twice a year, in order to complete their equipment, or fill up the vacancies caused by desertion or death. The full equipment of a Bokhara soldier consists of a helmet, collar, sabre, a matchlock supported on rests, and a shield. Not more than 1000 regular infantry were armed with the ordinary locks during our author's eight months' stay at Bokhara.

The total military force is estimated at 40,000 men, of whom not more than one-third were completely armed.

The collection of the *hiraj* is another important duty of the governors. The *hiraj* is a tribute raised on those lands whose original possessors, after having resisted the Mahometan law, at length embraced it at the point of the sword, or of those who still reject that law, though they acknowledge the political authority of the Mahometan prince. As it is a well ascertained historical fact, that Bokhara was compelled, after an obstinate resistance, to embrace Mahometanism, all its lands, with the exception of those held by the descendants of the Arab conquerors, and a few other privileged tenants, are subject to the *hiraj*. The amount of the tribute varies, but it never can exceed the half of the revenue of the land. Our author could not ascertain the total amount of the tithes levied on the Arab lands, or of the *hiraj* levied on the other possessors, but the latter must be considerable, as not less than three measures out of ten are the property of the crown, on every kind of grain raised in the Khanat, and the proportion levied on garden produce is still greater.

Besides the distinctions of race, which mark the various degrees of the social scale, there are other dignities derived from the free bounty of the Amir, but with this limitation, that, for some of the dignities, the candidates must be selected from a favoured race. The two chief classes in the state are the Seids and the Khojas; the former, the descendants of Osman and Ali-Shiri-kodha, by the daughters of Mohammed, the latter, the descendants of the same princes by other wives, as well as all the descendants of Abu Beker, and Omar-Ul-Faruk. Of the Khojas, some preserve to the present time, the legal genealogical evidence of their descent; others, though they have lost the genealogies, have other evidence of their origin. These classes are the hereditary councillors of the Amir, and have the right of entering the palace on horseback, a privilege never granted to any other order. One of the Khojas is the only person to whom the Amir gives a kiss, and who has the right of coming into his presence without tying up the sash. Another assists the Amir in the administration of justice, and has a seat appointed for himself which never can be occupied by others.

The other sections of the population, are the Rudhar or nobles, and the Shakird-pishch or lourgens and plebeians.

The former class comprises the Usbekhs, the latter the transplanted Persians, freed slaves, &c.

With the exception of a few military dignities, which are the exclusive right of the Usbekhs, the army is open to the other classes. Precedency among those who are of the same race, is determined by letters patent of different kinds, bearing the Amir's seal, or by emblems, which like the garters or marshals' *bâtons* of more polished nations, confer rank on their possessors. After the letters patent, the second mark of distinction is a staff or mace, which may be either white, red, gold, or of all colours. The third is a dagger of gold or silver, the fourth is a sable or hatchet, also of gold or silver, the fifth a collar of precious stones or pearls, the sixth, coats of mail, the seventh, a helmet, eighth, a banner, ninth, a horsetail, and lastly, small trumpets worn on the left pummel of the saddle. Besides these honours of the camp, the Amir has a cumbersome establishment of court dignitaries, cooks, butlers, librarians, keepers of the wardrobe, commissioners of woods and forests, grooms of the bed-chamber, purse bearers, and many others which Mr. Khanikoff enumerates as patiently as if all his life had been spent among the pageants of royalty.

But the most important officer is the Vizir, who though he ranks first after the Amir in all affairs of government, may be selected from the lowest class in the state, though other inferior offices are the exclusive right of the nobles. The Vizir holds the seals, collects the duties on the import and export trade, appoints officers in all the caravanserais, and inspects frequently in person the caravans, when they arrive at the custom-house. He also levies the duties on the home trade in the bazaars, and collects the tax on those subjects who do not profess Mahometanism. He gives no account of receipts or disbursements unless by special order. He has charge of the palace, and of the eleven gates of the town, the keys being brought to him every night after evening prayer, and remaining in his custody until the following morning. This statement of the extensive and important duties of the Vizir, explains how he could acquire such power as to become dangerous to the Amir himself, and why Nasr-Ullah is unwilling since the fall of the last powerful occupant, to give the office to any but the voluptuous minions of the court.

The principal officers among the Mahometan clergy,

are the Sheik-ul-Islam, who presides at the Ulema, as first spiritual councillor to the Amir. Next in order are two judicial functionaries, who decide litigious cases between the sipahis or military. Law-suits between the *fukarra*, or persons not of the military profession, are decided by the Kazi-Kalen, who submits his reports in writing to the Amir, being assisted by a staff of clerks, who draw up the petitions, for which they are allowed a small sum; but all petitions drawn up by the ten secretaries of the Amir, are always given gratis. The judicial system of Bokhara, as of all Mahometan countries, is founded exclusively on the Koran, and the administration is in the hands of the Mahometan priests. The legal forms are summary. The plaintiff, according to his rank, or the importance of the case, complains to the Amir or an inferior officer. After this preliminary, a formal legal declaration is lodged generally in writing, stating, 1. the nature of the complaint; 2. a citation from the Koran or Hadis, bearing on the case; and 3. an attestation of one or more of the Muftis, vouching for the correct citation of the texts. When the complaint is lodged, the defendant is ordered to appear, and should he refuse, he is compelled. The parties are then strongly urged to settle their disputes amicably, but should the defendant deny the claim, he is ordered to produce his witnesses. The legal number of witnesses is two. They always undergo an examination on their religious principles before they are allowed to make their depositions; and should the case be tried before the Amir, persons are sent to the native place of the witnesses, to ascertain whether they frequent the mosques and fulfil all the duties of a good Mussulman. If the character of the witness stand this ordeal, his depositions are admitted. If a case on which the plaintiff lodges a complaint, cannot be proved by other evidence, his own oath is admitted. The defendant has but two ways of protracting a law-suit, either by stating that he can produce in his favour a stronger text of the law than the one urged against him, or by proving on oath or by witnesses, that the depositions against him were perjured. The same system which gives the administration of justice to the Sheiks, requires the signature of the Muftis to the petitions, and empowers the *Reis* to enforce by severe penalties the observance of the Mahometan law. As censor of public morality he generally makes twice a day the round of the town, once in the

morning and once in the evening, and can force any Mussulman he meets to recite the usual prayers, or punish his ignorance with thirty-nine strokes of a stick.

Besides the order of clergy which presides in the mosques and fills the various public offices, there is another order whose members live in community and lead a particular sort of life. False religions are often fond of imitating the institutions of the true. Paganism had its priests and altars and vestals ; and Mahometanism would have its Ishan, or monks. They are in the highest repute in the Khanat of Bokhara, as they profess not only to observe all the fundamental precepts of the Mahometan law, but to abstain from things which some authorities permit, and to do whatever is best. The person who fulfils these obligations and who has given proofs of his fidelity during a long probation, receives from the Ishan of the community in which he has lived, a certificate that he is a true Ishan. The certificate states the name of the person who received the novice, and also the names of a line of Ishans in full succession from Mohammed himself. These letters are highly valued, as they authorize their possessor to initiate others. The probation to which the candidates are subjected, exhibits a very striking standard of Mahometan sanctity.

When a novice presents himself for admission, he is examined on the precepts of the law. If the examination gives satisfaction, he is told to address himself to Allah in prayer, in order to receive light from above ; which he shall certainly receive in a dream, if certain conditions be rigidly observed. During three successive days he must not lie down to rest in the evening without having made all his ablutions ; he must read some long prayers daily, and never pray during that time on any but a clean carpet or mat. But when the decisive dream comes, it is sometimes allegorical, and must be interpreted by the experienced Ishans. Should the dream be of green meadows, or flowers, or such things, Mahomet invites ; but should it be of a wolf or scorpion, he repels the suppliant ; but if the dream should not come on any subject, the old Ishan takes the responsibility on himself, and commences the probationary exercises on the poor fanatic. On receiving a promise of the full observance of the law,

" The elder Ishan or Pir seats himself before his pupil, on some clean thing, such as a perfectly new mat of reeds, or a carpet,

observing that the knees should meet, and directing him to shut his eyes, tells him to turn his mind internally on his heart, endeavouring that no other name should rest on it, but that of Allah, while he must at the same time try to pronounce that name in his heart as often as possible. If the neophyte prove worthy, they say, to receive such sort of inspiration, he is thrown into a kind of delirium, his heart beats time with the heart of the Ishan, and both pronounce rapidly and often the word Allah, sitting in that position for hours together."

If the poor neophyte should not lose his senses or burst a blood-vessel, which often happens during this trial, he receives from the Pir certain rules of conduct, the principal of which is to meet him daily before sunrise and in the afternoon.

"At these meetings they seat themselves in a circle, and shutting their eyes, repeat in their hearts Allah, as fast as they can ; the Pir, while occupied in the same manner, contrives to dive into the hearts of the company ; and such as are good instinctively feel whenever his eye rests on their hearts, because then they say their hearts are warmed, and experience an indescribable feeling of pleasure. The slothful, and such as are ill prepared, are incapable of understanding this, and then the Pir appears to them in their dreams ; and, if still they are too slow of comprehension, he makes a verbal reprimand to them, but privately. It is in these silent assemblies, that the neophyte receives his instructions, and his education requires five degrees, before he can attain the highest perfection. The first consists in turning the eye inward upon the heart, and pronouncing on the heart the name of Allah ; the second consists in shutting the eyes, and turning them to the pit of the stomach, and then pronouncing the same word as fast as possible. The third is the internal contemplation of the liver, with the same repetition of the word Allah ; the fourth is a constant contemplation, with closed eyes, of the upper part of the brain, with more frequent repetitions, if possible, of the same word ; the fifth and most difficult degree, consists in repeating with all the above-mentioned parts of the body, at the same time, the words 'La Allah-il-Allah,' beginning with the heart, which in this instance has only to pronounce *la*, while the brain terminates the sentence by *Allah*. The quicker this journey of the mind, and the pronunciation of the words can be performed, the more perfect is the disciple."—*p. 257.*

But another more difficult trial still remains before the candidate is finally dubbed an Ishan. After having spent a long time in almost uninterrupted addresses to Mahomet, he must attempt a miracle on some sick person, and

nothing but success in this last ordeal, can crown his labours, and entitle him to practise on others the same series of Indian jugglery and mesmerism, to which he has himself been subjected. So great is the veneration in which the Ishan is held, that even the Amir thinks it necessary to consult them on all important affairs of state, and receives their advice as the oracles of the prophet himself.

Though Bokhara has long been regarded as a great centre of Mahometan erudition, and appears to merit that fame by the great number of colleges and primary schools, Khanikoff gives a humiliating catalogue of superstitions, from which even the highest orders in the state are not exempt, and which exhibit the degrading influence of the Mahometan law on the minds of its slaves. All the beautiful gardens of the country are believed to be haunted by the *Albesti*, a spirit that appears in the form of a woman, with the long flowing hair of the Irish Ban-sighe, not to give warning of death, but to allure to voluptuousness. The *Ajineh* select the palaces and houses of the opulent for their nocturnal revels, and are believed to delight in the tambourine and other musical instruments, with which they frighten the poor occupants and deprive them of their rest. The *Divs* is of the male sex, and is supposed to be a sullen and gloomy spirit hovering over precipices and the summits of snowy mountains, or lurking in impregnable ravines and horrible caves, and engaged in incessant and deadly warfare with the *Peri*, and the mortals whom the *Peri* take under their protection. Besides these superstitions, there are some customs upon which the advocate of the Eastern origin of the Irish people, would seize as conclusive, were it not for the assertion of B. de Bode, that the very same customs are found in several parts of the north of Russia, among the Fins and Chudi. The custom bears strong marks of Ghebre origin.

" In spring, they (in Bokhara) celebrate a day, which bears the singular appellation of Cheharskimbe Sunni, in the following manner: they set fire to wood piles, and having leaped over them, both men and women break some earthen vessel, thinking by such means to cleanse themselves from their sins, and even from all illness. The Amir, however, has given strict injunctions to the Reis, that this custom should not be practised any longer, as it is not in conformity with the Mahometan law. Fire likewise plays an important part in superstitious cures. The old women, when prac-

tising the healing art, set fire to a small pile, and make their patients walk round it three times, then jump over it thrice, and finally, thrice sprinkle water in his face. If the patient is too weak to perform the above prescribed juggleries, the fire cure is applied in a different manner; namely, a rag impregnated with tallow, is tied to a pole, fire is then set to it, and the pole is placed in a corner of the room; the patient who is seated opposite to it, is struck several times with a stick on the back, either slightly or otherwise, as the case or method adopted by the leech may require, the latter muttering at the same time, the words 'Kullergha-kit, chullergha-kit;' meaning, begone to the lake, begone to the desert; and this mode of conjuring they believe inevitably drives out the malady. The belief in an evil eye is spread all over Bokhara, and for protection from its evil effects, the children have strings of beads, of divers colours, sewn on their shoulders, sleeves, and caps."—*p. 272.*

But to conclude with Mr. Khanikoff. We think it is abundantly evident from the account we have given of him, that as a traveller, he is far above the herd of scribbling tourists that stock our market with their fleeting impressions and personal adventures. The extensive range of his observation, and the minute details on Bokhara, its rulers, and its people, prove that he has gone far to realize the title of his work. Unless some great revolution in the physical and moral world should change the clime and institutions of Bokhara, the Autocrat could at the first favourable opportunity, safely direct the movements and support of an invading army, according to the data supplied in this volume. It was written to facilitate Russian communication with Central Asia, and more than once hints schemes of conquest.

VI.—*Lives of Men of Letters and Science, who flourished in the time of George III.* By HENRY LORD BROUHAM, &c. London: 1845.

THE multifarious subjects embraced in this volume, one of no small pretensions, sufficiently evince the noble and learned author's extent of reading. How far that fundamental ground of writing is supported by accuracy and discrimination of statement will appear as we proceed; but at the outset, we deem it right to premise,

that our consideration of the work will be principally, if not solely, directed to the article on Voltaire, the first, and, in every respect, the most prominent of the series, as it obviously is that of his Lordship's predilection. We also desire to have it understood, that we mean not to engage in any distinctive sectarian or dogmatic controversy, unless some arising incident should demand the contradiction of imputed acts or doctrines. To expose or combat Voltaire's anti-christian principles, if this solemn and sacred word can be so misapplied, is truly, at the present day, a supererogatory task. Repeatedly and triumphantly has it been achieved; nor do we presume to impeach our accomplished peer with the participation or advocacy of the arch-infidel's most flagrant aberrations. On the contrary, he encounters them with unreserved reproof, while, at the same time, he eagerly seeks and fondly adopts an expiatory excuse for these transgressions, in the alleged corruptions of Voltaire's native creed. Never does he omit an opportunity of heaping on that creed, the predominant one of the Christian world, every epithet of contumely, which the most envenomed antipathy could devise, or grossest prejudice could suggest, with an intensity of effort, too, perfectly equal to that with which his favourite aims the shafts of calumny and derision at christianity itself. The ensuing extract from one of his earliest pages (the sixth) fully sustained in tenor of expression, and unison of tone, throughout the work, will sufficiently exemplify our conclusion:

"An impression," states his lordship, "unfavourable to the truths of religion and its uses, was made upon Voltaire's mind by the sight of its abuses, and by a consideration of the manifest errors inculcated in the Romish system.....He is not to be blamed for having begun to doubt of the truths of Christianity, in consequence of his attention having originally been directed to the foundations of the system by a view of the falsehoods which have been built upon those truths. Even if the bigotry of priests, the persecutions of sovereigns, the absurdities of a false faith, the grovelling superstitions of its votaries.....roused his indignation and his pity, and these alternating emotions first excited the spirit of inquiry, afterwards too much guided its course, we are not on that account to condemn him as severely as we should one who, from some personal spleen or individual interest, had suffered his judgment to be warped, and thus, as it were, lashed himself into disbelief of a system altogether pure, administered by a simple, a disinterested, a venerable hierarchy."

We have transcribed this paragraph, warranted in its length by its importance to our purpose, though little, indeed, to be admired for its diction or structure, in demonstration of the spirit of the book, which so unequivocally betrays the writer's feelings, and fearlessly presents, in contrasted exhibition, what he is pleased to call the *Romish* system, (a term we may transiently remark, like that of *Britishers*, or *Irishers*, applied to ourselves by the Americans, neither uttered nor received in courtesy), and "the pure, the simple, and," *mirabile dictu*, "disinterested Anglican or Protestant hierarchy! Now if Voltaire's impiety is to stand extenuated, if not justified by the averred corruptions of his early faith, how came the pure, the simple, and disinterested hierarchy of England, or of protestantism in its comprehensive sphere, to generate in its bosom the Herberts of Cherbury, the Bolingbrokes, Shaftesburys, Chesterfields, the Hobbes, Tindalls, Chubbs, Collins, Halleys, Humes, Gibbons, Paynes, Horne Tookes, Carliles, Sandersons, &c., &c., and abroad, Frederick of Prussia, and his court, Catherine of Russia, (born and educated a protestant), with most of the modern professors of protestant Germany, Kant, Hegel, Weisse, Bauer, &c., represented as pantheists; also those of Geneva and its pastors, as described by D'Alembert in 1757, and confirmed by Mr. Laing in our own days; or again, Bayle, Strauss, Franklin, Jefferson, all professed or virtual infidels? The tree must be judged by the fruit which here, whether of catholic or protestant production, should be appreciated by the same rule, and weighed in the same balance, while identical in germination. By a demonstrable parity of consequence, therefore, the *Romish* system is not more subject to censure for Voltaire's perversion, than protestantism is answerable for that of its own original communicants. But our Ex-Chancellor's reasoning, quite one-sided, differs not much in character from the judicial practice of Ireland, where his cognomial functionary, Lord Redesdale, declared that one law existed for the rich, and another for the poor; and justice was measured in variant degrees to the favoured and the unfavoured, as the tribune, Sempronius Blaeus, complained that liberty was dispensed at Rome—"adeo imparem libertatem Romæ diti ac pauperi, honorato atque inhonorato esse." (Livy, lib. vi. cap. 2.)

The attractive picture above drawn of the Anglican

hierarchy may be fairly estimated, at least in one of its assigned attributes, that of disinterestedness, by a reference to the legacy office, no disputable test of value, which exhibits this lauded body, the most richly endowed of its kind, as certainly, the most hoarding, and apparently, the most grasping or covetous, on earth. And of its Irish affiliated branch, the late debates in parliament attest its concurrent rivalry in the race of accumulation; fortunes, to an enormous amount, unearned by labour, and too often gathered in blood, having been raised by its alleged disinterested members. Nor should the recollection be lost of a signal and characteristic fact, though of a different nature, produced during the same legislative discussion. On the 23rd of April, Mr. Ward, after numerous citations of the most outrageous, obscene, and blasphemous calumnies on catholicity, by various Protestant clergymen, added, "that in his own county (Hereford), the Rev. Mr. Bickersteth said, that the alleged compact in respect to Maynooth was all a fiction; but supposing a compact had existed, it was void, because nothing could bind them to do what was contrary to God's word." Is not, we may ask, this doctrine perfectly equivalent to that so constantly reproached, though as often repelled, to the Catholic church, "that no faith was to be held with heretics?" We could, indeed, retort this imputation, both in practice and avowal, in more than one instance, on its assertors.*

To the indignant reader of Voltaire's unceasing attacks,† and reiterated declarations of mortal war, on revelation, it must, we apprehend, appear extraordinary

* See the distinct proof in Bayle's article of Théodore Koornhert, notes H, I; and what other ground existed for the violation of the Treaty of Limerick! &c.

† About the year 1734, René Hérault, minister of police, pointedly said to Voltaire, "Quoi que vous écriviez, vous ne viendrez point à bout de détruire la religion chrétienne." "C'est ce que nous verrons" was the prompt reply, "Ecrasons l'infâme," ever continued his uniform inculcation, the burden and conclusion of all his letters. (See that to Darsilaville, 26 July, 1762.) of which those, who would limit the meaning to catholicity, or, in their sense, superstition, only betray their utter ignorance of his object or writings. "I' ai lu," he writes to D'Alembert, 2 October, 1764, "avec horreur ce que vous dites de Bayle dans l'Encyclopédie. Heureux s'il avait respecté la religion et les meurs;" and previously, on the 30th of March 1760. "Je ne sais ce que deviendra la religion de Jesus," with multiplied other proofs of his determination to uproot the christian faith in every branch. His Dictionnaire Philosophique lavishes, in unmeasured profusion, all the stores of his ridicule and ribaldry, on the objects of equal veneration to catholics and protestants. (See his letters to Helvetius, and D'Argental, in 1762, 1764, 1765, &c.) The M. Hérault abovenamed, was grandfather of Hérault de Séchelles, an ardent partisan of the revolution, but guillotined the 5th of April, 1794, with Danton and Fabre d'Eglantine, miscreants, to whom we owed many months of incarceration at that dread period, under the fearful rule of Robespierre.

to be assured that this reviler of every thing held sacred in Christian belief, was altogether guiltless of blasphemy. Yet, with this astounding affirmation does the ample volume before us open its subject. Even atheism, in Lord Brougham's argumentation, is exonerated from the involved crime. At page 2, he says, "Both the atheist and deist are free from all guilt of blasphemy, that is, of all guilt towards the Deity or towards Christ," and, after pursuing, to a considerable length, an accordant line of sophistry, he concludes, "Now, by these plain rules we must try Voltaire;" so that atheism hitherto, in the construction of all vocabularies, and in its universal popular acceptation, the least ambiguous test of blasphemy, its most prominent feature, its deepest dye of commission, and most heinous enormity of expression, is thus gratuitously pronounced an irresponsible, an unconscious misconception; and the culprit is discharged from all arraignment, clothed in the white robes of innocence, disenthralled and absolved! But to this illusive course of interpretation we may content ourselves with opposing the high authority of Blackstone, of which a lawyer can hardly deny the weight. "The fourth species of offences," states that eminent jurist, (Book iv. chap. 4.) "more immediately against God and religion, is that of *blasphemy* against the Almighty, by denying his being or providence, or by contumelious reproaches of our Saviour Christ. Whither also may be referred all profane scoffing at the Holy Scripture, or exposing it to contempt and ridicule." If evidence of Voltaire's transgressions in every constitutive element of the crime thus defined, be not placed beyond dispute by his voluminous compositions, we must forfeit all claim to the right intelligence of the clearest language; for a characteristic merit of the *Patriarch* is the unmistakeable sense, the perspicuity of his diction. Lord Brougham, more elevated in professional rank, may assert an inferential superiority of legal knowledge over the commentator of our laws, but, on his appointment to the woolsack, we well recollect the current expression of the day, and of the courts, that he knew a *little* of every thing, (as, indeed, we see exemplified in the present publication), a little of literature, of science and the arts, in all their departments, and, even of *law*, still a little.

Passing now to the substantial or personal events of Voltaire's life, as detailed by his lordship, we must remark,

that he seldom quotes his sources of information, though almost exclusively traceable to his hero's panegyrist, Condorcet, in whose portraiture, as in the assurances of Cromwell's fanatic attendants, Goodwin, Sterry and consorts, to that great but guilty man, Voltaire would appear endowed with an immunity from error—impeccable—the worst, consequently, because the least discriminative, of biographers.* We, on the other hand, have consulted and compared both sides, beginning with the Marquis de Luchet, whose family we happened to know in his native Saintes, and whose “*Histoire Littéraire de Voltaire*,” bears the impress of Cassel, (a fictitious one), and date of 1782; then, in succession, “*Théophile Imarigeon, Abbé Duvernet’s Vie de Voltaire*,” to which Lally Tolendal, who owed much to Voltaire, is supposed to have contributed, and for which Voltaire himself had furnished materials. (See Correspondence of 23rd March, 1772;) “*Mazure’s Biography*,” 1821, 8vo; “*Paillet de Warcy’s*,” 1824, 2 vols. 8vo; Le Pan’s, 1824, 1 vol. 8vo; with the Mémoires respectively of the Secretaries, “*Cellini*,” 1807, 8vo. and Wagnière and Longchamp, 1826, (2 tomes, 8vo.) We have not seen the late Mr. Stanley’s Essay, probably not much to be regretted. Thus armed, we proceed to examine Lord Brougham’s narrative, which in its errings would indeed surprise us, had not his previous publications fully prepared us for such a result.†

“Voltaire,” says his lordship, “was the son of the Sieur Arouet, a person of respectable family, filling the place of treasurer of the Chamber of Accounts, an exchequer office of considerable emolument,” (page 12.) The father of Voltaire had been a notary, always a valued profession in France; but of his family little is ascertained,

* He represents the abominable ascription of Voltaire’s impious Epître à Uranie to the Abbé de Chaulieu, ten years deceased, as a mere jest, and maintains that superstition alone could arraign as a crime an unnameable, unnatural offence. Voltaire never hesitated to inscribe any name on his productions, however averse to the deceased person’s recognized sentiments; though on this first occasion, in 1772, he did no great injury to the Abbé’s fame. Lord Brougham, erroneously, at page 60, says, that it was the *Lettres Philosophiques* he attributed to Chaulieu.

+ Numerous instances of Lord Brougham’s inaccuracy of assertion and carelessness of investigation, are spread over the pages of the Gentleman’s Magazine, particularly in the articles for December, 1838, page 584, and for December, 1842, page 585. To that Miscellany, we have on various occasions, also consigned our views and statements of many of the circumstances of Voltaire’s life, here necessarily reproduced in elucidation of our present subject. This general notice will, therefore, dispense us from future special reference to our venerable contemporary.

though Duvernet essays to trace its antiquity. In 1701, he was appointed to a situation in one of the departments of the Chamber of Accounts, a subordinate one, and certainly was never its treasurer, as stated by Condorcet; for Le Pan inspected the original registry, and found that his office was that of triennial and alternate receiver of certain public revenues. "J'ai levé," says that biographer (little partial, indeed, to Voltaire, though correct in his references), "à la chambre des comptes, en 1816, les expéditions des deux actes de réception d'Arouet père et d'Arouet fils ainé; ce qui prouve la fausseté de l'assertion de Condorcet, qui donne à Arouet père le titre de trésorier de la chambre des comptes," (*page 56.*) Whatever were the emoluments, most probably not great, Voltaire frequently complained of their unsatisfactory result; and in his letter to Madame de Bernières, of the 10th July, 1725, he says that his father had left but a small succession. And to his friend Thiriot, he wrote the 26th of September, 1724, "Je vous avertis que nos affaires de la chambre des comptes vont très mal."—Again, to Madame de Bernières the same year, "Ma fortune prend une tournure si diabolique à la chambre des comptes, que je serai peut-être obligé de travailler pour vivre." In fact, his whole family inheritance, most of it derived from his brother Armand, who died in 1741, did not exceed four thousand livres a year, equivalent to about £300. of this day; though at his death he possessed one hundred and forty thousand francs, (*then* a synonymous denomination with *livres*,) or fully £10,000. income, of present currency. He had been fortunate in government contracts, in commercial speculations, in the lottery, in royal presents, &c.* The place of Voltaire's birth was Châtenay, near Sceaux, two leagues from Paris, where the family residence was in the "rue des Marmousets," now No. 26, just behind the "marché aux fleurs," and in the neighbourhood of the "Palais de Justice." Often have we seen the old mansion, the present poor occupant of which was quite unaware of its former inhabitants, until so informed by us. Voltaire was born the 20th of February, 1694; his father's christian name was François.

"A small estate possessed by the father," adds Lord

* We are indebted to Le Pan, in general, for the indication of facts in Voltaire's correspondence; but on collation, we found them correctly stated.

Brougham, “ was called Voltaire, and the custom being in those days for younger children of wealthy commoners to take the name of their estate, leaving the family name to the eldest, François Marie, as the younger of the two sons, took the name of Voltaire.” Now, all this, derived as usual from Condorcet, is pure invention, or conjecture, for no such estate existed; and the name, since become so celebrated, was simply the anagram of his paternal one—with the adjunct of *l. j.*, for *le jeune*, or junior, as distinctive from the elder. “ Arouet, *l. j.*,” exactly presents in transposed letters, “ Voltaire;” the sole change being that of the *u* in the original to a *v* and *j* into *i* in the new name; and these letters, we know, were long indiscriminately used in all books, until distinguished by the Elzevirs. Transcripts of Voltaire’s early signature, “ Arouet, *l. j.*,” appeared some years back, as evidence of the fact, in the collection called “ Lettres Champenoises.” It was in 1719 that he made this alteration; for his born patronymic neither sounded harmoniously to his ears, nor was grateful to his recollection, or flattering to his vanity. To the new adoption, he prefixed the nobiliary *de*; and on the purchase of the estate of Tourney, near Geneva, but in the French territory, or *pays de Gex*, now Département de l’Ain, he continued for some time to sign, “ Voltaire Comte de Tourney.” Lord Brougham, quite in error, identifies this Château de Tourney with Ferney, at page 94 of his volume. In various letters, Voltaire expresses his dislike of the paternal name. To the Abbé Moussinot, his Parisian agent, he thus wrote the 17th May, 1741: “ Je vous ai envoyé ma signature, dans laquelle j’ai oublié le nom d’Arouet, que j’oublie assez volontiers.”—And on the same occasion, “ Je vous renvoie d’autres parchemins où se trouve ce nom, malgré le peu de cas que j’en fais.”

At page 51, his lordship observes, “ that in the year 1722, Voltaire addressed the Epître à Uranie to Madame de Rupelmonde, a sceptical rather than a plainly deistical ode.” Beaumarchais, however, a disciple of Voltaire, and publisher of the first edition of the collected works at Kehl, in 1784, thus introduces this epistle: “ Ce petit poème est un des premiers où M. de Voltaire fait connôtre ouvertement ses opinions sur la religion et la morale..... La fameuse profession de foi du Vicaire Savoyard (in Rousseau’s *Emile*), n’est presqu’un commentaire éloquent de cette épître.” Voltaire subsequently entitled it, “ Le

Pour et le Contre,” as if impartially balancing the advantage and mischief of Christianity, but the preponderance of the latter clearly emerges; and the conclusion expresses his own view of the subject, which is undeniably deistical:

“Un Dieu n'a pas besoin de nos soins assidus :
Si l'on peut l'offenser, c'est par des injustices ;
Il nous juge sur nos vertus
Et non sur nos sacrifices.”

Lord Brougham affirms that this Ode was forgotten among the author's subsequent successes, which, however, from personal knowledge we can contradict; for few of Voltaire's smaller works longer exercised the memory, and perverted the mind, of young Frenchmen. And greatly mistaken, indeed, is his lordship in designating the elder Rousseau (Jean Baptiste) with whom Voltaire quarrelled on this occasion, “a middling writer,” for he has ever been placed at the head of the lyric poets of his country. See the edition of his poems by Amor Duvivier, 1820, 5 tomes, 8vo. He was distinguished from J. J. Rousseau for many years, as “Le Grand Rousseau,” but his junior namesake's greater popularity afterwards displaced him from that pedestal of superior fame. The anecdote of Voltaire's reply on reading his Ode to Posterity, “that it would never reach its destination,” is denied by Lepan, though Duvernet (pp. 50 and 318) asserts that it was related by Voltaire himself to Thiriot. This latter name is uniformly written Theiriot by his lordship, which is incorrect, either in the original or generally received orthography. The former was Thieriot, changed into Thiriot, now uniformly followed. He was placed in 1714 with Voltaire in the office of a solicitor named Alain, which the poet soon abandoned; but they continued friends till Thiriot's death in 1772—notwithstanding some occasional complaints of Voltaire, who always wrote the name Tiriot, or Thiriot, as we learn from Condorcet.

Different versions have circulated of the poet's altercation with the Chevalier de Rohan-Chabot, which led to his sojourn in England, all, however, to the marked reproof of the nobleman. Amongst the many omissions in his lordship's narrative which we have incidentally supplied, is Voltaire's indignant reply to the Chevalier's insolent inquiry, as to who he was? “Je suis le premier de mon nom, et vous le dernier du vôtre,”—an antithesis

which, in his "Rome Sauvée," he makes Cicero retort on Cataline.

"Mon nom commence en moi : de votre honneur jaloux,
Tremblez que votre nom ne finisse en vous."

Voltaire acted the part of Cicero in this piece, by far his most successful exhibition, on his own theatre.

In adverting to Voltaire's journey to England, Lord Brougham dwells with marked laudation on the liberty and tolerance then enjoyed in that kingdom, whither he repaired, "attracted above all by that which he seems ever to have valued most—the spirit of tolerance and security against ecclesiastical oppression." (p. 52.) English catholics must find in their domestic records, and in published history, how far this encomium is justified; and still more their Irish fellow-sufferers have reason to repel the audacious fallacy. Let the reader consult Butler's Memoirs of the English Catholics, chapter lxx. 3, or Hallam's Constitutional History, chapter xvi. Just then (1722) Dr. Gibson, bishop of London, of *his own authority* seized and destroyed an edition, while passing through the press, of the famous work of Servetus, an Unitarian, "Christianismi Restitutio,"* though the private property of Dr. Meade, one of the most eminent men of his day. Nor was any professed catholic book allowed by the ecclesiastical power to be published; and the Bangorian Controversy gave little evidence, indeed, of episcopal tolerance. But in application to Ireland, of his lordship vaunt, we have only to refer to Burke's terrific description of the multiplied penal laws, and their blighting effects on that long desolate soil. "To render man patient," says the great writer in conclusion, "under a privation of all the rights of human nature, every thing which could give him a knowledge of these rights was naturally forbidden. To render humanity fit to be insulted, it was fit that it should be degraded." Bold, indeed, was the claim of tolerance

* The victim, it is so well known, of Calvin's intolerance, when his book formed part of the combustible matter prepared for the sacrifice; "codex femori aligatus," as Meerman, in his *Origines Typographicae*, 1765, 4to. relates—"I am more deeply scandalized, says Gibbon, chapter LIV., at the single execution of Servetus, than at the hecatombs which have blazed in the Auto-da-Fes of Spain and Portugal." Of the original edition of the "Christianismi Restitutio," which contains the memorable passage on the circulation of the blood, (given by Debure, No. 657), seventy years before its demonstration by Harvey, (1553—1628), not more than two copies are known, one produced £200. at the Duc de la Vallière's sale in 1782.

for England at that period; but it is proof demonstrative of the learned peer's indifference to facts when adverse to his catholic antipathies. No one, besides, could be less tolerant of opposition to his sentiments than Voltaire, who fortunately for his adversaries could wield no other arm than his pen; for his frequent appeals to government, particularly to the Duc de Choiseul, for the more afflictive weapons of power, show the will in the absence of that power. But the instrument at his command was restlessly active in pouring all the viols of his easily excited wrath on the most respectable personages, who bowed not in implicit submission to his sway. He had no direct cause of personal complaint against M. de Pompignan, who, in his academical oration, had generally condemned the misnamed philosophy of the day; and yet he pursued and persecuted that amiable man, and honourable magistrate, by every device of annoyance. His lordship alludes with appropriate commendation to the beautiful simile of the Egyptians, and their sacrilegious abuse of the sun, by M. de Pompignan, in his Ode on the death of Jean Baptiste Rousseau; and as the lines admit, in perfect analogy, of application to the Omnipotent Being, and beneficent object of christian adoration, and His blasphemers, they may here, we think, not be unsuitably cited, independently of their poetic merit:

“ Le Nil a vu sur ses rivages
 De noirs habitants des déserts,
 Insulter par leurs cris sauvages
 L'astre éclatant de l'univers:
 Cris impuissants, fureurs bizarres!
 Tandis que ces monstres barbares
 Poussaient d'insolentes clamours,
 Le Dieu poursuivant sa carrière,
 Versaient des torrents de lumière
 Sur ces obscurs blasphémateurs.”

See “Les Odes Sacrées,” in M. Le Franc de Pompignan’s Works—Paris, 1784—vol. 4, 8vo.

Claudian (*De Sexto Consulatu Honorii*, v. 411,) presents an image somewhat in consonance with the above:

“Medium non deserit unquam
 Cœli Phœbus ; radiis tamen omnia lustrat.”

In our learned lord’s conception, (page 79) “there seems upon the whole no sufficient reason to question the Pla-

tonic character of Voltaire's intercourse with Madame Du Chastelet."—The contrary has ever been the prevalent opinion, and from a variety of combined facts, cannot be doubted. His lordship's reasoning on the subject only shows his little acquaintance with the circumstances of the case, or the habits of those whose continued association with the lady, he thought, should repel the unfavourable construction. But the moral fame of Madame Du Defand, or the President Henault, or of Frederick, the persons here invoked, was certainly not of a nature to protect, by this implied testimony, the virtue of Madame du Chastelet and Voltaire, under the most suspicious and least guarded appearances. *Her* previous favourite, Richelieu, and Voltaire's supplanter, St. Lambert, left no doubt of her perfect indifference, not only to the obligations of married life, but to the forms of decorum, which, indeed, high-born females at that period seldom deigned to consult in their guilty indulgence; and the fear of ridicule, the most deterring or shrinking of all fears in France, would suffer no husband to disclose his own dishonour by the utterance of a suspicion. Voltaire had often proved his exemption from all religious or social scruple in such respects, as might well be expected from his conduct and writings. In fact, St. Lambert was well known to be the father of the child whose birth cost Madame du Chastelet her life, for which Voltaire bitterly reproached him, and afterwards sympathized with the tolerant husband on this consequence of the triumph obtained by their younger and more attractive rival equally over both. Though very learned, as her "Institutions Physiques," and translation of Newton's Principia, published in 1756, seven years after her decease, by Clairaut, demonstrate, her female tastes were as frivolous as those of a mere girl, which made Voltaire say—

"Son esprit est très philosophie,
Mais son cœur aime les poupons."

Inferior still, alike in science and in virtue, we may proudly boast, was she to our Mrs. Somerville. St. Lambert, a poet too, and of some note, as author of "Les Saisons," afterwards became the successful lover of Madame de Houtetot, the object of J. J. Rousseau's most serious, though unreturned passion, so that, by a singular coincidence, he was the preferred rival of the two most celebrated writers of their time.

At page 86, Lord Brougham says, "that a profligate adventurer, called La Beaumelle, came under false colours to Berlin, was taken up by Maupertuis, and both libelled Voltaire." The fact, however, is, that the origin of the poet's rancorous enmity to this young man was a paragraph in a work, "Mes Pensées," thus, at page 38 of the Berlin edition, expressed: "Il y a eu de plus grands poètes que Voltaire: il n'y en a jamais eu de si bien récompensés. Le roi de Prusse combla de bienfaits les hommes à talents, précisément par les mêmes raisons qui engagent un petit prince d'Allemagne à combler de bienfaits un bouffon ou un nain." This was more than sufficient to rouse the ire of a less susceptible man than Voltaire, whose hostility only ceased with his adversary's death in 1773. Under pretence of some injurious expressions of the unfortunate man against the Duke of Orleans, he was sent to the Bastile the 13th April, 1753, at the urgent demand of Voltaire, and was again imprisoned in 1758, when the tolerant philosopher, in reference to the fact, wrote, on the 23rd of August, to the Duchess of Saxe-Gotha, thus charitably: "Les calomnies.....de La Beaumelle viennent de le faire enfermer à la Bastille pour la seconde fois, c' était un chien enragé qu' on ne pouvait plus laisser dans les rues." (*Lord B.'s Appendix, page 138.*)

His lordship views, with pointed indignation, Voltaire's base servility to Frederick and Catherine on various occasions, and at page 90, exemplifies the fact by illustrative quotations. But in his history of the first Silesian War, this grovelling worship of power, placed even in the vilest hands, was so disgraceful, that his friends, albeit little delicate or squeamish in the means of obtaining protection, blushed for the gross adulation of his dedicatory address of the work to Madame de Pompadour, the royal favourite, and caused its suppression, though preserved as a monument of degraded genius, in the first volume of La Place's "Pièces Interessantes," page 207. It thus proceeds: "Il faut avouer que l' Europe peut dater sa félicité du jour de cette paix (of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748).....le fruit d'une jeune dame d'un haut rang, célèbre par ses charmes. Ce fut la destinée de l' Europe qu'une femme, (Maria Teresa), commençat la guerre, et qu'une femme (Pompadour), la finit. La seconde a fait autant de bien que la première avait fait de mal." Here we see the virtuous Empress Queen accused of a war, in which Fred-

erick was the assailant, and this courtesan lauded for having restored the happiness of Europe!

In summer, it is said, at page 94, that Voltaire went to a house which he purchased near Lausanne, called Monnier, but whether of the press or pen, it is a fault, and should be Monrion. In the Quarterly Review, No. 114, page 290, it is converted into a district of Paris! Immediately after, his lordship quotes from a poem of Frederick's to Voltaire, (though he changes *vivre* for *écrire*), two lines expressive of his determination not to survive another adverse battle after the disastrous one of Kolin in 1757:

“Je dois en affrontant l'orage,
Penser *vivre*, et mourir en Roi.”

But the leading thought or point of this distich is an obvious plagiarism of the epitaph on Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV., as it appears in the Jesuit Bouhour's “Manière de bien penser dans les Ouvrages d'Esprit,” page 104.

“Elle sut mépriser les caprices du sort,
Regarder sans horreur, les horreurs de lamort,
Affermir un grand trône, et le quitter sans peine,
Et pour tout dire enfin, *vivre et mourir en Reine.*”

At page 104, we read the following observation: “In the article of the Encyclopédie, (by Voltaire), we find much of what is now the general faith upon the early history of Rome, but in those days (1757) was never dreamt of.” His lordship was, therefore, unacquainted with the previous essay of Beaufort, “Dissertation sur l' Incertitude des cinq premiers siècles de l'Histoire Romaine,” 1738, 8vo., or with the similar animadversions of Vico in his “Cinque Libri de Principj d'una Scienza Nuova,” &c., which first appeared at Naples in 1725, and generally expresses the views more recently developed by Niebuhr on the topic. They had also been unfolded by Perizonius in his “Animadversiones Historicæ in quibus quam plurima in priscis Romanarum rerum auctoribus notantur.” (Amsterd. 1685. 8vo.) and others might be added.

Two remarkable oversights in English familiar literature strike us at page 108, where it is said that, “the best of Voltaire's Romances are Zadig, one beautiful chapter of which our Parnell has versified and improved in his “Hermit,” the “Ingénú,” and above all “Candide.”

Some are disposed to place this last at the head of all his works ; and even Dr. Johnson never spoke of it without unstinted admiration, professing that had he seen it, he should not have written his *Rasselas*. Now, as to the first, Parnell died in 1717, before Voltaire had ever published a line in prose, and thirty-one years anterior to the appearance, in 1748, of the tale which is represented as his original, or model ! It was in consequence of Fréron's exposure of the fact, and indication of the plagiarism, in his critical journal, the "Année Littéraire," that he incurred the unremitting rancour of the poet, and became the object of his most poignant sarcasms, which, indeed, were generally repaid with accumulated interest. This chapter of *Zadig*, pillaged from, and not borrowed by, Parnell, the victim, not the delinquent, is the twentieth. The Jewish Thalmud, it seems, is the source of the story, whence it was transferred to the collection of mediæval *Fabliaux*, with the title of "De l'Ermite qu'un Ange conduisit dans le Siècle." It then appeared in the "Doctrine de Sapience," printed in 1482, and in the celebrated "Gesta Romanorum." "Ce n'est pas assez," wrote Voltaire to D'Argental, the 15th February, 1761, "de rendre Fréron ridicule ; l'écraser est le plaisir :" very philosophic in Voltaire's sense, but not quite so accordant with Christian charity ; though, as by far the least sensitive of the two, the critic suffered much less in the strife. See Condorcet's note to the twentieth chapter of *Zadig*.

As for what Lord Brougham so positively asserts of Johnson's avowal, that had he seen *Candide*, he should not have written *Rasselas*, strange to say that, though from a subjoined note of his lordship's, it appears that Mr. Croker, the editor of Boswell's *Johnson*, was communicated with on the subject, not a word of the sage confirms this unequivocal statement.—"Voltaire's *Candide* is wonderfully similar in its plan and conduct to *Rasselas*, in so much," adds Boswell, (Croker's 8vo edition, i. 331.) "that I have heard Johnson say, that if they had not been published so closely one after the other, that there was no time for imitation, it would have been in vain to deny that the scheme of that which came latest was taken from the other." On a *sole* further occasion, (vol. iv. 222.) Johnson said, "that *Candide*, he thought, had more power in it than anything that Voltaire had written ;" but in the mouth of Johnson, who uniformly depreciated Voltaire,

and in his preface to Shakspere, classes him among the *petty* minds who urge petty cavils against our great bard, this is no special praise. And yet on these passages, which alone refer to the romance in his lordship's own source of information, he erects a superstructure wholly unsupported by them. Where can we discover more than Johnson's relative preference of Candide to Voltaire's other compositions? but, surely, there is no absolute admiration or the least ground for affirming that the moralist would not have written Rasselas had he read Candide?

His lordship (page 111) gives credit to Voltaire for his generous patronage of "the niece of Corneille." Far, indeed, are we from undervaluing the act, because Voltaire was taught to believe that the destitute young woman stood in that degree of kindred to the great dramatist; but it soon became clear that such was not the fact, though in that quality he had obtained for her a respectable husband, M. Dupuits, to whom he transferred, as her dower, the profits of his edition of Corneille, printed in Geneva, 1764, 12 tomes, 8vo. She was the descendant, as Voltaire afterwards found, not of a brother, but of a cousin-german, also Pierre Corneille, "avocat au parlement de Rouen," while other more direct relatives existed, and presented themselves; which Lord Brougham, had he taken the trouble of inquiry, could have discovered.—See M. Taschereau's life of Corneille, pp. 272 and 368. We there learn that the enthusiastic Charlotte Corday, who fell under the revolutionary axe for having rid the world of the monster Marat, on the 17th July, 1793, was an immediate descendant of Corneille through his daughter Marie, Madame de Farcy, with some of whose offspring (Charlotte, the heroic Charlotte, misled in principle, as we must acknowledge her to have been, was the last,) accident had brought us acquainted. The political Judith was the fifth in descent from Corneille; and in the letter addressed to her father, J. F. Corday, on the eve of her execution, she appropriately applied the familiar line of her illustrious progenitor's brother, (Thomas)—"Le crime fait la honte, et non pas l'échafaud;"* in the tragedy of Essex, Acte iv., Sc. iii. Voltaire's commentary on this drama teems with blunders.—See Gentleman's Magazine for April,

* This line is in fact the counterpart of Tertullian's "Martyrem facit causa non pena," (in his *Adhortatio ad Martyres*).

1843, page 364. Precision of facts was as indifferent to him as to Lord B.

Voltaire's zealous vindication of the memory, and patronage of the family of the unhappy Calas, are well entitled, in our apprehension, to the praise bestowed on him by nearly the concurrent voice of Europe; although so far back as 1793, we heard some respectable citizens of Toulouse, witnesses of the original circumstances, and themselves of liberal principles, affirm the justice of the condemnation, which the still existing records of the trial are said to sanction, on which his lordship asks—"Was any one silly enough to suppose that these courts would preserve any evidence of their delinquency?" a shrewd question no doubt, but in its more extensive application to the repositories of official or historical documents, fatal to a confidence in their integrity.

The cruel punishment, for even an avowedly outrageous offence, inflicted on the Chevalier La Barre in 1766, can admit of no corresponding excuse. The destruction of a public crucifix, and declamation of impious songs, would have encountered a sufficient chastisement for so young a man, in a year or two's confinement. His accomplice had the good fortune to escape, and at the recommendation of Voltaire, whose Philosophical Dictionary had estranged the faith of these youths, as confessed by La Barre, was advanced in the service of Frederick, though not without the severest reprehension of the venial construction of the act by the adherents of Voltaire. "La scène qui s'est passée à Abbeville," observes the sagacious, though unbelieving monarch, to Voltaire, "est tragique; mais n'y a-t-il pas de la faute de ceux qui ont été punis.....il ne faut pas que la philosophie encourage de pareilles actions, ni qu'elle fronde des juges qui n'ont pu prononcer autrement qu'ils ont fait. La tolérance ne doit pas s'étendre à autoriser, l'effronterie et la licence de jeunes étourdis qui insultent audacieusement à ce que le peuple révère." (Frederick to Voltaire, August 7, 1766.) In Lord Brougham's native soil, however, and protestant rule, in a communication, too, from his friend Francis Horner to the historian, Malcolm Laing, we find the record of a similar sacrifice perpetrated less than seventy years before. "In 1697, a youth of eighteen named Aikenhead, was executed for having spoken with doubt, perhaps derision, of the holy doctrines of the Trinity and Incarnation." Lord Tulli-

bardine, whose contemporary recital is partly given by Mr. Horner, states that he was extremely studious and not vicious. "I doe think," wrote his lordship, "that he would have proven an eminent Christian had he lived, but the ministers out of a pious, tho' I think ignorant zeal, spake and preached for cutting him off."—(*Horner's Mémoirs, &c., vol. i. p. 487.*)

"Voltaire, after an absence of above seven-and-twenty years, (June 1750, to February 1778,) revisited Paris," states our noble and learned writer, (p. 121.) "He had outlived all his enemies, all his detractors, all his quarrels." Certainly not, for Rousseau, towards whom his conduct meets with his lordship's just and vehement reprobation, whom he called by the vilest names—"un polisson —un valet de Diogène—une âme pétrie de boue et de fiel, &c.,—survived him. So did, and much longer, the Abbé Coger, to 1780—Nonnotte, to 1785—Berthier and Pomppignan, to 1782—Guénée, to 1802, and the learned Larcher, to 1812, with several more of his antagonists. His reception in the capital was enthusiastic, almost idolatrous, but his death soon followed. (10 February—30 May.) The dying exclamation which, in his lordship's words, at once put to flight the pious, and reconciled the infidels to their patriarch, but which Lord Brougham has not given, was, when solicited to express his belief in our Saviour, "Je ne connais pas cet homme là;" or according to others, "Pour l'amour de Dieu ne m'en parlez pas." The stupor induced by powerful opiates, it is also asserted, precluded the faculty of utterance; and besides, he was strictly watched by his disciples, lest he should, in their sense, betray any weakness, or as they termed it, "faire le plongeon," which in his last moments was equally apprehended of D'Alembert himself, though then fearful of his master's flinching. On being asked by Fontanes, Napoleon's select orator, Grand Master of the University, and a very early acquaintance of our own, what he thought of a future life? in that dread hour—"Jeune homme, je n'en sais trop rien," was his tremulous reply. Two days after he expired, when the most audacious of atheists, Naigeon, said to Fontanes, "Il en était temps; car il aurait fait le plongeon." Every effort had similarly been made to prevent the access of Father Routh, an Irish Jesuit, to Montesquieu. D'Alembert was one of the most active in excluding our countryman, though repeatedly called for by his illustrious peni-

tent, as we were assured by one of the attendants, an Irishwoman, who finally succeeded in obtaining for her master the clergyman's ministration, though impeded in every way by the Duchess of Aiguillon, at the instigation of D'Alembert.

Of Voltaire's retention of our language in his old age, Lord Brougham adduces in proof, and as "the clearest evidence, two excellent lines," addressed to the late Joseph Cradock, whom the learned peer gratuitously transforms into a Doctor, though never invested with that degree in any class or profession.—These lines declared his thanks for a copy of Cradock's "*Zobeide*," founded on the French poet's tragedy "*Les Scythes*"—

"Thanks to your muse a foreign copper shines,
Turned into gold, and coined in sterling lines."

Who can fail to discern here a perfect plagiarism of Lord Roscommon's energetic assertion of our tongue's superiority in condensation to the French, in his *Art of poetry*?

"The weighty bullion of one sterling line,
Drawn through French wire would through whole pages shine."

Yet the merit of the distich is not impaired in his lordship's estimation by this larceny. Voltaire's letter, dated 21st of October, 1773, and pilfered verse, first appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine for January 1827, and allusion is again made to the subject more explicitly in the same journal for December last, page 586.—Let his lordship's paragraph be compared with that passage, and his plagiarism of it will hardly be gainsaid; for Voltaire's works do not contain the letter or borrowed poetry, which we apprehend his lordship could not have derived from any other source than this indicated one, and which likewise enabled him to notice Walpole's judgment of Voltaire's letter to Lord Lyttleton, "that not one word of it was in tolerable English." (Letters to Sir H. Mann, vol. i. p. 21, edit. 1843.)

"A striking picture," states our author, at page 128, "of Voltaire's powers of conversation is given by Goldsmith, who passed an evening in his company about the year 1754. He describes it, after saying generally that no man whom he had ever seen exceeded him, and Goldsmith *had* lived with the most famous wits of the world, especially of his

own country—with Burke, Windham, Johnson, Beauclerk, Fox. There arose a dispute in the party upon the English taste and literature. Diderot was the first to join battle with Fontenelle, who defeated him easily.—‘Voltaire,’ says Goldsmith, ‘remained silent and passive for a long while.—At last, about midnight he began, and spoke for nearly three hours.—Never was I so much charmed, nor ever was so absolute a victory as he gained.’” For this story Goldsmith’s Works, iii. 223, are quoted in that edition by Prior, who distinctly fixes this trial of argument and eloquence, this “*Ἐπτὰ σύφων συμπόσιον,*” as we see in Plutarch (tom. 1, p. 253, edit. 1572,) at Paris, where only such a party could have met. But graphic and animated as the recital is, for “nullum genus scribendi tetigit quod non ornavit” truly affirmed Johnson of Goldsmith, here he signally manifested that attributed faculty of embellishment—*Not a word of the narrative is true!*—a bold averment, it may be supposed, but which shall be irrefragably sustained, notwithstanding the felicitous combination of the fabricated statement—

“Quæ bene et eximie quamvis disposta ferantur,
Longe sunt tamen a vera ratione repulsa.”

Lucretius, lib. ii. 643.

In one special particular our witness shall be Lord Brougham himself, who, as we have seen, represents the absence of Voltaire from Paris as of above seven-and-twenty years’ continuance, when he returned in February, 1778. All his biographers, confirmed by his correspondence, attest the fact, thus expressed by Le Pan, in accord with Lord Brougham: “Voltaire avait quitté Paris en 1750, pour n’y revenir qu’en 1778.” Consequently, he could not have been there in 1754; and, besides, it is quite certain that Goldsmith had never set his foot on the continent till that year. Again, his lordship assures us that Goldsmith had associated “with the most famous wits in the world,” among whom are named Fox and Windham; but in 1759, when Goldsmith first alluded to the circumstance, the former had just attained his *tenth*, and the latter his *ninth* year—rather premature, it must be granted, to be classed with “those most famous wits,” from consorting with whom the writer may be presumed competent to value Voltaire’s superior powers of

conversation. These dates so far sufficiently invalidate the anecdote :—

“ For dates are chiels that winna ding,
And downa be refuted.”

But, combining the details, independently of his lordship's unsustaining advocacy, we are here presented with an incipient contest between Fontenelle and Diderot, when the first, who, as we know, and as is acknowledged by Lord Brougham (page 13), at his death in January, 1757, had completed, within a few weeks, his hundredth year, must in 1754 have only wanted two or three years of the full century, a period of life little suited to such a scene. And we have to add that he had long previously almost totally lost his hearing, and been obliged to use an ear-trumpet, with the aid of which it was still extremely difficult to communicate a sound to him, as Marmontel (*Mémoires*, tome i. page 300) painfully experienced in 1749, five years previously. Diderot, on the other hand, as we learn from the most authentic source, his own and Grimm's “*Mémoires Historiques*,” &c. (tome i. page 339, Lond. 1814) never saw Fontenelle until two or three years before his decease—that is, in 1754 or 1755—and, of course, could not have been engaged in this alleged dispute when Voltaire was no longer in Paris; nor could the latter, then in Switzerland, certainly absent from this field of debate, have taken up the argument at *midnight*, and spoken for three hours in contradiction, be it recollecting, to a centenarian, deaf nearly as a drum, but yet hearkening to his powerful antagonist for such an interval, and that after midnight! Does not, we may ask, the whole fabric fall under its inherent weakness? Exclusively, too, of producing so aged and organically defective a combatant on the stage for such a purpose, Fontenelle's horror of altercation had always been so great, “that, were his hand full of truths,” he said, “he would not open it for fear of opposition.” His *Eloge de Neuton* (sic) in his works, equally overthrows his imputed hostility to English taste and literature; for, though necessarily on science, it betrays no adverse general feeling to England. On the contrary, he unhesitatingly allows the first discovery of the controverted question, on the “Differential or Fluxional Calculus,” to our illustrious countryman; while the continental mathematicians, not only the Germans, but the

French for the greater part, are more disposed to favour the rival claim of Leibnitz. Fontenelle seems not to have unfairly discriminated the respective rights of the distinguished litigants: "M. Neuton est constamment le premier inventeur, et de plusieurs années le premier. M. Leibnitz, de son côté, est le premier qui ait publié ce calcul;" adding, in graceful imagery, "et s'il l'avait pris de M. Neuton, il ressemblerait au Prométhée de la Fable, qui déroba le feu aux Dieux pour en faire part aux hommes."* Again, Voltaire constantly derided our taste, as his un-

* When George the First took possession of the British throne, he left Leibnitz at Hanover, invested with the charge of "Gerichts Geheim-Rath," or Justiciary Privy Councillor, which well justified the boast, and surely a more legitimate source of pride cannot be contemplated, of his daughter-in-law, Caroline of Anspach; that the king's dominions then included as residents, and his subjects, the two most eminent men of genius in Europe. It was to her, when queen, that Voltaire dedicated his *Henriade* in 1728.

The transcendent names here casually introduced have been the fond and frequent theme of parallel; but we presume not further to engage in the appreciation of their relative or appropriate merits than briefly to observe, that the intellectual faculties of Newton, more original, or, as we may truly characterize them, more sublime, were, however, far less varied in application than those of Leibnitz, concerning whom distinctively, as so much less known, two or three facts probably not familiar to the general reader, nor unworthy of communication, will, we may hope, be indulgently received. His first efforts, as usual, were in the sphere of fancy, when at the early age of fourteen, three hundred Latin verses were extemporized in a single day; but of this facility he remarked in riper years, "Credo a lectore non queri quam cito, sed quam bene." The talent, limited to that solitary exertion, like his prototype, Aristotle's sole invocation of the Muses in the hymn to Hermias—"O Iaùs in Equum," Leibnitz soon ceased to cultivate, while the fruits of genuine poetry were ever acceptable to his taste, and adherent to his memory. In his most advanced period of life, he could still repeat the whole of Virgil, similar to the yet more aged pontiff, Benedict XIV., to whose recollection the poet seemed equally present, though unread for above fifty years, "ancor che siano piu di cinquanta anni che non abbiamo letto Virgilio," as he wrote to Voltaire the 15th of September, 1745. To enumerate the further pursuits of this eminently gifted personage, would be to retrace a cyclopedian compass of attainments; for his all-embracing aspirations aimed at, and achieved, the "omne scibile," or universal science, fathomed to its depth in every constitutive branch. But the active part he took, from 1691, to 1701, in co-operation with Bossuet and Molanus, to reconcile the Catholic and Lutheran communions, deserves more special notice, because not unconnected with our national concerns. Zealous at first in the cause, he gradually withdrew from it, on an intimation that its success would counteract the prospects to the British crown of his electoral patron, which mainly rested on England's unweakened hostility to the church of Rome. The avowal is unreserved in his letter dated the 15th of October, 1708, to Fabricius, professor of Helmstadt—"Omne nostrum in Britanniam jus in Religionis Romanae exclusione odioque fundatum est. Itaque merito fugienda sunt, quibus in Romanistas tepidi videremur." The feeling, however, was political more than religious; for he had peremptorily impressed on the Poles, in recommending a Prince Palatine for their vacant throne, that none but a Roman Catholic should be elected. "Elegendum, Catholicus esto."

The maxim of "sat cito, si sat bene," above referred to by Leibnitz, was inscribed on the public coach which conveyed Lord Eldon from his native Newcastle to Oxford, and made, as he relates in his anecdote book, cited by Mr. Twiss, (vol. i. p. 48.) a deep and lasting impression on his mind. It influenced, he says, all the conduct of his subsequent life, save, we may transiently remark, his runaway marriage. It made him, he adds, a deliberative judge, though Sir

bounded abuse of our drama proves beyond doubt. In a letter to D'Alembert, the 10th of August, 1774, he calls Shakspere a merry-andrew, (gilles); and Diderot, who is described as inferior in English literature to Fontenelle, was incomparably above him on that ground, which his various translations amply demonstrate; while his veteran adversary (there were nearly sixty years between them, 1657—1712) was wholly ignorant of our language. Diderot, too, infinitely transcended Fontenelle, who always, as we have said, recoiled from literary collision, in colloquial powers, which were equal to those of Johnson or Coleridge; and as for Goldsmith's boldness in advancing such a mass of deception, at a period when it could have been so easily contradicted, we may observe that our knowledge of continental men of letters was then very imperfect, that he was by no means, like his friend Johnson, a stern assessor of truth, and that writing for bread, as he says of himself, under the character of George Primrose, in his *Vicar of Wakefield*, he felt the necessity of imparting attraction to his book by a striking anecdote. In fact, the brilliant fallacy was, even on its reproduction in 1836 by Mr. Prior, eagerly embraced and circulated by all the Periodicals, the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, &c., without the slightest suspicion of its utter inconsistency with truth.

“.....tanto vi transporta
L'amor de l'apperenza, e'l su pensiere.”

Dante—Paradiso, xxi. 86.

In an earlier page (53) our noble biographer passes a severe and merited censure on the great Chancellor D'Aguesseau, for refusing the license to print Voltaire's *Exposition of the Newtonian system*, because it denied and disproved the Cartesian *Vortices*, or *Tourbillons*; an act of narrow-minded bigotry in science, adds his lordship, scarcely to be matched in all its annals. A subsequent article, however, of the volume, that on Priestly, will offer a full parallel at home. We are there, at page 416, told that

Samuel Romilly represents him, in his (Sir Samuel's) Diary, prompt enough in the formation, and only slow in the expression of his decisions.

For the hymn to Hermias, or eulogy of virtue, by Aristotle above mentioned, see Diogenes Laertius, lib. v. § 7. Stobaeus, (*Ἄνθελόντας ιχλαῖς, &c.*) Lipsiae 1823, with Athenaeus, lib. xv. § 16. Argentorati, 1801—1809, and for a general exposition of the *Paeon*, consult Dionysius of Halicarnassus, *Πιεῖ συβίτων Ορατούσιν*, § 25, with Cicero's *Orator*, cap. 44, and *De Oratore*, lib. iii. cap. 47. Hermias was the ruler of Atorneus, now Aiasma-Keni, in Lysia, a district of Asia Minor. Aristotle married his sister.

the scientific Unitarian had been engaged by Mr., afterwards Sir Joseph, Banks, to accompany Captain Cook on his second voyage in 1779, as astronomer to the expedition. Advantageous terms were proposed, including a provision for his family, and agreed upon; "but objections were taken," proceeds his lordship, "by the clerical members of the board of longitude, not to his ignorance of astronomy and of natural history, but to his Socinian principles in religion, which, one might have supposed, could exercise but a limited influence upon his observations of the stars and of plants. It is certain that a like influence prevented Professor Playfair from afterwards proceeding to India, where he had designed to prosecute his enquiries into the science of the Hindoos. Such passages stamp the history of a great nation with indelible infamy in the eyes of the whole world." This apposite conclusion, which can be placed in *juxta-position* with the preceding reproof of D'Aguesseau, may dispense us from further animadversion on the subject. The Chancellor's statue appears in front of the Chamber of Deputies, associated with that of Michel de l'Hôpital—a proof of the estimation in which he is held; and a direct contradiction to Lord Brougham's disparaging mention of this accomplished man.

One of the results, remarks Lord Brougham, at page 53, again, of Voltaire's residence in England, was the importation he made from thence of Newton's wonderful discoveries. This is partially true;* but when, in evidence of the deep-rooted continental prejudices in favour of the Cartesian philosophy, he asserts that Fontenelle, in his *éloge* of Newton, gave the preference to Des Cartes, we must say that, however that preference may be inferred from the ve-

* Only in reference to France; for the brothers Bernouilli—Peter Van Musschenbroek—William Jacob S'Gravesande, and other continental professors, were well acquainted with Newton's discoveries; and the two latter, who were associated in the Leyden University, taught them before Voltaire's work appeared. Musschenbroek, while professor at Utrecht in 1726, published his "Introductio ad Philosophiam Naturalem," preceded by his discourse—"De certa methodo philosophiae experimentalis," &c.; and S'Gravesande, who formed a personal friendship with Newton in England, on his return to Leyden in 1717, wrote his—"De Matheseos in omnibus scientiis usu," &c., as also his "Physices elementa....sive introductio ad Philosophiam Newtonianam," &c., in 1720—whereas Voltaire's "Éléments de la Philosophie de Newton, mis à la portée de tout le monde," (which Des Fontaines sarcastically transformed into "mis à la porte de tout le monde"), did not appear until 1738. He had consulted S'Gravesande on it. Other works in proof of Newton's philosophy could also be named as anterior in date to Voltaire's, which, however, circulated and popularized it, as did Algarotti even for the ladies, in his—"Newtonianismo per le Dame," in 1733, consequently previous to Voltaire's volume.

nerable savant's adhesion to his long-formed convictions, it is no where expressed ; and both these ornaments of science are equally placed in the highest sphere of human genius.—“Les bornes qui dans ces deux routes contraires ont pu arrêter deux hommes de cette espèce, ce ne sont pas les bornes de leur esprit, mais celles de l'esprit humain.” The eulogy applies alike to both, and no superiority is assigned. It is singular, in reference to Voltaire's visit to England, that Condorcet, his disciple and biographer, secretary, moreover, like Fontenelle, of the Academy of Sciences, should be so ill-informed as to state (page 15, edit. of 1817) that, on Voltaire's arrival there, in October, 1726, the first date of his letter from London, Newton no longer lived—“Newton n'était plus”—while we know that his death did not occur till the 20th of March, 1727. We were certainly not prepared to discover the least aberrance from fact in a man of science, and Voltaire's biographer, as to the relative dates of two such events as the death of Newton, and the residence, so influential in its consequences, of Voltaire in England. Another circumstance connected with his sojourn there, though a little later, is thus related in his prefatory letter, dated the 20th January, 1742, to Frederick, on his tragedy of Mahomet—“J'ai été presque témoin en Angleterre, de ce que peut sur une imagination jeune et faible la force du fanatisme. Un enfant de seize ans, nommé Shepherd, se chargea d'assassiner le roi George, votre aïeul maternel. Quelle était la cause qui le portait à cette frénésie ? C'était uniquement que Shepherd n'était pas de la même religion que le roi.” Voltaire would have us here believe that this misled boy, who, however, was eighteen years old, was a Catholic ; but it is perfectly ascertained, that he had constantly lived as he died, a strict communicant of the Church of England, whose creed was necessarily professed by the king, originally a Lutheran. At the youth's execution, an indelible blemish on the age and nation, as observed by Lord Chesterfield, he was administered and *absolved* by the Rev. Mr. Owen, a non-juring Anglican clergyman. The impelling motive was political, not religious, in character, as was that of the young Stabbs, in 1809, in aiming at the life of Napoleon. The more desperate attempts on Louis Philippe have all sprung from the same source : but it is well worth recollecting that the *first* recorded instance of the crime, as instigated by *individual* religious fanati-

cism, was the assassination, in February, 1563, of Francis, Duke of Guise, the captor of Calais, by John Poltrot, a protestant. He had been urged to the deed by the Huguenot chiefs and preachers, not without suspicion of the Admiral Coligny. "Le meurtre de ce grand homme fut le *premier* que le fanatisme fit commettre," is the assertion of his biographer. Brantome's narrative of this duke's death, of which he was witness, is minute and interesting. (*Oeuvre*, tome ix. page 161.) In it, as well as in the assassination of Cardinal Beaton, that Christian reformer! John Knox, openly exulted, according to Robertson. (*History of Scotland*, i. 130. 4to.) Guise's murder was commemorated in the following lines:

"Quem non bellorum rabies, non hostium ensis,
Abstulit in medio versantem saepe periclis;
Hunc infirma manus scelerato perdidit astu,
Æternis justa redimitum morte coronis."

For the particulars as above of Shepherd's execution, we refer to Howell's State Trials, vol xv., with Tindall's Continuation of Rapin, vol. xxvii.

The popular demand and consequent influence of Voltaire's works may be deduced from the established fact, that, in the short space of seven years, from 1817 to 1824, editions forming the enormous accumulation of two millions, seven hundred and forty-one thousand volumes, of his and his rival in fame, and, though "magno intervallo," in evil, issued from the press, thirteen of Rousseau's, and twelve of the *Patriarch's*, emulously purchased by the insatiate and deluded public.

"Illei imprudentes ipse sibi saepe venenum
Vergebant." (*Lucretius*—lib. ii. 1007.)

As their united works amount at least to one hundred volumes, an average edition may thus be estimated at two thousand two hundred copies. These figures are authenticated by official records. After the demise of Voltaire, his niece, Madame Denis, at the age of *sixty-nine*, married a M. Duvivier, and Rousseau's worthless widow found a husband in an Irish groom, who had served as such for a short time in *our own* family. Both, in their way, were long the tormentors of the celebrated men to whom they owe, if it be an obligation, the preservation of their names. How far Térèse contributed to embitter the

life of her morbid husband, may be seen in his writings, confirmed by the uniform report of his friends; and Voltaire's frequent dissensions with Madame Denis are attested by his secretaries, Longchamps and Wagnière, in their "Mémoires." The lady's letter to him, in the Supplement to his Correspondence, and adverted to by him in addressing his friend Argental, the 28th of February, 1754, shews how she estimated her uncle's character. Lord Brougham also quotes it at page 76, as referring rather to his temper than to any inherent defect of feeling, a most indulgent construction truly, but utterly repudiated by the text,—“*L'amour de l'argent vous tourmente; ne me forcez pas de vous haïr—Vous êtes le dernier des hommes par le cœur,*” &c. And a living countryman of his emphatically calls him, “*l'homme qui couvrit de boue l'héroïque et sainte fille, à qui la France doit de n'être pas Anglaise; l'homme qui félicitait le roi de Prusse de ses victoires contre notre patrie qu'il niait, et qui ne trouvait pas de termes assez orduriers pour insulter à nos soldats—l'homme qui ratifia, par ses louanges courtisanesques, l'odieux partage de la Pologne,*” &c.

Voltaire was no favourite with Napoleon, even as a dramatic poet, though some of his tragedies surely possess great merit, more eminently that of Zaire, but in various respects the Ex-Emperor, as we learn from Les Cases, and others, looked on him as the perverter of morals and religion.* In his work on the Consulate and Empire, M. Thiers writes,—“*Le premier Consul, qui avait autant d'esprit que Voltaire, et plus de gloire que Frédéric, pouvait seul par son exemple et ses respects, faire tomber les railleries du dernier siècle.*” And elsewhere this historian says, “*Nous ne sommes plus Voltairiens dans le mauvais sens du mot: les jours de sa puissance sont passés.*” This is partly true, thank heaven! Would it were wholly so! but not unacquainted with the private sentiments of some existing official instructors of youth, and contemplating the consequences of the government educational system, so clearly unfolded by M. Thiers, as organ of the appointed committee, in February last, we cannot confirm this desi-

* Lord Brougham's passing review of Voltaire's dramatic compositions would challenge a few remarks, did our space or object comport their introduction. Long and early have they been familiar to our eyes and ears, in perusal and representation; for, with the beauty of his prose diction, they are entitled to high praise. His minor poetry is not less so. Would that he had always exercised his powers on commendable subjects and with suitable spirit!

rable assurance in its positive application to the present day, nor look to the future, without dread of the centralizing policy, which limits the sources of instruction to the Parisian University, and its dependant colleges. The clergy will thus, in general, be virtually excluded, and the monastic institutions altogether, from participating in that high department of public utility, which has always fallen within their immediate sphere of action—"education," not only having religion for its basis, but extending and securing its influence to every branch of knowledge, which they surely may be presumed not less competent to teach than the nominees of government. Professors, indeed, may accurately define any prescribed religious doctrine, as they would the various systems of ancient philosophy; but they can hardly succeed in persuasively instilling what they do not cordially feel or believe, what their coldness of heart repels, or their pride of reason disdains. "He best can paint it who can feel it most," and, "Prius afficiamus ipsi, ut alios afficiamus," is the expression of Quintilian, the most experienced of Roman institutors. The grammarian Dumarsais, engaged during the last century in extensive private tuition, uniformly inquired of the parents what religion he was to teach the pupil? a sufficient indication of his own indifference to all. And M. Cousin, the recent Minister of Public Instruction, the principal director at present of the University, in his "*Introduction à l'Histoire de la Philosophie*," boldly asserts, that creation was not the work of God—"Dieu n'a point tiré le monde du néant," and elsewhere he assigns to philosophy a moral as well as intellectual influence superior to revelation. The Professor Ferrari, again, declares—"Un Dieu infini ne peut ni s'incarner ni envoyer ses prophétés, ni même sortir de son immobilité personnelle pour créer le monde il est inaccessible à toutes les formalités des cultes," &c.—quite the doctrine of Epicurus exposed by Lucretius, and by Velleius in Cicero's first book, "*De Natura Deorum*." These gentlemen have of late, however, been more guarded in the expression of their opinions; and M. Cousin, in a recent debate, and allusion to the mediæval clerical body, emphatically said—"L'Eglise était l'âme et la lumière du moyen âge, le contre-poids de la puissance, le refuge de la pauvreté," &c. M. Guizot, formerly a professor, too, and now virtually Prime Minister, in his "*Civilization de la France*," tome iii. p. 372, pays an

equal tribute to the clergy of that period—"Des notions morales si élevées.....surtout si humaines, et empreintes du caractère religieux, émanaient évidemment du clergé. Le clergé seul pensait ainsi," &c. Still we should be little disposed to choose or recommend these certainly gifted men as the superintendents of education. Of the most eminent modern French professors, whose lectures we have attended, the late Cuvier and M. Guizot, though protestants, appeared to us more generally liberal and impartial in appreciating Catholic merit than Cousin or Villemain, Catholics by birth, and Ministers of Public Instruction in succession. Some of the preceding facts and deduced consequences would not be wholly misapplied in relation to the present momentous question of Irish collegiate establishments; but we cannot conclude the incidental subject without the gratifying assurance, grounded on our personal knowledge, that among the University Professors will be found genuine, pious, and learned adherents, in belief and practice, of the principles which they are bound to inculcate. The Rev. Mr. S. R. Maitland, the erudite librarian of Lambeth, we also think it right to add, in his work on what are called the "Dark Ages," renders ample justice to the names of renown associated with those periods; and dwells with special encomium on the monastic preservers of those monuments of lettered antiquity, the immutable standards of taste and models of narration, which every effort to rival has only demonstrated the hopelessness of surpassing.

At page 146, "On the article of Rousseau," we may cursorily observe the repetition of Lord Brougham's criticism on the style of that great writer, in the second volume of his lordship's *Statesmen*, page 218, "that the Genevan philosopher wrote in inferior French, with the exception of his 'Confessions.'" The inference is by no means in favour of his lordship's knowledge of the language, which, in point of diction, offers nothing in the whole compass of those who have used the idiom, superior to the "Emile," the "Lettres de la Montagne," the "Devin du Village," &c., in eloquence or grace of composition. Madame de Warens, a woman of most profligate habits, so described, too, by Lord Brougham, and lowest taste in their indulgence, as her servants generally became her lovers, is charitably designated, "a kind-hearted but imprudent woman." (page 153.) And immediately after, she is

stated to have procured Rousseau employment as preceptor in M. Mabillon's family at Lyons, where no such family existed, and where he filled that situation in the family of M. de Mably as preceptor, though for a short time, to the celebrated Abbé of that name, and his brother the Abbé de Condillac. The reprobation of Rousseau for calling himself "un enfant," at the age of sixteen or seventeen, is quite misapplied; for, while not exactly regular, it is in constant use to that age, as Voltaire's letter to Frederick on the execution of the boy (our properly corresponding word), Shepherd, proves. St. Lambert, at page 192, is called a *stern* personage: most erroneously, indeed, for he spent his long life in frivolous and criminal pursuits. Many more passages of the article are open to animadversion; but not to transgress on this rather alien ground our prescribed limits, we shall conclude with one passing observation in respect to the article devoted to Lord Brougham's great-uncle, the historian Robertson, that all allusion is there omitted of his letters to Gibbon on the 15th and 16th chapters of the "Decline and Fall," by no means creditable to the presbyterian minister's Christian faith; as fairly reproached to him by the plain spoken, honest Whitaker.

The learned peer's aspirations after literary renown, or character for moral appreciation, will hardly be advanced by this undigested biography—a mass of errors and consonant reflections or inductions, such as we have presented, independently of several more, to which our bounds forbid advertence. And what are we to think of the Ex-Keeper of the Royal Conscience, who, in reference to a work of deepest obscenity and profanation, coolly writes at page 58—"The Pucelle was begun to *amuse* him while obliged to fly from Paris in 1734, by the persecutions he suffered on account of the Letters on England."—This, truly, is an unwarranted innocence of expression applied to the composition of one of the most infamous and corruptive productions of perverted talent or debauched imagination. Nero, too, we are told, *amused* himself during the conflagration of Rome; but his lordship in a previous page, 42, had more suitably alluded to this licentious poem.—"In the year 1730 Voltaire wrote part.....of his too famous mock-heroic, the *Pucelle d'Orléans*." The severest reproof of the work follows, and concludes with the characteristic fact, that "Voltaire scrupled not to read his

Pucelle to his niece, then a young woman." Nor can we here pass unnoticed the discrepancy of dates in these paragraphs. In one the poem is stated to have been begun in 1730, while the other represents it as first undertaken in 1734. But the conduct of Voltaire to Jore, who had printed at Rouen the Letters on England, for which his lordship states he suffered persecution, was most base and unprincipled; for though removed by flight from the threatened storm himself, he allowed this poor man, whom he assured that he had the license of government for the publication, to feel its full pressure, in the imprisonment of his person, and ruin of his trade. So Jore asserts in his memorial on the subject; and the proceeding may be placed in parallel with what Lord Brougham is obliged to condemn in Voltaire's relations with Des Fontaines and Travenol. An observation omitted by his lordship, though naturally arising from Voltaire's correspondence, is that, in nearly every instance those whom he pursued with bitterest enmity, had been his panegyrised friends. J. B. Rousseau,* Des Fontaines, Pompignan, Maupertuis, &c. See letter of 3rd of November 1725, 14th of November 1735, 24th of April 1739, and 9th of August 1740. Nor does this biography advert to the unhesitating practice of Voltaire and his followers, of interpolating in utter estrangement and falsification of the author's words and object, such works as "Pascal's Thoughts," "Euler's Letters," &c., by which these distinguished assertors of Christianity are converted into its adversaries. But the perversion of truth, in support of any desired purpose, had ever been the precept of Voltaire. "Mentez mes amis—mentez—non pas timidement, non pas pour un temps mais hardiment et toujours." (Letter to Thiriot, 21st of October, 1736.) Then his repeated and sacrilegious communions!—in 1754, at Colmar with his secretary Collini, who relates the fact—in 1768 at Ferney, in a manner reproved

* The blasphemous poem entitled "La Mosaïde," which the Abbé de Châteauneuf put into the hands of his god-child, Voltaire, in early youth, has been erroneously attributed to Jean Baptiste Rousseau: it was the work of one Lourdet, a very obscure writer, otherwise scarcely known, and quite as little advantageously so, in talent as in religious reverence by this poem. The above-named Abbé, with Chaulieu, and most others assuming that distinction, and seconding Voltaire's unhappy propensities, were not priests in full orders, it is proper to remark, but possessed of some benefice, as our late Duke of York was Prince Bishop of Osnaburgh while yet in his cradle, to enable him to enjoy the accruing revenue of the see, which the revolutionary war deprived him of, and, of consequence, the title.

even by D'Alembert, (Letter of the 22nd of April, 1768); again at Ferney the following year, as described in his letters to St. Lambert, the 4th of April, and to D'Argental the 23rd of May, in terms of studied derision. That such a man should, in the balance of his character, be exhibited, notwithstanding numerous acts of acknowledged reprobation, yet on the whole, in a favourable light, is to us a source of astonishment, and would, we apprehend, justify the application to his lordship, viewing this publication with other late productions from his active pen, of his own remark, at page 19, on Voltaire, "that he unfortunately preferred writing *multa* than *multum*."

Applying to Voltaire and his noble biographer, the observation of the former in a prefatory note to his earliest dramatic essay, "L'Edipe." "On doit des égards aux vivants; on ne doit aux morts que la vérité," and abstaining, accordingly, from further animadversion on our living author's achievement,* we may here, in conclusion, present in a summary view the lights and shades of the lengthened, the variegated and influential life, which he has undertaken to portray. In doing so, and granting to the object of his delineation unalloyed and ungrudged credit for the acts and motives of public or private merit, which even his admirers can claim on his behalf, it is painful, in presence of such great endowments, to be driven to a conclusion, remote, indeed, from a favourable one to his character, or to the suitable application of those splendid

* One brief reference, however, with a consequent observation, we feel bound to make, as regards his harsh judgment of Mary Stuart, in the article on Hume. We conclude, in justice to his lordship, that he could not have read the Russian Prince Lebanonoff's collection of the unfortunate Queen's letters, ("Recueil des Lettres de Marie Stuart," &c.) lately published; for no prejudice can resist the thence-resulting vouchers of the deeply unprincipled conduct of her rancorous enemy Elizabeth, whom, however, his lordship required not this new weight of testimony to characterize in genuine colours. Would that this gifted person were always equally discriminative in his views, or impartial in his judgments, as he has shown himself in respect to this lauded sovereign, or that he still retained the liberal feelings, and warm sympathies for the oppressed, which, in his earlier days, dictated the noble denunciation of the deadening blight on the capabilities of Ireland resulting from the Anglican Church ascendancy, recalled to his recollection by Lord Campbell, in the debate on Maynooth, a few evenings since, (the 16th)! Such generous sentiments, even intermixed with occasional wayward movements, inherent in his constitution, would yet be of gratifying remembrance, and authorize the words of Schiller:

"..... Sager Sie
Ihm dass er fur die Traumen seiner Jugend
Soll Achtung tragen."

But, unhappily, progressing years, like the love of gold on age, have chilled or warped the sensibilities of youth, of which few have less accomplished the fair promise.

talents. Yet his errings have too often sunk, overshadowed or effaced, under the dazzling lustre of these inborn though perverted gifts of mind, which, in just consideration, should aggravate and darken, rather than palliate and redeem, the commission of, or responsibility for, evil thus consciously perpetrated. We shall now submit such facts as are necessary to enlighten the reader's judgment of Voltaire, and which rest on the irrefragable testimony of his correspondence. "De ore tuo te judico."

To his benefactions of friendship and relief of distress, as in the case of Marie-Françoise Corneille, to his vindication of the memory of Calas, of Lally, and even of La Barre, to his protection of Sirven, of the desolate Calas family, and of Etallonde, we readily assign unabated commendation. But reversing the medal, can these acknowledged deeds outweigh, in dispassionate appreciation, misdoings proved by at least equally demonstrable evidence? Thus, he rancorously propagated the most infamous slander on Des Fontaines, while fully convinced of its falsehood, as admitted by Lord Brougham. He betrayed Jore, whom he had deluded, under the assurance of immunity, into the printing of his impious "*Lettres Philosophiques*," and left him to suffer imprisonment, followed by utter ruin, in consequence of the act, when deprived of his license to trade, the 10th of September, 1734. He made reiterated efforts to have Des Fontaines, Fréron, and La Beaumelle incarcerated. (See letters to D'Argental of 24th of July, 1749, of 15th of February, 1761, &c.) Excitable, too, as his resentments were, they proved not less enduring than intense. "Il y a quinze ans, direz vous, que cela est passé. Non, il n'y a qu'un jour: ces injustices atroces sont toujours des blessures récentes," as he wrote to D'Argental the 28th of August, 1750. Nor had the effusion of blood, in the Seven Years' War, any horrors for him, provided it enabled him, through the French commander, to wreak his vengeance on Freytag, the officer who had stopped him at Francfort, in 1753. "Je ne me soucie pas que la scène soit bien ensanglanteré pourvu que Freytag soit pendu." (to D'Argental, the 13th of September, 1756). On the ensuing first of November, he addresses the same friend, "Si Frédéric est toujours heureux et plein de gloire, je serai justifié de mon ancien goût pour lui; s'il est battu, je serai vengé." In a letter to the Marquis D'Argens, dated the 20th of January, 1761, he laments

his incapacity, "de faire pleuvoir le feu du ciel sur la ville de Génève," when obliged to quit, "Les Délices," his residence on that republic's territory, in 1763. While enjoying the hospitality and literary aid of Dom Calmet, the learned compiler of the Dictionary of the Bible, at the Benedictine Abbey of Senones in Lorraine, his letters to D'Argental, to Cideville and Madame Du Deffant, in 1754, teem with ridicule of that most unexceptionable divine. And at the same period, his hypocrisy, so outrageously manifested in his frequent profanation of the eucharistic sacrament, an act daringly qualified as a jest, or farce, (*une petite facétie*), in a letter of the 25th of April, 1773, to Madame Necker, when disclosed to Stanislaus, on whom he wished to impose, elicited from that dethroned monarch, the appropriate reply, "C'est lui-même, et non pas moi qu'il fait dupe du rôle qu'il joue. Son hypocrisie du moins est un hommage qu'il rend à la vertu. Et ne vaut-il pas mieux que nous le voyons hypocrite ici que scandaleux ailleurs?" *Histoire de Stanislas, par l'Abbé Proyart*, 1784, tome 11).

Truth hung loosely on Voltaire, who acknowledged not its empire, insensible as he was of its dignity, and disdainful of its ennobling inspirations:

"La vérité repose aux pieds de l' Eternal,
Rarement elle éclaire un orgueilleux mortel."

though, indeed, the words of Parolles, in "All's Well that Ends Well," are more applicable to him, "He will lie, Sir, with such volubility that you would think truth was a fool." Laugh he must, and raise laughter, at the cost of whom, or at what sacrifice of principle, he little cared. "On doit être sûr du succès quand on se moque de son prochain"—(to Madame Du Deffant, 21st November, 1766.) "Le plaisir est le but universel, qui l'attrape fait son salut"—(letter of 10th August, 1736, to Berger;) and need we recur to the bold exhortation already quoted—"Mentez mes amis," &c.—to Thiriot, the 21st October, 1736? Again, in reference to his "Dictionnaire Philosophique," he wrote to D'Alembert, the 19th September, 1764, "Dès qu'il y aura le moindre danger, je vous prie en grâce de m'avertir, afin que je désavoue l'ouvrage dans tous les papiers publics, avec ma candeur et mon innocence ordinaires." Just so, as we have seen, he disavowed the "Epître à Uranie," and the "Lettres Philosophiques."

ques," committing, of course, his publishers, like the unfortunate Jore, but careful of himself. The most shameful of his proceedings, however, was his and his confederate Condorcet's falsification of various works of renown, when adverse to their views. In 1776, they published ostensibly a new edition of "Pascal's Thoughts,"—"frauduleusement mutilé de moitié pour le maintien d'un système, dont ils auraient bien voulu faire Pascal l'apôtre," writes M. Renouard, (who has often indignantly mentioned to us the vile stratagem of deception,) confirmed by M. Cousin, in his "Rapport à l'Académie Francaise," in 1842, on the autograph manuscript of the "Thoughts," and by M. Fougères' "Pensées, Fragments, et Lettres de Blaise Pascal," printed last year, two volumes, 8vo. M. Renouard's words above cited are in his edition of 1812, 2 tomes, 12mo. In similar pursuance of his chief's inculcation, though after his death, in 1787, Condorcet edited the illustrious Euler's Letters to the Princess of Anhalt-Dessau, studiously suppressing whatever was favourable to religion; as for instance, at letter 90, the reference to miracles, and at letter 113, our obligations to Christ for rescuing us from the trammels of vice, (*les chaines du vice*,) so emphatically expressed in the first impression at Pittsburgh, in 1768—1772, three volumes, 8vo. The Siècle de Louis XIV. (Chap. 38,) in the appended account of *writers*, article Fénélon, contains only one of two original stanzas, extracted from the magnificent edition of Telemachus, printed in 1734, at Amsterdam, which, thus curtailed, would argue a perfect apathy as to futurity, in the pious and accomplished prelate, but when disclosed in full, unfolds the genuine and well-known sentiments of implicit reliance on the mercy and merits of his Saviour.* Never, again, did this hierophant of Deism hesitate to falsify or warp the sense of scriptural texts, in accommodation to his purpose, as the "Lettres de Quelques Juifs Portugais," 3 volumes, 8vo., by the Abbé Guénée, show—(See Letters v. vi. vii. &c., of first volume,)—when Vol-

* From the tenor of this first stanza the motive of its suppression will be easily understood—

"Adieu vaine prudence!
Je ne te dois plus rien:
Une heureuse ignorance
Est toute ma science:
Jésus et son enfance
Est tout mon bien."

taire unblushingly replied—"L'Abbé, il m'importe beaucoup d'être lu, et fort peu d'être cru." The ascription of impious works to deceased persons of celebrity, begun in his early career with Chaulieu, as previously mentioned, became an habitual instrument of mischief; and the example was sedulously followed by the "Club d'Holbach," consisting of Condorcet, Diderot, Damilaville, Helvétius, Grimm, D'Argental, &c., who constantly issued from their Pandæmonium, volumes under attractive and respectable names wholly alien, in act or spirit, from such compositions. So the Club's Secretary, M. Leroy, in a letter published in 1789, avowed. "La plupart des livres que vous avez vus paraître depuis long temps contre la religion, les mœurs, les rois et les gouvernements, étaient notre ouvrage.....Le livre paraissait sous un nom que nous choisissons.....nous en envoyions à des libraires, ou à des colporteurs, qui étaient chargés de les vendre au plus bas prix." This accomplice of forgers made the confession in an hour of repentance, and contemplation of the arising flames which they had excited; as so many of Voltaire's adherents successively continued to deplore these fatal effects of derided religion and loosened morality—Marmontel—Raynal—Morellet—La Harpe, with numerous others. Even the "Système de la Nature," the most audacious of atheistical emanations, exhibiting a depth of mental depravity to which Voltaire's aberrations never sunk, and from which he abhorrently recoiled, for he undertook its refutation, was circulated by this association, fearlessly presenting on the title-page as its author—J. B. Mirabaud, an excellent christian, but then, 1770, ten years deceased. From the consonance, though not the identity of the name, he has been ignorantly confounded with the great revolutionary protagonist, with whom he had no connection of blood or principle, and whose junior he was by above seventy years—(1675—1749.) See also what the dispassionate Barante, the historian of Burgundy, says in his "Mélanges Historiques," tome iii. article *Boulanger*, on this subject.

Not only did Voltaire on the 26th of June, 1765, address Helvétius—"Nous avons des livres qui démontrent la fausseté et l'horreur des dogmes chretiens; mais nous aurions besoin d'un ouvrage qui fit voir combien la morale des vrais philosophes l'emporte sur celle du christian-

isme,"* but he earnestly supplicated Catherine of Russia, the 4th of July, 1771, "d'engager Aly-Bey de faire rebâtir le temple de Jérusalem," with the obvious design of disproving by visible demonstration, the prophesied doom and irrevocable fall of that sacred edifice.† And yet to many protestants his eternal denunciation—"Ecrasez l'infâme," equivalent to the Censor Cato's—"Delenda est Carthago," appears as solely aimed at Catholicity; but is not the whole Christian system here assailed in its doctrines and foundation? Still, too, and triumphantly emergent, do we behold the Catholic structure fulfilling its destined endurance, and extending its hallowed sway over civilized man.

".....cujo alto imperio
O sol logo em nascendo vê primeiro;
Ve-o tambem no meio do hemispherio;
E quando desce o deixa derradeiro," &c.
Os Lusiadas, Canto i.—viii.

The preceding series of irrefutable facts is susceptible of ample additions from the same authentic source; but without further prosecution of the subject, we may leave its contrasted phases to impartial decision. It were needless to ask on which side of good or evil the scale inclines; nor is it possible to deny the absence of all moral consistency or fixed principle of virtue and honour in Voltaire's character and conduct. Indeed, he was not altogether unconscious of his wrong doings, nor of their resulting consequences, though prudence, rather than conscience, would seem to be his criterion of judgment and rule of right. His avowal is thus unequivocally expressed to his confident, Cideville. "J'ai passé toute ma vie à faire des folies. Quand j'ai été malheureux, je n'ai eu que ce que

* It was the similar purpose of Gibbon, (vol. v. p. 538, 4to.) to prove, that the characteristic inculcation of the Gospel, "to do as we would be done by," had been anticipated by the Pagan rhetorician Isocrates. "*Α πάρεχοντι ως ιρίων δημόσθε, ταυτα τούς αλλοι μή ταιντ.*" (in Nicole. tom. i. p. 93, edit. Baltic, 1749); but the *recommendation* of the heathen, became as we have elsewhere distinguished it, a *divine command*, a condition of salvation to the followers of Christ.

† In the same letter, and in others, he exhorts Catherine to arrest the anarchy of Poland—that is, to take possession of it—as she afterwards did, in the infamous partition of the kingdom which soon followed. "J'ai un petit démon familier qui m'dit, tout bas à l'oreille, que.....vous paciferez la Pologne," &c. See again his letter to Catherine, of 2nd November, 1772, and his congratulations on that detestable act, to Frederick, in various letters. (*Correspondence avec les Souverains, tome ii.*) With Voltaire, our constitutional fiction of royal inerability extends to every misdeed of these ruling powers; though his base adulteration has wrung even from his disciples an expression of censure.

je méritais." But those who have not perused "in extenso," his correspondence, the reflective mirror of his mind, can form no commensurate idea of this extraordinary man, this "Micromegas," to employ his own word, who so ill responded to providence for the rich favours lavished on him.*

ART. VII.—1. *Spicilegium Romanum*, Tomus ix. *Greca Vetera Eusebii Alexandrini, S. Joh. Damasceni, Photii—Latina Vetera Priscilliani, Sedulii, Claudii Taurinensis, Odoramni, Chronicon Palatinum, Fragmenta Sacra, Glossarium Latinitatis. Recentiora Poggii, Vespasiani, Panvinii, et Catalogus Ecclesiarum Romanarum.*

2. *Spicilegium Romanum*, Tomus x. *Synodus Constantinopolitanus, Constantinus Diaconus, Severus Antiochenus, Leontius, Nicephorus, Nicolaus I. Patriarcha. Photius ad Armenios, et minora alia. Poggii Epistolarum centuria et Oratio.* Rome: 1844.

THESE volumes† complete Cardinal Mai's *Spicilegium Romanum*, the third series of *Anecdota* which this indefatigable scholar has given to the world within a period of less than twenty years. The ninth and tenth volumes contain nearly two thousand pages of minute and compact type, and in the variety as well as in the importance of their matter, are not inferior to any of those which have preceded them. Indeed, it might even appear that the harvest grows under his eminence's sickle. While his earlier publications were progressing, it was believed that a few years must exhaust, if not the quantity, at least the interest of his materials; and yet we have seen publication

* The portrait of Voltaire, which decorates Lord Brougham's volume, by no means corresponds with our poet Young's epigrammatic description of his person, when lodging in London, at St. Martin's Lane, in 1726:—

"He is so ugly, witty, and so thin,
At once you see the devil, death, and sin."

While the punishment allotted by Dante to an earlier agent of mischief, would not ill suit Voltaire, for a beacon or warning.

"E'l capo tronco tenea per le chiome,
Presol con mano a guisa di lanterna."

As the great poet represents Bretran de Brunio. (*Inferno*, Canto xxviii. 120.

+ Published in the Autumn of 1844,

after publication issue from the press without interruption and without irregularity. Before the *Vaticana Collectio* (ten enormous 4to. volumes) was completed, the *Auctores Classici* had made a considerable progress: and although the volumes of the *Spicilegium Romanum* (the third series) were held back for nearly three years, yet their materials were prepared, and the printing, we believe, had actually commenced, even before the publication of the last volume of the preceding work. And thus within so incredibly brief a space, Cardinal Mai has contrived to give to the world, by his own unaided industry, and from his own private resources, above twenty thousand pages, all in the learned languages, in many cases, with Latin translations, and always with biographical, critical, and explanatory prefaces and illustrations. How the editors of these countries,* with all the appliances which wealth, and patronage, and literary leisure place at their disposal, sink into insignificance before this extraordinary man!

To those who are unacquainted with Cardinal Mai's publications, it may be necessary to say that they belong to the same class as the collections of Montfaucon, Martene and Durand, Fabricius, Mabillon, Basnage, Pez, Baluzius, and the other literary gleaners of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The *Spicilegium* differs but little from its predecessors. In that department which is now regarded as the peculiar domain of the editor—the deciphered palimpsest manuscripts—it contains hardly any thing;† but the general character of its other contents is very much the same as that of the earlier collections; and we recognize in it throughout, the same inimitably graceful latinity, the same varied knowledge, the same critical sagacity, and above all, the same genuine love of learning for the learning sake, which has been the secret of Cardinal Mai's success in all the gigantic literary labours to which his life has been devoted.

Immediately on the publication of the eight first volumes of this important collection, we laid before our readers a tolerably minute summary of their contents.‡ We now propose to resume that summary; and as the contents of

* We rejoice to acknowledge some symptoms of awakening activity in the publications of Mr. Cramer—Greek *Catena* on the Gospels, the Acts, the Epistles of St. Paul, and the Canonical Epistles. We hope they will be followed up.

+ Only one small fragment appended to the second volume.

‡ See ante vol. xiv. pp. 412, and seq.

the volumes before us are extremely diversified, our notice must assume the form of a general account of them all, rather than a minutely critical examination of any single work. The title-pages of the volumes themselves, as transcribed above, sufficiently indicate their miscellaneous character.

The ninth volume commences with the homilies of an ancient writer, Eusebius, commonly designated in the manuscripts as Archbishop of Alexandria, though his name is not found in the list of those who occupied that see. He is referred to by Franciscus Turrianus, in his defence of the Isidorian Decretals, as a writer of the third century, but his works bear intrinsic evidence of a much later origin; and the only ground for this opinion is, that he is cited in a letter of Pope Antherus, which, however, is now admitted to be apocryphal. The editor discusses at some length the date at which he lived, and the question whether he was Archbishop of Alexandria. It is quite certain that he was born considerably before St. John Damascene, by whom he is frequently cited; and there appears good reason for thinking that he wrote in the sixth century, as he is referred to by a writer named Johannes Monachus, who lived in the beginning of the reign of Heraclius, whose reign commenced in the year 610.

The homilies of this author here collected by Cardinal Mai, are about twenty in number. They are on a great variety of subjects, and are accompanied by an ancient biography of the author, many of the facts of which, however, appear to be apocryphal. The style and language of the homilies fall far short of the purity of the classic times, but their matter is extremely valuable, and they contain many interesting evidences of catholic doctrine as held in the time of the author. We would particularly refer to a passage on the blessed Eucharist, (p. 660 and 671,) to another on auricular confession, (p. 654,) on the invocation of saints, (p. 669,*) and to a most eloquent passage on the blessed sign of the cross, not inferior in interest to the celebrated passages of Tertullian, of St. Cyril, and St. Ephraim Syrus on the same subject.

Among the shorter ancient pieces which are comprised

* The reason which he alleges for invoking the Saints, is worth transcribing.
Ἐπειδὴ μὲν τὰς ὑμένας καὶ ἀκοντίστι τὰ εὐχάριστα διεπικάνθωται ταῦ φιλάθρων ἵγειν διέκαθεν
ζητεῖς αὐτας ἡμῶν." The word διεπικάνθωται is peculiarly expressive, and precisely conveys the Catholic theory of intercession.

in the volume and which it would be tedious to describe in detail, (from Odoramus, Priscillian, Claudius of Tours, the Iconoclast, Photius, and others,) there is one which, as being a contribution to the ancient ecclesiastical literature of Ireland, will be especially grateful at a time when so many are looking back upon the past with something of the true national spirit. We allude to a short but not uninteresting commentary on St. Jerome's Prefaces to the Gospels, by our countryman, Sedulius. In the ninth volume of the *Scriptorum Veterum Nova Collectio*, and the eighth of the present series, his eminence has already printed two not inconsiderable treatises of this ancient Irish writer. Neither these nor the present commentary throw any light upon the historical antiquities of the country towards which the current of antiquarian enquiry is now chiefly directed ; but independently altogether of their intrinsic literary value, these and similar additions to our stock of ancient Irish literature, are and must be of great importance in illustrating the social and intellectual condition of the country at the time.

A still more considerable portion of the ninth volume is occupied with unpublished works of the celebrated Onofrio Panvinio. The reader may remember that in the eighth volume of the present series, the venerable editor published the preface of the *Antiquitates Romanae* of this distinguished antiquarian, with a promise that at a future time he would resume and continue the publication. In the volume before us he has fully redeemed the pledge, devoting two hundred crowded pages to a number of his miscellaneous treatises on antiquarian subjects both sacred and profane.

The name of this distinguished antiquary, though familiar to every man of letters on the continent, may probably be new to many of our readers. He was born at Verona, in 1529, and entered the Augustinian order at an early age. His extraordinary learning and varied accomplishments recommended him to the notice of Cardinal Marcello Cervino; and on his patron's elevation to the pontificate, under the name of Marcellus, Panvinio was named librarian of the Vatican, a post which afforded him an opportunity of pursuing without restraint the antiquarian studies which were the only passion of his life. On the death of this admirable pontiff, after a brief reign of but twenty-one days, Panvinio became attached to the house-

hold of Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, then Vice-Chancellor of the Roman Church. He accompanied him to Palermo, in 1568, and was there seized with a sudden illness, which carried him off at the early age of thirty-nine years, when he had done little more than arrange the outline of the gigantic literary schemes which he had projected. In these degenerate days, they will almost appear incredible; comprising not only a hundred books of Roman antiquities, a history of all the great Roman families, the Massimi, the Cenci, the Mattei, the Frangipani, &c., the antiquities of his native city Verona, and many other works of a local character, but also a complete universal history. In addition to all these more profane studies, he had undertaken, at the desire of his friend, Cardinal Marcello, a still more comprehensive course of Christian antiquities; several portions of which were published during his life, as his work on the Primacy, on the Seven Basilicæ of Rome, on the Burial of Christians, and the *Chronicon Augustinianum*. The greater part, however, remained either unfinished, or at least inedited. Upon his death, in 1569, the immense mass of papers which he left behind passed into the hands of his heirs, and for thirty years they were suffered to lie unprized, and even unexamined; but, at length, a commission was appointed to inspect the MSS., and the entire collection was purchased and transferred to the Vatican library in 1592. The mere catalogue of these MSS. would occupy a very considerable space. Cardinal Mai enumerates the most important among them: a work on Christian Antiquities, seven books on the Vatican Church, a work on the Origin and History of the Cardinalate, on the various modes of electing the Popes practised at different times, on the Origin of the Holy Orders and of the Minor Orders, on Baptism, Confirmation, and the Sacrifice of the Mass, a collection of Ancient Liturgies, Historical Notes upon the Ancient Churches of Rome, Lives of the Popes, a collection of Bulls, and several similar works. Among them all, however, perhaps there is none whose loss will be more regretted, than a life of Gregory VII., in five books. From such materials as Panvinio's position placed within his reach, and from such indefatigable energy and critical acumen as his works display, it would be reasonable to expect great light upon the history of that eventful pontificate: light, too, which, at this distance of time, it is almost

hopeless to think of recovering. But there is now no trace of this work in the Vatican, and the Cardinal fears it is irreclaimably lost.

This catalogue might be supposed to have furnished abundant labour for the life of one individual. But there still remains another and still more stupendous undertaking. Among the MSS. of this extraordinary man still preserved in the Vatican, is an Ecclesiastical History, from the birth of Christ to the death of St. Pius V. It is in four folio volumes, and contains about fifteen hundred closely written pages. Though it is, in many respects, an unfinished work, Cardinal Mai speaks of it in terms of high commendation. From a letter of Panvinio's brother Paolo, it would appear that the work originally consisted of six volumes, although but four now remain; and, between the third and fourth, there is a gap of above two hundred years in the history. The Popes from Stephen V. (A.D. 814.) to Benedict IX. (1032.) are altogether omitted; and it is extremely probable that the missing volumes originally contained the history of this interval. The work is drawn up in the form of annals, the dates being registered in the margin: and the series of popes, anti-popes, emperors, and consuls, is filled up with great regularity. The three first volumes are in the hand-writing of an amanuensis, but abound with additions and corrections in the hand of the author; the fourth is altogether autograph, and this volume is in a far more unfinished state than any of the others.

The merits of this MS. history, though it is of course, far from being perfect, appear to be very considerable. It was submitted after the author's death to the scrutiny of a commission of which Ciaccone, Antoniani, and Bellarmine were members; but they looked upon it as too imperfect to be printed in its present form. It is generally believed, however, that Baronius availed himself of it in the compilation of his Annals; and Bellarmine is said to have derived considerable assistance in composing his *De Scriptoribus Ecclesiasticis* from the copious critical and bibliographical information with which it abounds.

In our former notice of the Spicilegium, when speaking of the interesting biographies of eminent men of the fifteenth century, by Vespasiano (published in the first volume), we expressed great regret that the editor had failed to discover several other lives, which Vespasiano was known to have

written, and, above all, that his work *De Illustribus Feminis* appeared to be irrecoverably lost. What, therefore, was our gratification on finding that the ninth volume contained a supplement to the lives already published, and especially a biography of Alessandra da Bardi, the daughter-in-law of that Palla-Strozzi, whose life appeared in the former collection. This interesting piece, together with a life of Bartolomeo Fortini, a contemporary and fellow citizen of Vespasiano, was forwarded to the editor by some literary friends at Florence, and it very much enhances the value of the collection printed in the first volume of the Spicilegium, which may now be considered a complete work.

The life of Alessandra da Bardi, though it can hardly be called a detailed biography, is one of the most delightful compositions which have come down to us from this early period of Italian literature. It is the history of a high-hearted woman, prosperous for a time, but visited in the end by misfortune, and bearing up patiently under every species of trial. The story is told with a simple quaintness, which is extremely affecting, and is interspersed with admirable reflections. Alessandra, the heroine, was a member of the noble Florentine family of the Bardi, and maternally sprung from the family of the Rinuccini, to which, in later times, we owe our celebrated Irish nuncio of that name.

The account of her early education is worth translating:

"Alessandra was most desirous of acquiring every sort of useful learning, unlike many of the dames of our day, who are ashamed to do anything but adorn their persons, imagining that glory consists in this. Her mother set at defiance all such customs and habits both of the ancients and of the moderns, so that nothing was wanting to Alessandra which it became a virtuous maiden to learn. She taught her to read, among her earliest lessons, the Office of the Blessed Virgin, and to say it every day, and to return thanks to the Almighty God and to the glorious Virgin Mary seven times, in accordance with the seven hours. Rarely was she to be seen at the door or at the window, partly because she took no pleasure therein, partly because her time was spent in laudable occupations. Her mother generally brought her, at a very early hour, to hear mass, both of them being closely veiled, so as scarcely to be recognized. When she was yet very young, she used to take her upon festivals to convents of pious nuns, to give her good example, and to form in her the habit of those virtues which they practised. She was far from the practice so common among mothers

now-a-days, who instead of bringing their daughters to visit nuns, bring them to weddings, and balls, and vanities, and take the utmost pains to procure for them masters to teach them to dance and to keep time, and never think that christian women have other more fitting studies than to learn how to move their feet in time to music. They are afraid to be thought dull and inexpert in this; but they never think of the things which belong to an honourable and virtuous life, and their manners are such as I should be ashamed to describe. Far different the conduct of Alessandra's mother, who was entire averse to these things, and attended only to what was necessary, deeming it her duty not to bring up her daughter for vain, and frail, and fleeting things which quickly pass away."—*p. 659, 660.*

The following quaint and simple account of a civic festivity given at Florence, in honour of the ambassadors of the Emperor Sigismund, while on his way to the coronation of Pope Eugene IV., might almost pass for a transcript from the father of history himself. We give it as a sample of the usages of the times:

"Among all these ladies Alessandra was in every respect the fairest and the most accomplished. The city of Florence appeared to these ambassadors a new world, by reason of the great number of illustrious men and beautiful women who were to be found therein in those times; for (be it said with the permission of all the women and all the provinces of Italy) Florence, at that time, possessed the most beautiful and the most virtuous women in all Italy, as was universally admitted throughout the world. Let themselves consider whether it be so now-a-days. Alessandra, therefore, as being the most beautiful, and the most skilled in every accomplishment, was placed beside the chief ambassador; her companion was Francesca, daughter of Antonio Seristori, the others were placed in the midst. Alessandra had been married that year. When she and the other damsels had danced, the ambassadors were invited to join, and every one was astonished at the dexterity which Alessandra displayed. After they had danced for a long time, a magnificent collation was prepared; and contrary to the usual course on such festive occasions, it was arranged Alessandra should herself take in her hand a salver full of sweetmeats, and with a lawn napkin on her shoulder, present it to the ambassadors. She took it, and with extraordinary grace offered it to them, bowing in each instance to the earth with a most graceful and perfectly easy and natural inclination, insomuch that it appeared as if she had been used to such things all her life. Her manner and appearance drew forth the admiration of the ambassadors and of all the by-standers. Laying down the sweetmeats, she took the wine-cups and did in like manner; and in every act it seemed as if she had been trained

to it all her life-time, and had been brought up not by an inexperienced person, but by a skilful mistress who had taught her every thing, even to the minutest details. After the feast was concluded, and they had danced somewhat longer, the ambassadors arose, as it was now late, accompanied by many citizens and by the young ladies of the festival, and Alessandra confided the ambassadors to the care of the fairest and most noble of those who were present. She herself leaned upon the right arm of the chief ambassador, and another leaned upon his left. When they had escorted him to the hotel where they lodged, the chief ambassador took a most beautiful ring from his finger and gave it to Alessandra, and he afterwards took another ring which he presented to her companion, and after saluting them graciously, they all accompanied the ladies to their respective houses. After receiving so distinguished honour, the ambassadors thought every day a year till they should return to Siena to report to the emperor what they had seen. When they did arrive there and told the emperor every thing, and praised the city extremely, they described to him the ladies whom they had seen, and especially Alessandra, her charming manners, and her extraordinary beauty. The emperor did every thing in his power to go to the city, but could not obtain permission; and on this account went away extremely dissatisfied, as appeared from the steps which he afterwards took against Florence."—p. 602, 603.

The notions commonly entertained regarding the use of the Bible anterior to the Reformation, would hardly prepare us for the following description of the private life of a lady in the fifteenth century. We should add that precisely the same thing is told (p. 619) of Bartolomeo Fortini, whose life follows that of Alessandra.

"As a further remedy against idleness, which is the source of all evil, and in order to occupy her spare time in a fitting manner, she used to say every day the shorter office as it is recited by priests and friars. Being skilled in letters, *she had a bible from which she drew the greatest consolation;* she had homilies on the gospels for every day in the year, and other ancient expositions of the bible, and in these praiseworthy exercises she spent all her leisure time. She was most charitable to the poor, and to monks and nuns everywhere, and assisted numbers of poor persons whose honest pride would lead them to conceal their necessities."—p. 614.

He closes this curious biography with the following exhortation, which, *mutatis mutandis*, may not be out of place in our own times:

"The life of this most virtuous and honourable lady, should be an example to all the ladies of our city; and those mothers who have

daughters, and who wish to bring them up in the ways of God and to an honourable and virtuous habit of living, should keep this life constantly before their eyes, and follow good works to the end, as did the subject of this biography. And let them not teach them to read either the *Cento-Nocelle*, or the works of Boccaccio, or the Sonnets of Petrarch; for even though these were not immoral, it is not fitting that the pure minds of young maidens should learn to love any thing but God and their own husbands. Let them teach them to read sacred books, either the lives of the Fathers, or histories, or similar works, in order that they may learn to regulate their life and manners, and may turn to serious and grave pursuits, their natural disposition being, of itself, inclined to frivolity. Let mothers rest assured that the dowry of virtue which they shall thus give their daughters, will be infinitely more valuable than that of riches; whereas these may perish, while the possession of virtue shall not be taken away even unto the end."—p. 616.

There yet remains among the contents of this volume one other work, the compilation of which, perhaps, exhibits the extraordinary learning, patience, and critical skill of the editor in a stronger light than almost any, even of his most celebrated publications. It is a collection of fragments of the old Italic Version of the Bible, arranged in the order of the books. It can scarcely be necessary to remind the reader that when St. Jerome undertook the task of translating the Bible from the Hebrew, there already existed many Latin versions or at least recensions, the most authentic of which was that called indiscriminately by the ancients, *Vulgata* and *Italica*, and now known under the name of the *Vetus Itala*. This version had been made not from the Hebrew, but from the Septuagint, and as St. Jerome's was from the Hebrew, the differences between them were numerous and considerable. The present Vulgate contains the translation of St. Jerome for the entire Scripture, except the book of Psalms, in which, as being constantly in use for the public services of the church, he deemed it inexpedient to introduce any material change; and the books of Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Maccabees, together with part of Daniel, Baruch, Esther, and Jeremias, which, as not existing in Hebrew, he did not translate. All these were retained by St. Jerome from the old Italic version, with but little alteration, and in the correction or new version (whichever it is to be called) which he made of the New Testament, he departed as little as possible from the received Italic. This ancient

version, therefore, as a whole, fell gradually into disuse; and were it not for the fragments of it dispersed through the writings of the early Fathers, many portions of the old Italic version would have perished altogether. The recovery of its fragments early engaged the attention of biblical scholars. The Gospel of St. Matthew, the Epistle of St. James, and the books of Job and Judith, were published by Martianay the Benedictine. Bianchini printed at Rome in 1748, an edition of the four Gospels according to this version. But the first general collection of fragments was that compiled by the celebrated Benedictine, Sabbathier.* Its preparation was a labour of twenty years, during which, Ruinart, Massuet, and De la Rue were successively engaged in the work. Still, however, the Italic version is incomplete and fragmentary, and it is only by the occasional recovery of fragments it can be brought to a more perfect condition. For this purpose, of course, the publication of early ecclesiastical writers is the most useful course. Writing before St. Jerome's version had come into use, they necessarily adopted the language of the Old Italic, and a careful collation of their scriptural references, may often supply a gap, or suggest an important correction. The previous publications of Cardinal Mai will be found to have done considerable service to this department of Biblical study. The Commentaries of Victorinus, and the fragments of Arrian,† and those of Nicetas of Aquileia,† contain many new readings of the Italic version, and he has also printed almost the entire Gospel of St. Matthew from a very ancient MS. But the fragments in the volume before us, collected from a MS. probably of the sixth century, exceed all the rest in extent of importance.

The MS. from which they are collected, is probably not unfamiliar to many of our readers, as it is examined at great length by Dr. Wiseman in his well-known letters on the text of the Three Witnesses.§ It would be out of place here to discuss its authorship. This question is treated with great learning and ability, by the Right Reverend Prelate to whom we have just referred, and to whom cardinal Mai pays the highest tribute.|| For our purpose

* In three vols. folio, Rom. 1743.

+ Published in the 5th vol. of the *Script. vet. Nova Collectio.*

† In the 7th vol. of the same work.

§ Rome, 1835.

|| P. 71.

it is sufficient to say that the MS. volume is a sort of *Thesaurus Biblicus*, resembling, and by many believed to be, the *Speculum* of St. Augustine, and that it may be described as a moral common-place-book, in which a number of passages of scripture, are arranged under the different moral heads to which they naturally refer. Now, as this compilation is of very great antiquity, the scriptural texts (which are very numerous,) are cited in the words of the Italic version.

To have simply published the MS., therefore, would have been to render a great service to this department of biblical study. But the editor has done a great deal more. He has taken the almost incredible pains to restore all the texts to their respective places, and has printed them all in the order of the books of scripture, referring in each instance, not only to the book, but also to the chapter and the verse. Now as, from the nature of the original in which the passages are all arranged in the order of matter, the texts are taken indiscriminately from all parts of scripture, it is almost impossible to form an estimate of the difficulty of such an undertaking. It is not alone that the original MS. supplies no reference beyond the mere title of the book, from which the passage is taken. This is but a small item in the difficulty. It must be remembered, that in this matter modern biblical concordances, will in many instances prove of little avail. Modern concordances are all drawn up from the Vulgate. Now, so very different is the language of the old Italic version in many cases from that of the Vulgate, that an ordinary Latin concordance will often furnish as little help to the discovery of a passage in the Italic, as though it were written in a different language altogether. The Italic version was composed from the text not of the Hebrew, but of the Septuagint, and it is a singular fact, that in his tedious and troublesome task, the learned editor derived his chief assistance from the Greek concordance of the bible, and was actually obliged first to translate the text into Greek, and then to search for the passage by the aid of Trommius's Greek concordance of the Septuagint.

The copious fragments thus recovered and arranged by this tedious and troublesome process, may well be regarded as among the most important additions to our stock of ancient biblical literature, which have been made for

many years. They bear a strong analogy, generally speaking, to the text of Nobilius, published in 1588.

The ninth volume closes with a copious Latin glossary, extracted from a variety of sources; and, what we regard as exceedingly useful and interesting, appended thereto is a catalogue of the ancient forms of orthography adopted in the early MSS. It is a work much required; and we need hardly add that, since the days of Montfaucon and Mabillon, it would be impossible to find any one possessing the requisite amount of familiarity with ancient manuscript orthography, in so super-eminent a degree as the illustrious editor of the *Spicilegium Romanum*.

We now pass to the tenth and concluding volume of the series.

This volume is more ecclesiastical in its character than most of its predecessors. It commences with the original Greek acts of a council held at Constantinople, in 1156. It was attended by the Emperor Manuel Comnenus, two patriarchs (of Constantinople and of Jerusalem), nearly forty archbishops and bishops, and a large body of ecclesiastics of inferior degree. The original subscriptions are attached to the decree. The occasion of the convocation of this council appears partly from the acts, partly from a dialogue prefixed to it. Soterichus, who had been recently appointed patriarch of Antioch, propounded in some of his sermons a doctrine, which he held to be necessary in order to avoid holding with the Nestorians that there are two distinct persons in Christ. He maintained that our Redeemer, though He offered the sacrifice of the cross to the Father and to the Holy Ghost, yet did not offer it to Himself. The question was fully discussed in the synod. This novel opinion was condemned; and Soterichus, on his refusing to retract it, was deposed from the Patriarchal See of Antioch. The proceedings of this council are given at full length and are accompanied by a Latin translation and a prefatory notice in which the date and history of the synod itself, are discussed.

It is followed by a piece, which will doubtless be considered much more interesting at the present day—a long and elaborate panegyric of the martyrs, by a writer who is styled *Κωνσταντίνος ἀιακόνος καὶ χαρτοφύλαξ τῆς ἀγιώτατης ἐκκλησίας κωνσταντίνε πόλεως*; and for its purity, or at least strength, of style, fervour of expression, and elevation of thought, may well be placed in the golden age of Christian literature.

The fathers of the second council of Nice cite a passage from an author of this name, for the purpose of establishing the distinction between the absolute and relative worship of images.* The work there referred to, is that which Cardinal Mai has here published entire; and the two passages cited, will be found—the first at pages 120—123, and the second at page 124 of the volume before us.

Of the author but little appears to be known. It is difficult to fix the precise date at which he lived. To be cited as an authority by the council, he must have been recognized as an author of considerable standing; and, perhaps, it is reasonable to refer him to the times of St. Gregory, with whose writings on the subject of Sacred Images, the present panegyric bears considerable analogy both in sentiment and in language. It is singular enough that an author whom a general council deemed not unworthy of being cited in its discussions, should have been suffered to remain so long inedited. But however this may be, certain it is that the merit of his composition is beyond all dispute; and we have no hesitation in saying, that the person who would republish it from the Cardinal's volume, with an English translation, would confer a very substantial benefit on that daily increasing portion of the British public, who cultivate the sacred literature of the early ages of the Church.

The following passage is selected, partly as a specimen of the rich and ornate, yet fervid, eloquence, which characterises the whole composition; and partly as illustrating the views entertained on the subject of the intercession of the saints in the Church of this period, and sanctioned by the authority of a general council.

"O holy souls! O sacred bodies! O precious and divine offering, prized beyond gold and topaz! O dwelling-places of Christ, habitations of the Holy Ghost, receptacles of virtue! With which praises shall we celebrate your preternatural triumphs! What imperishable trophies shall we raise up to you, crowned with unfading garlands of psalms and hymns and spiritual canticles! Ye have rendered honour to your parents, in obedience to the gospel, for by your sufferings ye have covered the shame of your forefathers, freed your parents from dishonour, and become the authors of joy in the place of sorrow; ye have changed earth into heaven, appearing like the cloudless sun-rise—the day-dawn of justice—shining out like stars

* See Labbe, vii. p. 373.

over the whole earth—fixing your steps firmly on the unerring path of the commandments. Neither a weeping father, nor a mother rending her hair, nor wailing children, nor mourning relatives, nor groaning friends, could unnerve your firmness; for ye battled against your persecutors, and still more against Nature: and ye overcame the invincible one who could bend even the savage beasts and the venomous serpents to sympathy! But yet ye made kindred with one another by the common bond of suffering, and effected a preternatural union, mingling blood with blood by community of humiliations. No greed of riches, no desire of happiness could weaken your love of God: your gold was the integrity of faith; for you, the spirit of humiliation was wealth superabounding; and ye deemed the disgrace of Christ to be greater riches than the treasures of the world; for you looked to the reward knowing that you possess a better and everlasting substance in heaven. To you, dishonour for Christ's sake was glory—a contrite heart was cheerfulness—temperance was food to satiety—mortification of the passions was personal beauty: your strength was grace and perfection in weakness.".....pp. 160, 162.

"Wherefore it hath been yours to impart to your kindred a portion of your own brightness, drawing it from the intellectual fountain of splendour. For ye have been constituted for the whole human race, the guardians of souls, physicians of bodies, the ground-work of faith, the consummation of sanctity, the purification of sins, the foundation and support of churches, the remedy of diseases, the rest of wayfarers, the rudder of voyagers, the relief of the needy, the help of the combatant, the support of the falling, the comfort of the mourner, the guide of the erring, the safeguard of those who are in the right way, the consolation of those who weep, the powerful auxiliary and unfailing hope of all.".....
—p. 166.

This interesting piece is printed from a Greek MS. of great antiquity. Not so the author who follows next in order, Severus, Patriarch of Antioch. Among the numberless sources from which the illustrious editor has drawn the materials of his several collections, not the least remarkable are the oriental MSS. of the Vatican—Syriac, Arabic, Armenian, Coptic. In our former notices of his collections, we particularized more than one example of the recovery, through translations in these eastern dialects, of works which had been lost in the original language in which they had been composed. The volume before us contains a fresh example—treatises of Severus, Patriarch of Antioch in the time of the Emperor Anastasius, written against Julian of Halicarnassus, the great leader of the *ἀφθαρτοδοκήται*, or Incorruplicolæ, a numerous

and influential sect of Eutychians. The Latin translation in the present volume is from a Syriac MS. The treatises are two in number. The first is given almost entire; but of the second only such portions are printed, as contain inserted passages of the Fathers and other early ecclesiastical writers. Among the scraps of patristical lore, thus recovered, are several from St. Cyril of Alexandria.

From the same source (a Syriac MS.) we have another smaller piece, a homily on the Blessed Virgin Mary. Like the work last enumerated, it is by Severus of Antioch, and the editor states that the Syriac MSS. of the Vatican contain a great many homilies of the same author. It is a very curious composition, abounding in mystic interpretations of the Old Testament, and is an interesting evidence of the usage of the Eastern Church on the question of invoking the Blessed Virgin.

As if to justify the title of the collection, and to bear out its miscellaneous character, the next work we meet with is of a very opposite description. In the last instance we had a Latin translation of a work, the original of which had been lost. It is followed by a work, of which a Latin translation had long since appeared, while the Greek original remained unpublished. Canisius, in his *Lectiones Antiquæ*, published (in Latin only) five treatises of Leontius, a monk of Constantinople, who wrote early in the seventh century. The original Greek is not found, either in his edition, nor in the subsequent work of Basnage.* This want is here supplied from a MS., originally the property of Cardinal Salviati, but now in the Vatican Library. The treatises are four in number, and are directed against the Nestorians, the Eutychians, the Incorrupticolæ, and the Apollinarists.

This work of Leontius is followed by two short but most interesting dissertations (Greek) of Nicephorus, who was Patriarch of Constantinople in the ninth century. These, also, had been published in Latin by Basnage.† They are both against the Iconoclasts; and the second is particularly valuable, as it is addressed to those, who, like certain modern churchmen, admitted the propriety of honouring the cross, but refused to honour an image

* Thesaurus Monumentorum Ecclesiasticorum. Amsterdam: 1725, T. i. pp. 525—634.

+ Ibid. T. ii. P. ii. pp. 1—19.

placed thereupon. It consists of ten short arguments, the object of which is to prove the propriety of honouring the image of our Redeemer. Their tenor may be sufficiently collected from the title—*δια φόρα ἐικόνος χριστῆ καὶ σταυροῦ*.

The remainder of the volume is devoted to a department in which Cardinal Mai has hitherto done but little. We speak of letters, and similar documents, which, independently altogether of their literary value, may be made available for the purposes of history. It is a department, which would furnish an endless field to an investigator like his Eminence, and in which the treasures of the Vatican, speaking comparatively, are almost untouched. The eighth volume of the present collection, contains some letters of Gratiani, the secretary of Cardinal Commendoni, in the end of the sixteenth century. But they seem to be selected more for their purity of style and classic elegance, than for any great historical value they possess; and they are far inferior in interest to the collection inserted in the volume before us. It consists of a selection from the incited letters of Poggio, the celebrated Florentine scholar; of the letters of Nicholas, Patriarch of Constantinople, in the beginning of the tenth century; and two letters of Photius—one addressed to the Patriarch, the other to the Prince, of Armenia—both regarding the ecclesiastical relations of the Greek and Armenian Churches.

The fame of Poggio's latinity would stamp a value upon any production of his pen. But the letters which we have here, possess an interest as illustrating the literary history of his age, entirely independent of their authorship. We have already spoken of them as only a selection from his unpublished letters; but as they number a hundred and three, and occupy a fair proportion of this crowded volume, they will be admitted to form no mean supplement to the collection of Poggio's published correspondence already in existence. They are still more interesting, however, as a supplement to the literary biographies of the fifteenth century, by Vespasiano, so often referred to already. For although several among the number will be found addressed to Pope Nicholas V., to the Emperor Frederick, Alfonzo of Arragon, Henry of Portugal, and other princes and public personages, yet the bulk of them are directed to his literary friends, Noxeto, Francisco da Padua, and above all, Guarini—the very individuals whose lives Vespasiano wrote.

We are tempted to make room for one of these letters as a sample of the entire. We make no apology for leaving it in its own exquisite latinity. It has hardly any historical interest, but we regard it as one of the happiest modern Latin compositions we have ever read. It is a letter of congratulation, addressed (on occasion of his elevation to the episcopate) to that William Gray, (called by Vespasiano *Graim*) bishop of Ely, of whom we spoke at length in our former notice of the Spicilegium.*

“Vetus ac iucunda consuetudo, Pater optime, que mihi tecum diutius in romana curia fuit, amor quoque meus in te singularis, quem saepius perspicere potuisti, postulare videntur, ut sicut olim præsens tuarum fui particeps curarum, ita et nunc absens tecum gratuler ob eam dignitatem, quam nuper intellexi summi Pontificis in te benivolentiam contulisse. Eo autem magis ob hanc rem gaudere decet, quod non ambitioni aut precibus (aberas enim) sed virtuti tuae prestantique in omni vita probitati intellexi Pontificem nostrum meritorum tuorum memorem ultro Eliensem ecclesiam tribuisse. Magni est dignitas extimanda omnis, quæ in dignum virum confertur; sed illa certe videtur uberiori quadam favore esse præferenda, quam cognitæ perspectæque virtuti mandatam videmus. Et quamvis amplitudo generis meritaque tua tardius quam æquum videbatur fructum ingenii et laborum percepirent, tamen eius gratia, qui nunquam deserit in se sperantes, abunde tibi suo tempore tribuit, ut non dilata sed amplificata tua laus et gloria videatur. Nunquam enim quod bene fit, tardum esse videri consuevit; sed votis ac desideriis nostris, qui mente futura præoccupamus, etiam quæ celerit flunt, plerumque videntur esse tardiora. Quo autem diutius expectata res est, eo solet iucundior esse cum venit. Hæc vero dignitas multo carior nunc tibi debet esse cum pace et benivolentia omnium collata, quam olim futura fuisset in dissensione et cupiditate multorum, qui plus quam viri boni officium pateretur, ambitione nimia tenebantur. Mihi quidem tua hæc amplitudo maximæ est voluptati, et tam grata est, quam quæ res potest esse gratissima. Vellem (nam id facerem libentius) ut coram possem verbis tecum gratulari, quod quoniā non conceditur, id egi paucis quod temporis ratio et facultas permisit.

“Verum cum huiusmodi dignitates soleant multorum mentes ad varia consilia impellere, difficileque sit recte ferre secundam fortunam, te rogo ut te unum ex his præbeas, quibus magis bonæ mentis, quam rerum externarum cura esse solet: utque inter cetera memineris te hominem esse, hoc est et mortalem et fortunæ imperio subiectum. Id autem maxime cogites, virtutem solam esse quæ nostri sit iuris, nec vivis auferri queat, et mortuos sequatur. Scis,

* See ante vol. xiv. p. 216.

quoniam es doctissimus, quæ ad officium eius spectent, qui ad multorum regimen et curam est positus. Scis alieni patrimonii dispensationem tibi creditam esse, quæ quam sit difficilis multorum declarant opera, qui nullam rationem in posterum eorum, quæ egerint, sibi reddendam putant. Itaque suadeo tibi, licet homo pusillus, sed tamen senex, ut illorum more qui esse quam haberi viri boni malunt, bene vivendi officia tibi colenda proponas, efficiasque ut dignitas tibi commissa tamquam calcar existat ad ea opera complectenda in quibus beatæ vitæ ratio consistit. Illud egregium erit, si conaberis ut plus honoris ex tuis ornamentis accedat dignitati qua fungeris, quam tibi ex dignitate. Praeclarum est enim dare operam studiis honesti, et id eniti ut non casu sed consilio, non fortuna sed prudentia, non intercessoribus sed vite meritis, quis in altiore gradum ascensisse videatur. Scio te uti posse Græcorum proverbio, sus Minervam; sed mea in te benivolentia videtur exigere, ut quia suffragio aliquo tibi adesse non possum, his paucis ea scribam quæ honori tuo sum conducere arbitratus. Accidit enim vicio, ut opinor, conditionis nostre, ut multi multa de se spondeant ante quam exaltentur in altiorem gradum: cum vero ad id quod quiescierant pervenerunt, prioris oblitu voluntatis, communique hominum errore ducti, ea speciosa et laudanda putent quæ vulgi opinio et plebis inscitia facit mortalibus admiranda. Vale, Pater optime; et nisi molestum fuerit, an has litteras receperis, rescribe. Florentiae.—pp. 296, 297.*

Still more important, considered in their relation to church history, are the letters of Nicholas, Patriarch of Constantinople, (a hundred and sixty-three in number). They are given in the original Greek only, and occupy nearly two hundred pages of very close and minute type. They are all inedited with the exception of seven which Baronius has published; and of these seven but one is given in the original Greek, and that one imperfectly.

To give an idea of the historical value of these letters, it is only necessary to say, that the writer occupied the patriarchal see of Constantinople, during one of the most important epochs in the history of the Eastern Church. He is said to have been a native of Italy, and was elected under the Emperor Leo the Wise, four years after the death of Photius, A.D. 895. He was deposed by the same emperor nine years later, for his opposition to him on the well-known controversy regarding fourth marriages, and was restored by his brother and successor, Alexander, in 911, and died in the odour of sanctity in 925. All his

* To Poggio's letters Cardinal Mai has appended his funeral oration on Cardinal Cesarini. It is a most finished composition.

letters appear to be subsequent to his elevation, and some, especially those to the Pope, are written during the time of his deposition from office. Some of these are addressed to the Saracen governor of Crete, chiefly for the purpose of procuring a mitigation of the cruelties to Christian captives; a considerable number (pp. 170—287) to the Prince of Bulgaria and to the archbishop: a long one on the subject of fourth marriages, (287—304) is addressed to the Pope, and fully recognizes the primacy of the apostolic see; others are addressed to the emperor on the same question. But the great majority are addressed to bishops and other ecclesiastics, chiefly of the oriental Church.

The very enumeration of names which they supply is calculated to throw considerable light on the history of the Eastern Church at this troubled period, and the editor well observes that a careful examination of the contents of these hitherto unexplored letters, may clear up many a doubtful point which has escaped the research of previous historians. The letters, as we have said, are given in Greek only. The numerous studies of the editor, and the higher literary duties for which he seems especially raised up, render it impossible for him to undertake the task of translation; and we confess we should be sorry to see his time devoted to a labour which may be performed by a humbler hand. But we trust that what he has left undone, will before long be taken up by some competent translator, and that the contents of these interesting and important documents will be made more generally accessible than they can be while they remain in the original.

In closing our notice of this remarkable work, we have but one regret to express, and it applies in some degree to the former publications of the learned cardinal. It is that he has not appended an alphabetical *Index Rerum*, or at least such an *Index Scriptorum*, as might facilitate reference to the contents. In a vast miscellany such as this, it is impossible to grope one's way without some such guide; and although the prefaces which accompany each volume, supply a vast amount of information regarding the authors and works which it contains, yet it is information which must be sought with care, which can only be found by an attentive perusal of the entire, and in the discovery of which, the student would derive incalculable assistance from a careful index. The want is the more to be lamented, inasmuch as the compilation of an index at

present would involve almost infinite labour, whereas, during the process of revising the works previous to publication it could have been effected with but little trouble. Still, however, we doubt whether we should consent, on reflection, to the subtraction of the time necessary for the formation of an index from the infinitely more important work to which the illustrious editor's life has been devoted, and on which his merits, in the eyes of posterity, must necessarily rest.

The completion of this great collection has brought no respite to its indefatigable author. He is already engaged, and has made considerable progress in an undertaking of no less magnitude and importance. Some of its fruits may be expected before long. The following extract from the preface of the tenth volume will show that the harvest is far from being exhausted:

"I avail myself of this vacant corner of the preface to insert a note regarding certain MSS., which I made during a tour in Tuscany in the present year.

"In the magnificent Carthusian monastery near Pisa, I saw several ancient MSS. which were brought from a very old convent in the island of Gorgona. In the same library are preserved above three thousand *diplomata*, one of which, at least, is subscribed by the Countess Matilda.

"In the library of the Canons Regular at Lucca, I saw an extremely ancient Latin MS. of the *Chronicon* of Eusebius, with other valuable MSS. of the Fathers. At Pistoia also, in the archives of the cathedral, there are valuable MSS. still preserved.

"In the library of St. Mark's, at Florence, the most ancient and celebrated in the city, few MSS. now remain; but a Catalogue is still preserved of about eight hundred MSS. which it formerly possessed. I do not speak of the Medicean, or the Magliabechian, or the Riccardian libraries, because it would be impossible to do justice to them here.

"In the private library of the noble house of Rinuccini, I was shown a magnificent MS. of Dioscorides; also a copious register of the letters of Sixtus IV. for an entire year.

"At Arezzo I saw a MS. containing a judicial sentence, not later than the eleventh century, in which the *Digest*, the *Code*, and the *Institutes* of Justinian are several times cited. In the same library there are diplomata of no inconsiderable antiquity.

"In the library of the Canons Regular at Perugia, there is a MS. of St. Luke's gospel, or at least part of it, of the sixth century, written in gold letters; and also a magnificent copy of Justinian's *Institutes*, which has lately been transcribed. In the public library

of this city I saw several other valuable MSS., of which I shall have occasion to speak at another time."

We must now reluctantly conclude. We need not forestal the interest of the coming publication by any premature speculation as to its contents: but we shall not fail to furnish our readers with the earliest information of its appearance.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

I.—*The Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland, anterior to the Anglo-Norman Invasion; comprising an Essay on the Origin and Uses of the Round Towers of Ireland, which obtained the gold medal and prize of the Royal Irish Academy.* By GEORGE PETRIE, R. H. A., V. P. R. I. A. Dublin: HODGES and SMITH.

WE had prepared, and in part printed, a very long and elaborate paper, (illustrated with numerous engravings), on Mr. Petrie's invaluable work; but the unexpected length to which the article on Spain has run, compels us most reluctantly, to postpone it till our next number. Our first resolve had been to exclude other papers, in order to make room for one of such paramount importance; but the near approach of the day of publication, and the impossibility of receiving the author's corrected proofs within the very limited time which now remains, oblige us, though with extreme bad grace, to yield to the representations of our printer, and to defer its publication.

We shall not now forestal the interest of our intended notice by any observations upon the work. But we cannot allow this opportunity to pass, without congratulating the friends of Irish literature, on such an accession to the materials for its systematic study. Mr. Petrie has fully demonstrated, what had been often before asserted, that the work of investigating our antiquities has hardly been commenced; or, at all events, that the subject is but imperfectly and unsatisfactorily explored. The mass of learning which he has brought to bear upon the questions regarding the Round Towers, and the other branches of Irish ecclesiastical architecture, is almost entirely new; and the example of originality which he has thus given on a topic which, before he took it up, had appeared to be more than exhausted, may be an evidence even to the most sceptical, that other subjects connected with our history, will prove equally if not more productive, in the hands of such an explorer.

Of the typographical and artistical execution of the work, it is impossible to speak too highly. It reflects the utmost credit upon the patriotic and enterprising publishers from whose press it emanates; and gives promise of a degree of success in this and similar departments, which, two years back, not even the most sanguine could have anticipated.

II.—*The Spirit of Prayer; a new Manual of Catholic Devotion, by a Member of the Ursuline Community, Cork.* Published by J. O'BRIEN, 45, Patrick Street, Cork, 1845.

THIS work is accurately described in the approbation attached to it, "as an appropriate and valuable sequel to the Ursuline Manual;" that excellent prayer-book is chiefly designed for the use of young persons; and to those young persons whose minds have been formed by it, this sequel is recommended for "reviving and confirming their earliest devotional impressions, and safely and solidly conducting them to the exercise of a high Spirit of Prayer, and more intimate union with God." We think it upon the whole the most perfect of our prayer-books; the selection of stock prayers (if we may be allowed the expression) is complete and well arranged, with fewer omissions than we generally find, although by no means free from them; we regret, for instance, that the Rosary is omitted, nor does it contain any of those beautiful Church hymns, which are so frequently wanted, and which it is so agreeable to find at hand, in a book intended for our frequent companionship. In addition to these prayers for daily use, the preparations for the Sacraments of penance and communion, are very long and beautiful, and in a most devotional spirit. The volume is compact and handsomely got up, and will, we are sure, become a general favourite.

III.—*Dramatic Sketches and other Poems.* By the REV. JAMES WILLS, A.M., Author of "The Disembodied," &c. Dublin and London.

MR. WILLS's poetry well deserves a more lengthened and deliberate notice than the lateness of the time at which we have received his volume permits us to bestow. His name must be familiar to most of our readers, both as a poet and as a prose writer, and though he has written much that every lover of religious peace must condemn, it is difficult to read either his poetry or his prose without forming a high estimate of his powers.* Unhappily, however, his writings are almost all of a fugitive, and sometimes even a fragmentary character: and when we consider the multiplicity and variety of his publications, it is impossible not to feel, that the talents which if devoted to one serious and

* His *Lives of Illustrious Irishmen* are but too well known in Ireland.

sustained effort, could not have failed to have secured a high place for their possessor, have been weakened and wasted by the desultory pursuits in which they have been engaged.

This observation, however, applies less strikingly to the volume before us than to the other works of the author. It consists of three dramatic sketches, and a number of minor poems, collected from various periodical publications, especially from the *Dublin University Magazine*; and the author has been extremely fortunate both in the selection and the preparation of the pieces which are here reprinted. Many of them are indeed extremely beautiful; and all are of such a character that it is difficult to allude to them at all without being tempted to extract from them at a length which is entirely inconsistent with our prescribed limits. We would gladly make room for a few of the minor pieces, especially "Night-fall," "O'Connellan's Harp," and "The Wild Flower," all of which are full of exquisite simplicity and feeling; but as the author promises a second series, we shall reserve ourselves for a future occasion, when time and space shall be more at our disposal.

IV.—*A Summary View of the Evidences of Christianity, in a letter from the Right Honourable Charles Rindal Bushe, late Chief Justice of the King's Bench, with a preface and notes.* By the REV. JAMES WILLS, A. M., Author of "The Philosophy of Unbelief." Dublin : 1845.

Are we to consider this little work as a tribute to the memory of the late gifted chief justice, or as an advertisement of Mr. Wills's forthcoming volumes, on the evidences of Christianity? We are disposed to think favourably and speak kindly of any production of such a man as Bushe, and when we find the resources of his great mind employed on such a subject as the present, our best feelings both of gratitude and veneration are sure of being obtained. This book contains some thirty or forty pages of reflections on the more common arguments in favour of the divinity of the Christian religion, arranged in the luminous and methodical order for which this great man was so eminently distinguished. To any thing very original and profound it has no pretensions, having been composed by the author in some of his leisure moments, and never intended for publication, at least in its present form. The remainder of the work, which comprises nearly four-fifths of its entire contents, is devoted to Mr. Wills's Commentary and Appendix on the words of Bushe. It strikes us, as we are sure it will strike the generality of readers, that much of the appendix is added merely to swell it out to something like a volume. Though the editor is a man of good talents and considerable power of expression, his sentiments, we must say, appear at considerable disadvantage beside the pages of our distinguished countryman; and indeed the interest of this publication is far inferior to that of the *Dramatic Sketches* of the same author, already noticed. In the concluding observations

only, are we bound in conscience and in duty to differ from the late chief justice, believing as we do, that the full and complete working out of the argument against the infidel, will not rest at the point of adhesion to the Church of England, but will, if pursued in sincerity and good faith, conduct the inquirer ultimately to the bosom of the Catholic Church. Short of that point, we believe the sincere inquirer cannot possibly be satisfied. Making allowances for the prejudices of education and society, by which the author's mind was biassed on this important subject, we can recommend his sentiments as most worthy of public attention; we rejoice to find that the weight of his character and the lustre of his honoured name are thrown into the scale of controversy, upon the side of religion, and to uphold her interests against the infidel.

V.—*The Irish Watering Places, their Climate, Scenery, and Accommodations, including Analyses of the Principal Mineral Springs.* By DR. R. KANE. *Directions for the Regimen of Invalids, &c.* By ALEXANDER KNOX, M. D. Dublin and London.

AMONG the many evidences of an increasing interest in all that concerns Ireland, which we daily meet with, none is more gratifying than the number of purely Irish publications which the last twelve months have produced. Mr. Knox's volume on the Irish Watering Places, is upon a subject which three years since no one would have taken up with any reasonable hope of commanding the attention, or exciting the interest even of his own countrymen; and, yet, we are much mistaken if in the present circumstances of the country, and in the present state of the public mind, his work is not destined to be, as it deserves to be, generally and lastingly popular.

It is a handsome volume of nearly four hundred pages, and in addition to the philosophical and scientific details regarding the several watering places of the country into which it enters; contains in a simple and agreeable form a vast amount of information on the history, antiquities, and scenery of each locality, as well as ample particulars on every point which is likely to interest a visitor or an invalid. The chemical analyses are chiefly by Dr. Kane, and in this respect the work may form an interesting supplement to the *Industrial Resources* of this distinguished writer.

We shall only add, that at this pleasure-seeking season, when so many are meditating their periodical migration in search of health and of amusement, it would be difficult to select a better guide, or a more agreeable companion, than "*The Watering Places of Ireland.*"

VI.—*The Present State and Prospects of Port Philip District of New South Wales.* By CHARLES GRIFFITH, A.M. Dublin: 1845.

WE pity the condition of an A.M. who is compelled to spend his life in the patriarchal occupation of a shepherd on one of our

Australian sheep-walks, as Mr. Griffith is obliged to do. We know not whether he derives much consolation from his classical recollections, but we find from the title of his book that they have not altogether escaped his memory; and that he has been destined to a practical experience of the poet's words:

“*Lanigeros agitat greges, hircasque capellas.*”

He has had opportunities of personal observation, as to the working of this part of our Colonial System, from a residence of some years; and his opportunities do not seem to have been afforded him in vain. There is much valuable information in these pages which the emigrant will find useful, and which even those who never intend leaving their native land will find not devoid of interest. It is not more than nine years since Port Philip was erected into a colony, and it is now a rising and prosperous locality, with a population of 9000 souls in the chief town, Melbourne. Large and handsome streets have sprung into existence, where but a few years ago, the kangaroo and the opossum were the only occupants, and steamboats ply daily upon the river and discharge their cargoes at the wharfs. The Port Philip district seems to be one of the most favourable positions in which our colonists have established themselves. The accounts describe the climate as being mild and exempt from those long droughts which in other parts of New South Wales are found so disagreeable and sometimes so disastrous. Great part of the wealth of the Port Philip district consists of large flocks of sheep, sometimes amounting to so many as 8,000 or 10,000, which are depastured in the unpurchased and undivided government lands, by procuring a license for that purpose. We know not whether any enterprizing individual with £2000. in his pocket would be tempted to try his fortune so far from home, but Mr. Griffith assures us that in the vicinity of Melbourne, a person with that capital would be in a fair way of realizing a handsome property.

One part of Mr. Griffith's work has had for us a peculiar, almost a melancholy interest, it is that which relates to the aboriginal inhabitants of the country. Poor things! they seem to be fast giving way before the whites, and melting in the light of European civilization like snow before the meridian sun. In a few years they are likely to be altogether extirpated in Port Philip, as they have already been in Van Dieman's Land. Some efforts have been made by the government to extend to them the benefits of British protection and British law, but such is the low state to which our poor human nature has been reduced in that quarter of the globe, that these efforts have been totally unsuccessful. It is not by writs of attorney and trial by jury, that the Australian savage is to be reclaimed to humanity; another and more powerful element of improvement must be introduced among them, if any important change is to be expected. One man filled with the same spirit and influenced with

the same zeal as those who located themselves upon the Paraguay, would be worth more than all the legally commissioned protectors that England has ever appointed or will appoint in her Colonies.

VII.—*Reliquiae Antiquae. Scraps from Ancient Manuscripts, illustrating chiefly early English Literature and the English Language.* Edited by THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., and JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, Esq. 2 vols. London.

"WHAT a vast quantity of curious and valuable matter lies unnoticed and unknown on the shelves of our ancient libraries," was the first, though not very original, observation that escaped us on opening these two volumes. Have our readers ever spent an hour in the museum of an antiquary, surrounded by all sorts of odds and ends, old pistols, rusty drinking cups, antique rosaries, fragments of ancient spears and helmets, old-fashioned boots and head-dresses? If they have, let them only imagine a literary selection of a somewhat similar nature, and they will have an idea of this very curious contribution to our literature. The antiquary will, in fact, revel in its pages, and though moving through a mist of obscure allusions and obsolete phraseology, his enjoyment will perhaps only be rendered thereby the more exquisite. The selections are of the greatest possible variety, some valuable, others worthless, for any purpose of history, but all exceedingly curious and interesting. We can only select the following hymn to the B. Virgin, which was written when England was very different indeed from what she has since become. It is taken from a MS., of the fifteenth century:

"Mary, Mother, well thou be,
 Mary, Maiden, think on me,
 Maiden and Mother, was never none,
 To thee, Lady, but thou alone.
 Sweet Mary, Maiden dere,
 Shilde me fro all shame and tere;
 And out of sin, Lady, shielde thou me,
 And out of death for charite.
 Lady, for thi joyes fyve,
 Gyf me grace in this life,
 To know and kepe above all thing,
 Cristyn faith and Goddis biddyng,
 And trulyynne all that is nede
 To me and myne, both clothe and fede.
 Help me, Lady, and alle myne,
 Shilde me, Lady, fro hel fyre;
 Shilde me, Lady, fro villany,
 And fro all wicked company;
 Shilde me, Lady, fro evil shame,
 And from all wycked fame.
 Sweet Mary, Mayden mylde,
 Fro the fiend thou me shilde,
 That the fiend me not dere,
 Sweet Lady, thou me were;
 Bothe be day and be nyghte,
 Help me, Lady, with all thy myght.
 For my friendis, Lady, I pray the,
 That thei may saved be;

To ther soulis and ther life,
 Lady, for thi joyes fyve.
 For mine enemys I pray also,
 That thei may here so do,
 That thei nor I in wrath dye,
 Swete Lady, I the pray;
 And thei that be in dedly synne,
 Let them never die therein.
 Swete Lady, for me thou pray to hevyn king,
 To grant me howsill Christe and gode endyng,
 Jesu for thy holy grace,
 In heaven blisse to have a place.
 Lady, as I trust in thee,
 These prayers that thou grant to me,
 And I shall, Lady, here belyve,
 Grete thee with aves fyve,
 A pater-noster and a creed,
 To help me, Lady, at my nede.
 Sweet Lady, full of wynne,
 Full of grace and gode within,
 As thou art flowr of all this kynne,
 Do my synnes for to blynne,
 And keep me out of dedly synne,
 That I be never taken therein.

VIII.—*The Rosary, and other Poems.* By the REV. F. W. FABER.
 London, 1845: Toovey.

WE are always glad to see any thing from the pen of Mr. Faber: and, therefore, the title of this little volume was welcome to us. It opened to our imaginations a new field in the regions of sacred poesy, as yet but little explored in England. “The Rosary”—the very name is poetry to a Catholic mind; it is fragrant, and graceful, and sweet, and full of moral sentiment. We were prepared to see the tender mysteries of Redemption, which connect Son and Mother, illustrated in our own language, with all that delicacy of touch which Mr. Faber was well able to apply to it. But, unfortunately, on opening his book, we found that *his* Rosary is not ours—is not a Catholic Rosary. Every orthodox feeling is hurt and attacked by the burthen of every stanza: “Hail, Jesus! *pray for us!*” To whom is God to pray? For what is He to pray? How is He to pray? And never can we address the Word made Flesh, the one indivisible Person of the Lord Jesus so as to prescind from the hypostatic union of the Divinity with the Humanity. Such an address to our Saviour is contrary to faith. The *lex orandi*, and *lex credendi* are but one in the Church. Such is the result of trying to *imitate* the Church, without obeying her. Each decade has an Our Father, and ten of these anomalous salutations and prayers, substitutes for the Hail Mary.

Having thus found fault, we must do justice to Mr. Faber's other poems. Besides one on his favourite Cherwell, and several others, we have a collection of Sonnets, chiefly of a religious character, some of which we would gladly quote. And to make some compensation for our dissatisfaction with his “Rosary,” we gladly refer to the one entitled: “The Reverence for St. Mary, in the Middle Ages.” But glad shall we be, when we see the

religious poetry of England freed from the trammels of protestantism, and rid of that sickly hue and lukewarm feeling, which results from its middle state—afraid to be found too boldly catholic, or to shock protestant readers, yet, trying to rise out of protestantism into the regions of catholic thought—approaching therefore this, but never reaching it. Were Mr. Faber once a Catholic, his muse's wing would soon be impeded for bolder and better flights, and England might one day number him among her poets: but in another generation his poetry, and that of his school, will have no sympathies. The transition, or wavering, state will have passed away; the struggle will be over, men will be either enthusiastic Catholics, or doubly-frozen protestants: and the Anglican poetry of this age will suit neither.

IX.—*Prayers for the Dead, for the use of Members of the Church of England.* London, 1845: Toovey.

THIS is another of the many devotional works, drawn from Catholic sources, which have gratified Catholics, and startled protestants, in this age of strange efforts to combine the feelings and doctrines of one religion with the profession and observances of another. We will not, however, complain; but live, as we have done till now, in hopefulness that the better element will triumph, and the leaven, which is thus being gradually hidden in the mass, will ferment it through. The Prayers for the Dead given in this little volume, consist of the Office for the Dead, the Gradual and Penitential Psalms; the Litany, with the Invocation of Saints omitted, but a list of them added; the Commendation of a Departing Soul; the Collects, and other parts of the Catholic Masses for the Dead; and King Edward VI.th's Burial Service. Then follow Meditations, on the Catholic plan, on the Last Things. As in every other work of this class, the translations of Catholic prayers are chaste and beautiful; but the scriptural texts and psalms are according to the protestant version, and, therefore, it cannot be used by a Catholic.

The work is introduced by a long preface, the object of which is, first to vindicate, and then to explain, the practice of prayer for the departed. It contains, as might be expected, inaccuracies which a Catholic writer would have been careful to avoid; but its tone and character, and the information which it contains, and which must be new to the readers for whom it is intended, cannot fail to remove prejudice, and promote the "holy and wholesome thought," for which it labours.

X.—*The History of the Church of England in the Colonies and Foreign Dependencies of the British Empire.* By the Rev. J. S. M. ANDERSON, Vol. I. London, 1845: Rivingtons.

A MORE correct title for this work would have been, "The History of Colonization from England, interspersed with occasional

notices of religious symptoms in those who carried it on." For truth to tell, the entire of the religious notices really relative to the colonies, to be found in the 480 pages of the work, would not fill twenty pages. We have an account of every attempt to colonize, from the reign of Henry VIII. to that of James I., inclusive; but as to a Church, or any glimpse or germ of one, in any British colony, through that long period, we literally find none: that is, if by a Church is meant an ecclesiastical government by bishops and clergy. The author catches at every symptom of "faithfulness" in navigators, or those who sent them out; but these consist at most of some injunctions to pray, or some token of general regard for religious belief. If any one would put beside this narrative, the history of Spanish or Portuguese colonization, and see how soon a settlement had its priests, bishops, and archbishops, and was filled with religious institutions, it would make a most favourable contrast for us. The history of Goa would be found very different from that of Virginia. We must not, however, throw the blame of this on the author, but on the barrenness of his subject. There was no Church to write about; and so he must, perforce, make use of such meagre materials as could be collected. As far as his own share of the work goes, it gives evidence of diligent research, and extensive study; and the tone throughout, though strongly tinged with *evangelical* propensities, is mild, fair, and conciliatory.

XI.—*Thoughts on Academical Education, Ecclesiastical and Secular.*
By a CATHOLIC PRIEST. Dublin, 1845: Duffy.

THIS excellent pamphlet, by a learned and zealous priest, was a well-timed commentary on the measures in progress through parliament, for supporting the higher education of clergy and laity in Ireland, before the specific intentions of government were made known. In every view taken by the author, we cordially agree; on the dangers of a mixed education in universities or colleges—on the importance of making Catholic truth and Catholic principles the sole basis of a Catholic's education—on the great advantage of liberally erecting and supporting diocesan seminaries (*petits séminaires*) for the training of the clergy. The calm dispassionate tone of the whole work is excellent, and very pleasing; nor is there in it a sentence which can give pain or displeasure to any one differing from the writer's views. We trust he will not fail to come forward again before the public, when the public cause requires his services.

XII.—*The Classical Student's Manual.* By the Rev. W. COLLIER SMITHERS. Third Edition. London: 1844.

THIS work, already well known to classical scholars, has received in this edition additional improvements. The author has spared no pains to make it practically useful; and we doubt not will receive the praise and encouragement of pupils and tutors.

XIII.—*The Literary and Scientific Journal.* No. 3.

THIS is the Journal of the "London Mechanics' Institution," and though yet young, gives promise of great usefulness and strength. It is varied in matter, and seems to adapt itself well to the instruction of the class to which it is directed. It is moral, too, in its spirit and tone ; and we sincerely welcome it, and wish it well.

XIV.—*The Primacy of the Apostolic See vindicated.* By FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK, Bishop of Philadelphia. Phila.: 1845.

We only mention this work, to notice having received it : for it will deserve and receive a fuller attention in a future number, as its importance and value require.

XV.—*A Manual of Gothic Mouldings, &c.* By F. A. PALEY. London, 1845 : VAN VOORST.

THE lover and student of ancient ecclesiastical art, as well as the architect, has here a valuable hand-book of one of the most intricate and difficult parts of that pursuit. The general principles of Gothic mouldings, and the best modes of copying them, occupy the first portion of the volume. The rest is taken up with the description of ancient mouldings, according to the periods of art. But the most valuable portion of the work is its illustrative engravings, sixteen in number, containing many hundreds of examples.

- XVI.—1. *The Key of Heaven; or, a Manual of Prayer, to which are now added, an Abridgement of Christian Doctrine, the Acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and Prayer before Mass, revised, corrected, enlarged, and improved.* By the RIGHT REV. J. M., Catholic Bishop, new edition.
2. *The Excellence and Practice of Devotion to the Holy Virgin; or, the Knowledge and Love of Mary.*
3. *My Saviour's Tomb, from the French of FATHER MARIE-JOSEPH DE GERAMB, TRAPPIST, A. M. D. G.*
4. *The Catholic Weekly Instructor, (a Penny Periodical,) Nos. 1.—28.*
Volume the second.
5. *Jesus hath Loved Us; or, Reflections on the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, translated from the Italian of St. Alphonsus Liguori.* By the REV. JAMES JONES.
6. *The Catholic Choralist, for the use of the Choir, Drawing-room, Cloister, and Cottage. For the Voice, Band, Piano Forte, and Organ.* Dedicated by permission to the VERY REVEREND THEOBALD MATHEW, O. S. F.
7. *Selections from the Imitation of Christ.*
8. *Lives of the Saints.* By the REV. ALBAN BUTLER. Volume the Eighth.

9. *The Lamp of the Sanctuary, a Catholic Story.*
10. *Martin Luther. Extracts from the Works of Martin Luther, relative to the Catholic Church and its Dogmas.* Translated by WILLIAM NUGENT SKELLY.
11. *The Garden of the Soul; or, a Manual of Spiritual Exercises and Instructions for Christians, who living in the World aspire to Devotion.* New edition.
12. *Prayers for the Conversion of England, composed for the English College at Rome.* By the RIGHT REV. NICHOLAS, Bishop of Melipotamus.
13. *The Interior Christian, in eight books, with supplement from the writings of M. BERNIER DE LOUVIGNY.*

Thomas Richardson and Son, 172, Fleet Street, London; 16, Dawson Street, Dublin; and Derby.

It is really difficult to keep pace with the press from which these cheap and valuable works are periodically issued. They have accumulated so rapidly since our last publication, that we can do nothing more for the present than record the names of the principal among them. We are particularly gratified in announcing another volume of *the Lives of the Saints*, (the 8th.) the largest and cheapest which has appeared since the commencement of this invaluable series. It contains nearly 700 pages, and brings the work down to the end of August. A few months more, we trust, will bring it to a conclusion, and place in the libraries of the poorest of our people, the greatest treasure-house of edification, after the Sacred Volume itself, which our language, or, indeed, any other European language possesses. We trust that the Derby Society will extend its sphere, and become the medium of procuring for us at reasonable prices new and original works, as well as translations of interesting foreign ones, which would be a valuable accession to our stores of Catholic literature. The *Weekly Instructor*, proceeding from the same society, continues to give a supply of useful and interesting information, affording solid instruction in a light and pleasing form.

XVII.—THE 7th and 8th volumes of Miss Strictland's "*Lives of the Queens of England*," containing the completion of Elizabeth's Life, and the Lives of Anne of Denmark, Henrietta Maria, and Catherine of Braganza.

We hope to give in our next number, a notice of these most entertaining volumes.

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